# PICTORIAL REVIEW

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OCTOBER
1929

## HENRY FORD
*talks on*
## THE MODERN WOMAN

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VOL. XXXI, No. 1 OCTOBER, 1929

# "FASCINATION"

By

ALICE DUER MILLER

Author of "The Charm School," "Manslaughter," Etc.

Photo by Curtis Bell, Inc.

"FASCINATION" is a stupendous novel dealing with modern society, so utterly original in its handling of certain domestic problems that at times it becomes positively startling. In Linda Fenwick, Alice Duer Miller has succeeded in creating an entirely original and new type of heroine.

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This remarkably stirring serial novel begins in Pictorial Review for November, and will be completed in three big instalments after that issue. Be sure not to miss it.

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# THROUGH SEVEN CAMPUS GATES

## The Ideals, Traditions, and Ambitions of Bryn Mawr

By JEANETTE EATON
Sketches by EDWARD SCHIWETZ

TAYLOR HALL
THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

Photo by Harris and Ewing

MARION PARK
PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE

This is the first of a novel series of articles by Jeanette Eaton on the seven leading colleges for women.

Sketches of Smith and Vassar will appear in the November number.

Articles on Wellesley and Mount Holyoke will be published in the early Spring, to be followed by accounts of Barnard and Radcliffe in a later issue.

COLLEGE education for women is still in the experimental stage. Nobody knows just what constitutes ideal preparation for a sex whose opportunities for activity are expanding day by day. Nor is this strange. For, whereas men have been taking degrees for centuries, higher education for women has been tried for only sixty-four years.

Vassar College did not open its doors until 1865; Smith and Wellesley, not till ten years later. Bryn Mawr and Barnard, founded in the eighties, are comparatively débutantes, and Radcliffe was not an organized college until 1893. As for Mount Holyoke, a seminary since 1837, it has held college rank a bare thirty-five years. These seven colleges are the great pioneers in women's advanced education both in the United States and in Europe.

All were founded by idealists. Most of them tapped a spirit of piety which in past generations characterized every effort toward the equalization of human rights. Recently they have united in a bond of common interests. For, whatever their differences, they have a similar purpose. Furthermore, it is carried out in identical media. They are all dealing with the same dynamic generation, one which has learned to achieve its every want.

Externally these desires seem to have no relation to the ones which first set "young ladies" packing their horsehair trunks for the great adventure of going to college. For the modern girl takes that adventure for granted. Moreover, she stands in no awe either of precedent or of the faculty. She must have her say about everything —from the desserts served at dinner to the conduct of examinations.

On her demand daily compulsory chapel was abolished and smoking-lounges established. The modern girl has discarded stockings along with chaperons, and insists on inviting young men formally and informally at a rate which over the week-end gives the average campus the look of a coeducational institution. In short, she is the apostle of personal liberty.

Many an "old grad," returning after a quarter of a century's absence, is dazed and aghast at college girls of the present. But that individual has forgotten entirely that in her day she would have shocked even more profoundly the earnest blue-stocking of the seventies. Twenty-five years ago the era of college and class spirit was in full swing. In imitation of their brothers, girls marched a hundred strong to basket-ball games, singing the songs that Brown and Harvard had long ago discarded and splitting their lungs at the signal of the cheer-leader.

Their dual loyalties caused them to hate all other women's colleges and to weep copiously when their "sister class" graduated. Only "grinds" won Phi Beta Kappa, and they were regarded, at best, with resolute tolerance. Indeed, the average girl of that period was a blend of boiden and sentimentalist which was a complete guaranty against early maturity.

The type is obsolete. To-day nothing is so utterly *démodé* as being collegiate. The dormitory is shorn of its pennants and the campus of cheering throngs. Physical training departments no longer subordinate the good of the many to the prowess of a few, and now, unhonored and unsung, everybody plays hockey and basket-ball for the fun of it. As for intercollegiate jealousies, they are yielding to mutual activities which include, also, men's colleges—debating, the National Federation of Students, the Model League of Nations, and the exchange of glee-club concerts which represent serious artistic effort.

All such tendencies indicate increasing maturity. More impressive proof of it appears in the ardor with which girls covet the privilege of having a paper selected for publication and the opportunity of being chosen to spend the junior year at the Sorbonne. Indeed, it is in scholastic achievement where lies the truly important change in college girls. It has been little heralded.

What the public hears about is the bareleg craze, field-day stunts, and the cigaret habit. But these things are but ephemeral symbols of modernism. The real news about college students is of a different order. As the twentieth century turned its second quarter there began to appear a phenomenon of the utmost significance. Look closely and you will see the pendulum swinging back to the earliest days of women's higher education. What we observe is the beginning of a spontaneous revival of learning.

Needless to say, this impulse has been stimulated by innovations on the part of college authorities. In the first place, standards of entrance requirements have been raised until candidates, sifted and resifted, represent American womanhood at its finest. For remember that not only mental caliber, but character, leadership, and potential capacity for growth are involved in this selective process. Secondly, the menu of studies

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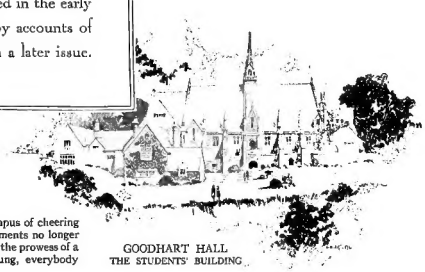

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MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

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# DO WOMEN DRESS TO PLEASE OR TEASE?

## An answer to a problem that was old when Helen of Troy was young

By BROOKE RUSSELL KUSER

Drawing by FRANK DOBIAS

SINCE the moment when Eve first made herself a smart little skirt of glossy green fig-leaves women have spent many millions of busy and ecstatic hours in the pursuit of becoming and pretty adornment. They have painted their faces, and tattooed their arms, and hung rings in their noses. They have worn skirts of grass, and skirts of satin stiff with embroidery. They have shaved their heads, and they have worn skilfully designed structures of hair that have risen to the height of three or four feet.

They have worn shoes whose toes curled and twisted in fantastic shapes, and they have swayed perilously as lotus-buds on tiny satin slippers which encased their cruelly tortured feet. They have buttoned themselves into basques, and covered themselves with crinolines. They have let their feet, beneath their skirts, creep in and out like little mice, and they have exposed their "nude-beige" legs to the weary gaze of subway-riders.

They have worn hats which nestled among the waves of their hair like gallant little sailboats on the Atlantic Ocean, and they have worn hats which, rigged out with plumes and flowers, have made them look like a three-masted schooner under full sail. They have swept through the "banana slide" in sheath skirts, and pirouetted through the *pavane* in panniers. They have ogled in organdy, and cried in calico, and smiled in silk, and, since the moment when Eve said to Adam, "How do you like my new skirt?" they have reacted to the clothes they have worn.

Eve probably, like all women, followed the mysterious dictates of that mysterious force called "fashion," and the next year made her skirt of tender green plantain-leaves, and laughed to think that she ever could have imagined a fig-leaf becoming. "How absurd I looked," she probably thought, "in those fig-leaves, and I thought at the time they were so chic and becoming!"

And when Adam said, "Eve, you never wear that dark-green dress that you used to have and which I liked so much," I am sure that Eve answered, "Oh, Adam, that old thing! I had to give it away, it was so shabby, and, besides, I'd look ridiculous in it now. Everything is plantain-leaves this year."

Perhaps this changing is like the trees putting forth new leaves; perhaps it is a very definite thing on the part of nature, this desire for new plumage, this continual decking and redecking. Among the birds and among the beasts it is the male who has the colorful plumage, the sleek coat, the superb antlers; but with man how different!

THE lovely ladies have not only all the plumes and furs of the animal kingdom at their command, but they also have an army of patient males striving earnestly to invent more brilliant dyes, more sumptuous silks, more dazzling jewelry in order that Venus may arise, not from the sea, but from her strongly lighted dressing-table feeling completely satisfied with herself.

And why, you ask, all this energy bent toward this end; why all this effort and intelligence poured into these channels? If you are a woman who is reading this do you need to ask why?

Which reminds me, as after-dinner speakers are wont to say, of a story, and that story, strangely enough, is of Cinderella. I think every little girl in the world knows the story of Cinderella, for it is an international folk-tale. I have even heard negro mothers in Haiti telling it to their children. We all remember the sad, neglected little Cinderella weeping bitterly by the fire in her torn cotton dress while her two proud sisters were squeezing themselves into their court finery.

We all remember how the tears trickled down Cinderella's pretty little face when she sadly contrasted her shabbiness with their elegance, and then when they had gone and the rattling of the coach-wheels had died away in the distance, the Fairy Godmother arrived, and in the twinkling of an eye transformed Cinderella the kitchen drudge into Cinderella the Princess. We all remember how she went to the ball, and how the Prince was instantly enthralled, and how the wicked sisters muttered and groaned and cursed with burning envy.

And we all remember how afterward Cinderella had another moment of delicious and heady triumph when she slipped her slender little foot into the glass slipper after having watched the antics of her sisters, who pulled and pushed and squeezed and still couldn't get their feet into the slipper. Cinderella, as I remember, sat in a shadow watching them (Do you think that she indulged in a sly laugh or a faint grin?), and when finally they were quite exhausted she came modestly forward and timidly said, "Perhaps" (Oh, just a very faint "perhaps"), "noble sisters, it might fit *me*."

CINDERELLA was a lucky girl indeed and enjoyed some very thrilling moments; but that is aside from the point, for the point is that the story emphasizes three things. First, that the Fairy Godmother, to turn Cinderella from a kitchen-maid to a Princess, did not change Cinderella, but only her clothes; and the second is that the Prince's love for Cinderella is only an incidental part of the story, the main interest being the discomfiture and humiliation of the sisters; and, thirdly, the exquisite pleasure Cinderella had in being able to gage her triumph at first-hand.

Do you remember how slyly she drew her sisters out, asking them if they were the best dressed at the ball? How she must have gloated over the fact that no dress at the ball could compare to the one she had worn! Would not any woman, no matter how meek and patient, be intoxicated by the fact that at a certain party she had obviously been the smartest, most chic, most perfectly dressed woman there? Who can blame Cinderella for smiling to herself in the shadow of the fireplace? What sweet dreams she must have had!

As I said when I began to quote from this ancient and venerable tale, every little girl in the world lisps the story with her first teeth and imbibes it easily and naturally as she does her milk and cereal. She drinks it in with her first impressions, and it stays with her all the days of her life; and it is indeed a strong brew, for the thing that it teaches and the thing that drives us women in great stampedes to the stores is the firmly rooted idea that we must dress tastefully, smartly, originally, in order to arouse envy and despair and hopeless fury in the hearts of other women.

In France, in Italy, in Spain, women are more apt to dress to intrigue and entrance men, for Latin men can tell at a glance whether a woman is turned out by a *grande couturière* or not. They may not be able to say a dress is Chanel or Molyneux or Cheruit, but they can tell the difference between smart, expensive simplicity and careless, inartistic efforts. They notice the delicate pink of a woman's finger-nails and the monogram on her handkerchief.

But I am not writing of European women and European men. I am writing of American women and American men, and American women certainly do *not* dress for American men. An American man notices the general effect. He will say beamingly, "Oh, it's nice to see you!" which, interpreted, means, "You look more attractive each time I see you," or if he is more articulate he will say, "You get prettier every day," or "I've never seen you look better"; but he will not know why you have grown so pretty or why you look so well.

HE WILL not know that you are using a new kind of make-up, that you are wearing a new Reboux hat which took you two days to decide upon, that your stockings exactly match your gloves, that you are using an elusive and personal perfume, and that your pocketbook, powder-box, and lipstick all harmonize. All these perfect little details are lost on him—these details on which so much time and thought have been spent.

But if they are lost on the American man, not the tiniest imperfection escapes his wife. She sees the lipstick-stain on the lining of your bag and last year's fashion in bracelets on your wrist. With one quick look she knows that your stockings have lost their luster, that your hair needs cutting, that your dress just misses being smart. She knows exactly where everything you have on comes from and how much you paid for it, for she is an inveterate shopper and knows the specialty of every shop.

If you have on something which is not as it should be her eagle eye will find it out and fasten on it. Even if she be dowdy herself she will try to make you feel that her lack of smartness is from choice, while yours is from a complete lack of intelligence in taste. The greatest test of the success of a new dress is for one woman to come into a room and be greeted by blank looks and wandering remarks from other women. Then you will know that your costume is perfection, that you are at your best; and with this knowledge you can be more attractive, more amusing than ever before.

You will be able to indulge in all the little airs and graces which are yours by nature, but which you are too self-conscious to give into when you know that there are three women in the room who are much better dressed than you are, and who are laughing up their sleeves at you. The confidence that

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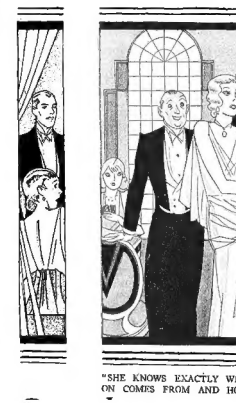

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GRETA GARBO

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

# A WOMAN OF SCANDINAVIA

## An appreciation of Greta Garbo

### By PALMA WAYNE

SHE is a woman about whom it is easier to feel than to speak. When with her one is aware of being with some one trembling with a terrible nostalgia which can not be seen. Of a turbulent storm of inner discontent, but there is no phrasing of it on that calm and untouched face.

Here is a personality so unusual, so hard to define when its atmosphere is touched, one marvels what brings it to such force when it casts its shadow on the screen.

She might have walked off a canvas by her own countryman, Anders Zorn, with that same contained racial look that fills the eyes with far distances.

The Swedish nature is a monotone in its cold indifference; the reticence of the Nord is its birthright, and here it is found pitched on its highest note.

She has that peculiar gift, in common with people who have made history or whom history has made, of stirring the imagination deeply.

She reminds one of something that has been poured into a mold as a pattern that would keep of something rare and to be used as a design for a woman of all time, because whatever one attached to her one would find. Any day near the Damascus gate weep the women of Jewry with their century-old look of mournful patience, their lips laid in supplication against all that is left of the old Jerusalem wall. Here is that face.

At the première in Paris of D'Annunzio's "St. Sébastien" stood a figure of the half-world with a beaten flame in her eyes, looking at the distinguished throng with a cool, indifferent, weary gaze. Here was that face. On the heels of a raging forest-fire in the high Sierras last Summer a wife stumbled and crawled and fought her way through the smoke, bearing across her shoulders the emaciated body of a man. Compassion and divinity had swung her features into exalted beauty. And here was *that* face.

One woman—ten women—a thousand women.

There is no mystery here, unless it is that mysterious and unbearable ache that lies at the mainspring of humanity.

Many generations of fine, rugged, slow-thinking people of the soil have gone to create this timber. Then suddenly through some unexplained transition, from out of this stern, simple background, comes a mechanism so finely adjusted, so sensitively attuned to some inner high strain, some unreached transports she can not herself sustain it, and in the whole world for her there is no rest.

So life finds her at twenty-three years of age. But so life has always found her.

She was born with that same thing Chopin came into the world with, and which his Slavonic mother called "*soll*" and the Germans "*well-schmerz*." A world-pain, life-hurt. Nothing appeases it—nothing soltens it, and when she says quite simply with a passionless quiet:

"In all the world there is no place for me. Not in Sweden, where my mother is—not here, where my work is. I look everywhere—everywhere, and how that is I myself do not understand, but I have no place. I am thinking, perhaps, the world is not made for people like myself," it is louder than any cry. It is the one absolutely authentic note in a woman who does not lower her lids one-hundredth part of an inch in pretense or affectation.

She is absorbing in her strangeness because she is true. She is what in biology is called "a sport of nature." It means just this. A fully constructed species from the start, arriving from the parent form "in a single bound" perfectly equipped—faultlessly adjusted, superbly attuned, and not cultivated through long generations by any slow process.

The matter hinges mainly on divinity, for the sport of nature is capable of producing a gorgeous and radiant variation that differs from those produced by any of their kind. In humans they appear suddenly as solitary individuals with established characters ruled by no calculable laws or standards. These rare and unaccounted personalities are not necessarily the greatest, but they are given some spirited and disturbingly beautiful quality which alters the channel and sluggishness of the human stream.

The truest thing about her is that she lives with no outward state. In a small, garish community, where the gold braid of one's rank in the moving-picture world is an extreme ostentation, this girl, with her magnificent disregard for clothes, her flat, low-heeled, black shoes, looking as tho she had stepped out of a classroom in a young ladies' school, is the one unmistakable accent in a fearfully overaccented colony.

In a small, provincial hotel denuded of that grand, flamboyant gesture of celebrity with its swimming-pools and flunkies and breathless restlessness, she lives a recluse, quite alone. I never saw a woman so unpossessed by outer things. I never saw a living place so stark, so bare, so fitting to house what rested in it. A Swedish trait which comes, perhaps, from a spare, cold country.

THE pallor of her face is like a handful of camellia-leaves, translucently white, with the transparent purity of a child's. The flesh follows in lean, constant lines a tremendously beautiful and powerful sweep from brow to neck. It is what one would call an important face, moving because of some secret, incomprehensible value, but very, very still.

I have never seen one that challenged life with so much meaning from which all meaning had been drained. This sounds like a paradox, but all mystical values are paradoxes—a touch of heaven and a touch of hell. I never saw a woman with so gaunt and fatigued a body. She has no beauty within herself, with her long, lean, greyhound frame and a mouth divided against itself, and yet she is filled with beauty. She is romantically beautiful because she suggests romance.

She suggests passion and ecstasy and desire, and yet none of these things does one find on being with her. Nor power, nor fire, nor ardor, yet she gives them all in her work. Through some fine travail of the spirit, a schooling of absorption has gone on in that thin, loose structure until what one sees on the screen is not a woman of periods or manners, but the soul that functions. It is not what she does or what she is, but what she conveys through some spiritual distinction of her own that sets her apart.

Lives are nothing aside from other lives. What touches them greatly leaves its stamp, and there comes into being the effigy molded by some one else's hand. In this case it was a skilled one. It made of her a sounding-board for nature through his gripping personality. Nothing comes by accident or chance, but all with a premeditated purpose. This she believes strongly.

"Once on a street-car in Sweden I saw a man. He was like a mountain—colossal. He looked as tho he belonged to some other race of men that did not walk with us. I thought of him often. Then one day he came to the Royal Dramatic School, where I was being taught, in search of some one to play the part in the book which had taken the Nobel prize. He was one of the screen directors of the world—big—big—like himself, he was big. He gave me the woman in 'Gosta Berlin' to do—at once, without my ever having acted before.

"'Do you understand her?' he asked me. I answered: "'I understand her,' and it was well with us from the beginning."

Her face loses for a second its premeditated stillness. Now, this is the anomaly of it. The mind has done everything to model the lines of it finely, but the whole of its force has gathered itself into an attempt at forgetting which, in spite of the tranquil curtain it lets down, still remembers.

"This is a strange thing I tell you. He always had in

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# KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

By CORINNE LOWE

## Anent the Woman's Parliament

IF THE most of our women have any conversation about politics it is not suntan conversation—no, for it's never exposed to the air. As a matter of fact, our interest in this theme is notably sluggish. If you are skeptical, ask a group of twenty women picked from college, professional, and business classes what the Farm Relief Bill means. I myself conducted this somber probe lately and not a single hand in the class went up.

It is because we are not politics-minded that American women have failed to make the same impress upon legislative bodies as have their English cousins. In the recent elections these latter have scored as never before. Not only are there fourteen women Parliamentarians, but for the first time a woman occupies a Cabinet position—that of Minister of Labor.

But this woman's Parliament is no accidental thing. It has happened because Englishwomen—long before they got the suffrage—studied politics and even economics. They were up on the details of legislation. The elections were a vital thing to them. In other words, they were ready for their jobs.

To read over the qualifications of these women Parliamentarians is, indeed, electrifying. Lady Cynthia Mosley, daughter of Lord Curzon, is an ex-student of the London School of Economics. Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton was at one time editor of the *Economist*. So on through the list. As for Miss Margaret Bondfield, the new Minister of Labor, she began thirty years ago as a shop assistant, and since then has labored constructively for suffrage, the Trades Union Congress, and peace at Geneva. Now she is said to know more figures and facts concerning women in industry than any other member of the Cabinet.

What are we going to do if we are to parallel such achievements? Well, as a first step we might read the newspapers. At present most of us don't—we merely take the meringue of personal interest off the top. We read about "Lindy and Anne" and use the pages devoted to the Farm Relief Bill for wrapping up our fur coats with moth-balls.

## Weaving Becomes the Fad

THE revival of weaving in progressive schools is only more impressive than a similar revival among adults. An interesting side-light upon classes for the latter is the fact that pupils are often sent by nerve specialists, who assign to the rhythmic movements of the shuttle great therapeutic value. Independent of therapeutics, another healthful sign! In this machine age we have lost too much the joyous mystery of seeing things evolve from our own hands, and the fact that many a young girl is wearing to-day a frock of her own weaving restores the balance.

## Light's Golden Jubilee

BEFORE October 21, 1879, our modern world had not begun. For it was on this date that Thomas A. Edison, greatest mechanical genius of all times, perfected the incandescent lamp which has changed the face of the world.

We have taken this bright face too much for granted. The electricity which makes our great cities look a very Danae wooed by shower of gold; the glowworm twinklings of automobiles on country roads at night; the great fans of light pulsing as they move from towers of land and sea—all the miracle of radiance which is so much a part of modernity is accepted without thought by a generation that never knew the day of candles, oil-lamps, and flickering gas-jets.

Light's Golden Jubilee, consummated on October 21 of this year, helps us to lay before Thomas A. Edison the one tribute worthy of his service to mankind. This tribute is full realization of what he has done. And in it woman should join with especial reverence. The invention perfected fifty years ago has not only lifted many of her household burdens—as just one instance recall the time spent cleaning and filling lamps—but the reliable radiance of house and street has meant a personal safety for her never before dreamed. Let us each, therefore, lay another votive wreath before this great American Prometheus who lives to see a world transformed by his touch.

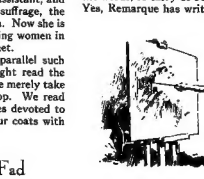
## A Book Not Written in Mere Ink

"PERHAPS I shall never write anything more," a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* quotes Erich Maria Remarque as saying. "Why should I add yet another to the vast army who write from vanity, necessity, or because it is their vocation?"

In these quoted words you have the spiritual essence which makes the book by this young German ex-soldier the greatest of all war presentments. "All Quiet on the Western Front" does not belong to the thousands of volumes written in mere ink. It is written because everything inside young Remarque cried, "Thou must!"

Not a novel, but a record of life in the trenches, "All Quiet on the Western Front" pictures the filth, the jokes, the comradeship, the terrific hours of battle and bombardment and hospital which other authors have shared with us. Here these scenes are sharp of outline, etched with an almost unearthly perfection of word and detail, so that you can never forget the cries of dying horses, nor the dead boy in the hospital, nor the refuge from shells and gas in the graveyard.

But there is more than this. There is a marginal inflow of meaning—an extra thing which seems to glide in between the words, to carry us beyond the range of material sense. Yes, Remarque has written something greater even than



his words. Nowhere does one experience such inflow more poignantly than when the hero, a young man of twenty, returns from the trenches to his home and dying mother. Everything is the same, but he himself is a stranger—inaccessible, dead to all which had touched him. Never was youth's murdered youth presented so overwhelmingly.

## Georgia O'Keefe—Painter

ARE we women lame ducks in the art of painting—or, rather, canvas back-ward ducks? Here's a question which is a thorn in the side of the feminist, for she is bound to admit that in the history of modern culture no woman save Madame Vigée Le Brun is entitled to comparison with the greatest of her male contemporaries. To painting we have made no such notable contribution as to literature.

Perhaps, however, we shall do better in modern art. Indeed, in a departure from orthodox forms one American woman has achieved a recognized success. She is Miss Georgia O'Keefe, and her annual exhibitions attract every lover of the "new art." Unlike most women painters, she is creative—not imitative. Also unlike many women painters, she is abstract. Her colors have a marvelous luminosity, and this, together with her perfection of design, has made her one whom the critics delight to honor.

## The Psychoanalysis Slang

IN DRESS the feminine movement is triumphing over the feministic. The 1880 impulse—basques, polonaises, tenth carbon copies of the bustle—is evident on every side. But what a mere shell they seem—these furbelows! For where are the ideas, the manners, the speech of the living 1880s?

Especially is the basque language gone. Indeed, a dialect has sprung up in the world. It had its source with the Viennese scientist Freud, and it has been fed by many tributaries. During the past decade psychoanalysis has inflected, not only our literature, our education, our biographical content, but every-day speech.

To measure the extent to which psychoanalytical slang has taken possession of us, imagine some ghost of the eighties returned to a smart drawing-room of to-day. Suppose she enters fresh from her archery meet, clad in the jersey and bustled skirt of her period, to hear people talking about "inferiority complexes" and "fixations," "extroverts" and "introverts," "defense reactions" and "inhibitions," "sadists" and "masochists," "compensations" and "exhibitionism." Would she understand? Not a word. She would probably turn her heel in its high-buttoned boot, utter a spectral "Pshaw!"—with a spectral shame at her rough language—and go off to join the English-speaking shades.

## Does Truancy Lead to Crime?

DOES successful deception of teachers and parents stimulate bolder attacks on law and order in later years? Mr. George H. Chatfield, superintendent of truancy in the New York city public schools, believes that it does. Mr. Chatfield, who is one of the most far-visioned crusaders for broader policies in free education, had this to say in a recent talk with me:

"What makes the usual truant is undoubtedly a sense of inferiority. Everybody—child or adult—needs appreciation and affection to maintain self-respect and self-confidence. When for some reason—actual physical or psychic handicap, poverty, what not—the child fails to get such appreciation he tends, like other animals in similar situations, to go elsewhere—to day-dream or to run away, and later to retaliate on a world which has scorned him.

"Backwardness in learning to read is certainly one of the most influential factors in the sense of inferiority which leads to truancy. Reading being indispensable to all school success save that in the manual branches, early difficulties here represent a growing conviction in the child's mind that he is not 'as smart' as his companions. His teacher doesn't approve of him. He falls behind his class. Naturally he begins to dread school, the theater of his failures.

"Yet slowness in learning to read often does not indicate any ultimate mental handicap. Frequently the child backward in grasping words outstrips his more facile companions. Therefore the primary grades should be supplied by experts in teaching how to read so that a child is not conditioned at the very outset of his school career by the consciousness of failure.

"In fact, to deal satisfactorily with all problems of truancy, we need, not to punish the offender, but to find out what makes him one. Just as we need more experts in teaching how to read, we require more psychiatrists to handle the psychopathic cases. Personality study of each delinquent promises much, and the more our schools achieve this the more we shall be striking at one of the big sources of the crime wave."

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*Creamery fresh*—straight from spotless creameries it comes to the dealer who serves you . . . in Swift & Company's own immaculate refrigerator cars, by the quickest, most direct route possible. On tender hot tea biscuits learn the delicate, new-churned goodness of Brookfield Creamery Butter.

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BUTTER
EGGS
CHEESE

# Swift's Brookfield

**Farm and Dairy Products**

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# Fluffy? Yes, Crisco is now *so* cream it. Simply stir together Whisk cakes into the

## *How else can it be so white?*

A white cake that *is* a white cake is only possible when one uses a shortening like Crisco—pure, tasting for all the world like fresh, unsalted country butter . . . and *white!* Crisco blends readily and thoroughly with the other ingredients and makes a cake with an even, fine-grained texture. There are occasions when nothing but a white cake will do, and if you knew how good this recipe is I'm sure you would agree that nothing but *this* white cake would do.

**SNOW-WHITE CAKE**
(at left)

2 cups sugar
½ cup Crisco
3 cups pastry flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
4 egg whites, beaten stiff
½ teaspoon lemon extract
½ teaspoon almond extract
4 teaspoons baking powder

Blend Crisco and sugar. (Notice how much quicker this is with Crisco than with a shortening that must be creamed! For Crisco comes to you in the can already creamed and ready for use.) Add milk and flavoring. Add dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten stiff. Pour into 3 Criscoed 10-inch layer cake pans. Bake 20 minutes in moderate (375° F.) oven.

When cool put together with filling made as follows: Beat yolks of the 4 eggs light. Mix 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons flour together and blend with beaten egg yolks. To this mixture add ¼ cup cold water and juice and rind of 1 lemon. Cook in double boiler till thick and add 2 tablespoons Crisco just before taking off the fire.

## *Try this on your husband*

There's at least one man in every family who thinks it isn't masculine to like sweets. But a cake like this flavored with coffee and put together with Crisco, whose own pure flavor allows the taste of the coffee to predominate, is truly a "man's cake."

**A MAN'S CAKE**
(at left)

½ cup Crisco
1 cup sugar
2 eggs (separated)
2¼ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup cold strong coffee
¾ cup walnuts (cut up)
1 teaspoon vanilla

Blend thoroughly in one operation—Crisco, sugar and egg yolks. (See how much simpler this is than the old-fashioned method of creaming a shortening like butter.) Then add alternately the sifted dry ingredients and the coffee. Stir in nuts and flavoring and lastly fold in the egg whites beaten stiff. Turn into Criscoed tube pan and bake in moderate (350° F.) oven for one hour. Cool and ice with:

1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup granulated sugar, ½ teaspoon salt cooked with ½ cup strong coffee until it spins a thread (232° F.). Pour ½ of syrup slowly over 2 egg whites beaten stiff and beat as you pour. Cook remainder of syrup until it forms a soft ball in cold water (238° F.) and add to icing. Beat until it's of the consistency to spread.

## *This is so good it needs no icing*

"In the autumn on our grandmother's farm a flock of us children used to traipse through the woods gathering hickory nuts—shell-barks—large and filled with luscious nut meats," writes the woman who sends me this recipe. "Grandmother made up a cake batter, filled it with the nuts, and we'd eat it right out of the oven, hot, without any frosting. And we called the cake 'Shell-bark Cake'."

If you can't find hickory nuts in the market, use English walnuts. Crisco is the shortening I'd advise. It's wholesome, pure flavored and so easy blending that you can put eggs, Crisco and sugar together and mix them thoroughly in one operation.

**SHELL-BARK CAKE**

½ cup Crisco
1 cup sugar
1 cup chopped hickory nuts (or walnuts)
4 tablespoons milk
3 eggs
2¼ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt

Put Crisco, sugar and eggs into bowl and blend thoroughly. Add nuts and milk. Fold in dry ingredients sifted together. Beat vigorously. Bake in Criscoed loaf cake tin in moderate oven (350° F.) for 50 minutes.

**IN ITS NEW AIR-TIGHT CAN, AS SWEET**

**AND FRESH AS THE DAY IT WAS MADE**

**AN ICING HINT:** The boiled icings in these recipes are cooked to two temperatures. If you'll follow these temperatures (or the simple tests, if you haven't a thermometer) you can be sure your icing won't be too sugary or too runny. If, in spite of these precautions, your icing doesn't thicken (sometimes on rainy days it's pretty stubborn) put the icing bowl in a pan of hot water and continue beating until the icing *is* thick enough to spread.

**NO CREAMING NEEDED:** In any cake recipe calling for eggs (except when the eggs have to be separated) I suggest that you put Crisco, sugar and eggs all into the bowl at once and blend them *in one operation*. Just see how easily *three* separate difficult operations can now be combined *in one*. This procedure is new—and possible only because Crisco comes to you already *creamed*.

**ADD SALT TO CRISCO:** Use Crisco in place of butter in your own favorite recipes but add salt (1 teaspoon to each cup of Crisco.) Crisco contains no salt itself—it is for all the world like *unsalted* butter.

**SIFT FLOUR TWICE:** Sift your flour once *before* measuring and again with the dry ingredients. And be sure you use level measurements.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

Or e ma from

# so fluffy you don't need to

# Crisco sugar eggs

# oven in ⅓ less time

## *Perhaps Ramses II ate some of these*

"The charming art of cake baking probably originated with the Egyptians," says an old cook book called "The Pantropheon or The History of Food." Gorgeously sweet and filled with spices were these Egyptian cakes. Can't you imagine an old Egyptian cook puzzling out the hieroglyphs which meant Yum Yum Gems? And then hunting around for the apricot spices, the sweetest honey and a delicate shortening? No hunting around for a delicate shortening now—for your corner grocer has Crisco with its fresh, sweet flavor, sealed in an air-tight can, a fresher, sweeter flavor than you ever imagined a shortening could have!

### YUM YUM GEMS
(at right)

| | |
|---|---|
| ½ cup Crisco | 1 teaspoon cinnamon |
| 1 cup brown sugar | 1 teaspoon nutmeg |
| 1 egg | 1 teaspoon cloves |
| 1 cup sour milk | 1 cup raisins |
| 2 cups flour | ½ cup walnut meats (chopped) |
| 1 teaspoon soda | |

Blend Crisco, sugar and egg at one time. Add sour milk. Stir in sifted dry ingredients and add raisins and nuts. Pour into Criscoed cup cake tins or paper baking cups and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 15 or 20 minutes, or until done. This recipe makes about 18 cakes. Crisco keeps them so moist and tender that they may be baked several weeks before a holiday, and kept until time to serve. They may be iced at the time of baking or later with this caramel icing:

Boil 1½ cups brown sugar and ¾ teaspoon salt with ½ cup water until it spins a thread (232° F.). Pour ½ of this syrup over the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs beating while so doing. Put the remainder of the syrup back on the fire and cook till it forms a soft ball in cold water (238° F.). Add this syrup slowly to original mixture and beat until it's of the consistency to spread.

## *A cake that goes to church*

No church supper in a certain little Indiana town is complete without one of Mrs. B's black devil's-food cakes. And when the appetizing odor is wafted out of her kitchen the children all gather 'round to learn if it's a cake for them, or only a cake for the church grown-ups.

In all her cakes Mrs. B., of course, uses Crisco—a shortening that tastes as pure and sweet as unsalted butter fresh from the churn. She says: "Crisco keeps my cakes moist and fresh as long as I can keep the children away from the cake-box."

### BLACK DEVIL'S-FOOD CAKE
(at right)

| | |
|---|---|
| ½ cup Crisco | 1 cup thick sour milk |
| 1½ cups sugar | ½ teaspoon soda |
| 2 eggs | ½ cup cocoa |
| ½ cup hot water | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | 2 cups flour |
| | 1 teaspoon salt |

Blend Crisco, sugar and eggs thoroughly in one operation. (Note how easily and satisfactorily *three* separate, difficult operations are now combined in *one* with the help of Crisco, which comes to you already creamed.) Beat cocoa in hot water until smooth and add to first mixture. Then add milk beaten with soda and flavoring and lastly stir in flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together. Bake in Criscoed 8-inch layer cake pans in moderate oven (375° F.) for about 25 minutes. This makes three large layers which may be iced with the following icing: Cook 1½ cups granulated sugar and ¾ teaspoon salt with ½ cup water to a temperature of 238° F. or until syrup forms a soft ball in cold water. Pour slowly over 3 egg whites beaten stiff, beating mixture as you do so. While icing is still hot, fold in 12 marshmallows which have been cut in pieces. Beat until of a consistency to spread.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

When you haven't time to bake cakes yourself, you'll probably find, at a nearby bake-shop or grocery, delicious cakes made by a baker who uses Crisco, too. Most good bakers *do* use Crisco, I've discovered. And I've found, also, that when a baker is so particular in the choice of his shortening, he is apt to use the finest of other ingredients, as well.

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199 recipes originated and tested by Sarah Field Splint, Food and Household Management Editor of McCall's Magazine. Every recipe makes a perfectly delicious dish practical for use in the average home. Many of the recipes are quite unusual—but the ingredients themselves are those you already have on your pantry shelf, or can procure easily. Free—simply fill in and mail the coupon at right.

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# 67 miles an hour - and a smudge at every tumble!

ACTUAL VISITS TO P AND G HOMES *No.* 19

One bright brisk morning last spring, I turned a street corner—and nearly bumped into three small boys who were neck-and-neck in a stirring tricycle race.

"We're going 67 miles 'n hour," shrieked a voice as the three of them shot gayly through a fine big puddle!

"Oh," I thought as I pressed the next doorbell, "how I hope I'll find one of *their* mothers! For she'll know a lot about soap."

And when the door opened, I soon discovered that here was the mother I'd been wishing for!

"Soap?" she laughed, repeating my question, "I certainly have to use a *good* soap! For that boy on the blue tricycle is my Tommy. We ought to call him Humpty-Dumpty—because he's always falling down and picking up smudges. Yet with all the washing his suits have, P AND G never fades the colors—"

"So you do use P AND G?" I eagerly interrupted.

Mrs. Burns* twinkled appreciatively at me. "Oh, I'd never go back to yellow soaps now," she said. "P AND G is so much nicer—so white and smooth and fine, and really much better for white clothes. Why, I only have to rub the very worst smudges on Tommy's clothes.

"Every summer," she continued, "we go to the mountains. And then P AND G is such a help—because it works just as well in cold water. But tell me—how does it happen that I can often buy a cake of P AND G for two cents less than other soaps?"

Since my talk with Mrs. Burns, I have wondered if many other women haven't asked themselves the very same question.

The answer is simple. So many women use P AND G White Naphtha that it has become the *largest selling soap in the world.*

So P AND G is made in enormous quantities. Since large-scale manufacturing costs far less than small-scale manufacturing, you can buy a fine white cake of P AND G for less money, ounce for ounce, than ordinary brown or yellow soaps.

And millions of women can't be wrong in their preference. P AND G *really is a better soap!*

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

Free! "How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these and newest laundry methods, in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* Send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. NR-109, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*This is not her real name of course.

Doesn't it seem nicer to use a *white* soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women are turning to *white* soaps, and most of them are using P AND G.

# The largest-selling soap in the world

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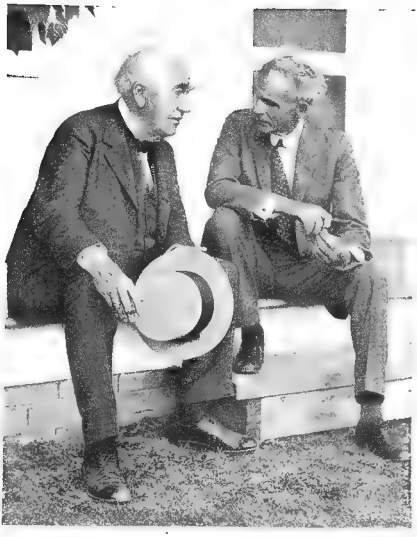
An interview with

# HENRY FORD

By ELIZABETH BREUER

The household drudge has disappeared. Behold woman released by electricity for what? The famous industrialist prophesies regarding power, leisure, and family life



THOMAS A. EDISON DISCUSSING LIGHT'S GOLDEN JUBILEE WITH HENRY FORD

## WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR THE AMERICAN WOMAN

IT WAS five years since I had been in Dearborn to interview Mr. and Mrs. Ford. As the taxi ran on the new boulevards stretched over the endless plain plotted out for new residence sections, suddenly tier upon tier of black smoke-stacks rose, spanning the whole horizon.

"What are these?" I asked the driver.

"Ford," he answered briefly.

"All of them?" I asked, astonished. There had been nothing like this when I had been there before—only a few desultory smoke-stacks as befitted a conventional factory.

"Sure, and a lot more."

So we drove for miles and miles, passing the thousands of cars of workmen parked for miles and miles, past factory after factory, alongside a canal with mighty ships at the wharf, through two Ford towns, with residences and schools and high schools; past airports, past enormous administration buildings, past inquiring watchmen, finally reaching the private offices of the creator of all this industrial grandeur, and the presence of one of his organization.

I told him of my wanderings. I had been looking for the red-brick building which was the office at that time.

It had gone a long time since, and this dignified stone building stood in its place.

"We thought we were at the top then, but it was only one step on the way up. This may seem the top to you now, but we know it is only a step. No one knows what the future will bring, except that there will be greater changes and greater development than we can dream of—and that in the next ten and twenty years."

What was the secret these men possessed that they spoke so calmly and with such mastery of the world, and its mysteries, unknown at the moment by them, but with full confidence both to handle and to comprehend them when they should become actualities? This was like the confidence of priests before an oracle; it was the serene and undoubted possession of the whole material earth and its powers. Truly they were gods, because they were so able to manipulate life.

No wonder the urgency of spiritual gods became dim before these actual manifestations of power which controlled the lives of men and shaped their habits, their intimate life, and their destinies, even on far-away deserts and in the jungles of Africa where savages in loin-cloth wrestled with the superengines of civilization and so straightway gained the ultimate benefits of our material civilization, whatever they may be.

Mr. Ford was away for a few days. Would I wait until he returned? And in the meantime I might see the Ford plant. It seemed simpler than going to New York and back, so I waited, spending my days with guides and attendants going through "the largest continuous glass-plant in the world," through a steel-foundry, "the largest in the world"; watching an enormous crude shears chop up chunks of steel ships as tho they were pieces of black bone; passing below scoops, running on tracks high in the air, dipping up fifteen tons of coal or iron at a clip, and dropping them directly into "the largest refining-plant in the world."

Also seeing huge red dynamos like humped, enormous elephants with trimmings of black and silver; watching glowing steel ingots trundling along like lumbering meteors and being pressed to shape by black machines controlled by men nonchalantly shoving little gadgets with a thumb and a finger and chewing gum the while; seeing endless charming trumpets—which were rear-axle housings really—caught up on hooks and whirled away to their place in life; pressing my nose against cased exhibits, whitish-gray flaxseed and pale-yellow basswood, and beautiful briquet-driers, with their blue-gray coils and their chaste black-and-silver motors and ivory towers looking like a modern French architecture.

I sympathized with the little boy who whispered loudly, "I wish I could have that train"—a model in a glass case—and with him and many other sightseers looked at the mysterious test-tubes filled with dark ox-blood, light-red, amber, and citron-yellow solutions of tar from the pitch department; gazed with ignorant wonder at the beautiful copper coils and delicate wires—all part of the mysterious processes that go into making the most familiar car in America.

I saw motors with parts sticking up like suddenly arrested tendrils of an aspiring black, bulbous plant; I saw big white ships lying at anchor in the Ford Canal, waiting to be disgorged of their plunder of mountain coal and iron; long, dark buildings filled with men at machines become dramatically silhouetted by the sudden sunbursts of golden sparks from black stamping-machines lighted up with violet-silver aureoles in the gloom, the workmen before them dark, moving shapes.

I saw the aerodrome with the little yellow and red and fancy-colored planes like large moths, and the large silver Ford planes roaring and zooming on the testing-fields and overhead; and everywhere thousands of people—workmen, sightseers, messengers, executives—activity, authority, activity—endless activity.

GRADUALLY the man who was responsible for all this power and movement became a legendary figure to me. He ceased being the kindly, gentle, vivid philosopher with whom I had spent a long afternoon years ago discussing men, women, morals, and life in general. To me, as he is to millions in the world, and the thousands who daily were visiting the Dearborn plant, he became the great god of this industrial romance, which is more thrilling to the modern sense than any olden, Arthurian legend.

"People have lost their religion, but they must worship something, so they've made a god of Ford." I recalled those words of a wise man. By now the man who was the object of this worship and the symbol of this age, would have become remote, impersonal, and inaccessible, as any god should be. Since I had seen him the world had come and laid its laurels at his feet—kings and queens, princes and prime ministers. How had all this affected the simple

(Continued on Page 58)

philosopher, the unique inventor and business man, the kind, visionary inventor who sat in his office and dreamed and hoped for humanity as an artist dreams?

This man had fashioned his dream into a mechanism for the superiority of the poor person, and it had become the world's symbol of a mechanical age. That quick, eager, modest man who embodied all the history and romance of this mechanical age, about whom hundreds of books and thousands of articles had been written and thousands of sermons had been preached in all languages, the focusing-point of a new age, what would he be like, and how did he explain this rapidly shifting new age?

I was told Mr. Ford had returned to Dearborn, and wanted to see me. We passed his private car standing incongruously deserted, without engine or tender, at the side of a roadway which led some yards farther on to the stately low white stone building which stood out from the discreet shrubbery of its landscaped surroundings, facing a small lake.

Birds were busily carrying twigs to its tiled roofs. I kept thinking of the little birds making their homes and bringing their young to life serenely above the rooms which stirred a whole world, above a waiting-room where college presidents and ministers and emissaries of the great waited to have a word with Mr. Ford.

I WAS thanking his associate for all the courtesies, describing my adventures. There was a light step. We turned, and before us was Henry Ford, bowing to me, shaking hands, smiling with his candid, clear, shining blue eyes, with his whole clean, sensitive, alert face, and placing a chair for me at the same time.

The same modest, sweet-natured man I saw swiftly, and with an emotion of thankfulness for that fact, for the continued purity of that man was a more conclusive testimonial of his innate quality than all the power and praise in the world.

That tall, lean body, slightly stooped as if with trying to help, that vigorous gray hair curling around that broad, lean face, with its sensitive jaw and quizzically turned nose; a happy face, a face full of simple kindliness and sweet dignity and modesty.

To remain such a man, against all the invisible, corrosive influences of power, that was to be a great man, that was a noble achievement. Every one is ennobled by the realization of such an accomplishment, and, being glad and moved at this, I talked irrelevantly of the birds building nests on his grand building.

He fairly beamed, nodding quickly and frequently, as he does when he is interested. "They've chosen a convenient place this time," observed one of the party. "In the Edison village Mr. Ford is restoring, the workmen are excavating on the site of the mill that is to grind the grain for the restored village. A robin built her nest on a beam, so Mr. Ford has moved the men to other work until all the little robins grow up.

"We have another building that can't be touched either. We put a steam-shovel on its site, and there, in an overhanging limb of a tree, was a bird's nest. 'The workmen can do something else,' said Mr. Ford."

"And so they can," reiterated Mr. Ford. "There are lots of other things they can do."

"He almost ruined a crop of hay," went on the man, "because he walked into the field and found the ground-birds still nesting. That ended it. There was no hay-harvest until the groundlings were through."

Mr. Ford murmured deprecatingly in *solto voce* through this teasing recital, "No hay is worth breaking up a family for. Their family is worth as much to them as any family could be . . . it doesn't matter about the hay. They can put in green clover or thresh the seed . . . that's much better anyhow."

There was a pause, as there is when one is shamed into silence by beauty or unlooked-for tenderness.

I spoke of the purpose of my coming.

"I confess I am greatly encouraged by this evidence of human sympathy, Mr. Ford," I laughed, "for I have entertained great fears of this mechanical age; it sounds so dehumanizing, and devastating to the interests of women, which in the main are so personal and emotional in type. How is this mechanical age you are so largely responsible for going to affect the lives and jobs of women?"

Mr. Ford clasped his hands, and settled back for a long talk.

"The mechanical age means the comfortable age. Women will be released from the drudgery they won't put up with any longer. There will be electric power all over the country—away out in the lonely farmlands just as much as in cities. Indeed, industry won't concentrate in cities any more. It will spread out all over the country, and give men and women the chance to escape from the cluttered life of the cities to grass and trees and animals, and insure a more human and happy life for every one.

"We've proved the economic rightness of this in our village industries, which we started as an experiment. They have been so successful that we are a good deal ahead over what it would have cost to run such plants here.

"One hundred farm-women work in one of our village plants—women and their men who otherwise would have had to skimp along or else leave their fine, open-air life for shut-in flats in cities.

"The comfortable age means there will be no lonely farmlands where women will be shut up in their kitchens to monotonous, unending drudgery. When you get power everywhere then you have comforts—water pumped into your house, washing-machines, electric stoves, bathrooms, no back-breaking coal and wood and chores and dirt—and all this comfort will be within the means of the poorest. And there will be leisure——"

"But what is the point of having leisure if you don't know how to use it, Mr. Ford? To use leisure nobly is one of the hardest jobs on earth," I interposed. "What work do women offer the world in return for their release from drudgery? By the testimony of teachers they spend less and less time with their children. Will they have large families of fine children, which is their great and natural constructive job? But they don't. What is leisure worth unless women can put something into it to make it really creative? Drudgery and hardship at least contribute strength to the character.

"If release from drudgery means bridge and gossip and endless sterile club-meetings, if women are released to spend their time in third-rate emotional day-dreams in moving-picture theaters, doesn't that hurt us and our families, emotionally and spiritually? Are we emotionally restless and discontented, as the world says we are, because our work has been taken away from us? It seems to me the great problem of American women is to find out what they can put into this new-found leisure your mechanical age has given us, to give us a reason for living and a chance to grow."

"UNLESS power is used it has no value," replied Mr. Ford, "and leisure is a power which, if misused, becomes harmful. It may be that the class of American women of whom you speak have it too easy. It may be they need to suffer a little. Perhaps they need less privilege and more courage. Release from drudgery does not mean release from responsibility. American women must pay for their release from drudgery, and they can pay in only one way—that is to study and work at their job of being better wives and mothers. Unless they do leisure is a failure, and a mother is a failure if she does not study out what is best for her children and her husband with the time saved from drudgery.

"It comes to this," continued Mr. Ford. "Women have got to be the partners of men in the whole meaning of that word. If husbands and wives could work more together—I don't mean at wage-earning, but on the entire problem of their lives—something more would come out of it than has ever come out of each taking his or her own course. Such partnership is a great stimulus.

"American women have got to modernize their household, their husbands, their food, and themselves if they are going to live successfully to-day. They have got to rear fine children, which means they must keep their minds right while they are doing it. If they complain they haven't the time, they haven't the opportunity, they haven't the money to give themselves and their children all the advantages of modern living, it is because they want to shirk their job. It's the same old story of complaint and failure. No one ever lacks that does most for the most people. A woman who is determined to give a full life to her family will find everything come to hand and aid her in her job.

"Women have it easy in America and hard in Europe, where war, poverty, and lack of opportunity cramp every one. Perhaps comfort dulls their sense of reality, so that our women are accepting life as a routine and are just playing with its surfaces. Look at what Englishwomen do. Young women and old from the best homes go out and colonize the far places of the empire right by the side of their men, sharing the dangers and privations of a pioneering life with a smile on their lips.

"If the English are the only people who can pioneer it is because their wives go with them. They are better and more sober than most women; their idea of life is to be helpmates; not only that, real partners of their men, to build a life with them. I know this from my own experience, because my wife was one of ten children of an Englishwoman who came to this country when she was fifteen. We have been partners for forty-one years."

His whole person beamed as he said this. He half arose and leaned over the desk to me, full of emphasis, conviction, and happiness.

"If women are wise, they are a coming power, but a power in the home, not in industry. Homes are the motive of man; industry exists only because in the end it ministers to homes. Women are a diminishing rather than an oncoming force in industry. As precision increases in industry women will tend to decrease and disappear because they are not precise and mechanically-minded. They have not the patience to make or handle machinery, and they have not the interest to develop in mechanical work.

"There are only boys in our trade-school so far. I do not feel that shop-work is a girl's career. Girls are not of an inventive turn of mind. They are more apt to take orders than to forge ahead for themselves. In that they are like the average working man. You know, some say that working men want to run their shops. They don't; it is too much trouble. After a week or two the men prefer to go back to the sure and comfortable routine of letting some one higher up have the responsibility.

"Women are the same way. Women don't want to think on mechanical and industrial matters. They don't want to think much even in their home life, except in human crises, and then they are resourceful and arise nobly to a situation. It shows the good is there in the background, but it is passive. Generally speaking, even at home they don't want to make decisions. I suppose it is harder for women to make decisions in daily life because it takes experience to make decisions, and they haven't the experience."

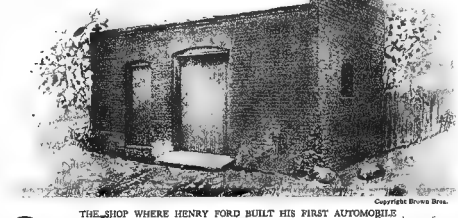
"But, Mr. Ford, how are they going to get experience if they are to be shut away from the outside world, where men get experience?" I objected.

"A woman can get all the experience she needs right in her own home if she is energetic and positive. That's up to the women and what they want of life, because they will get what they want if they want it badly enough. But I don't believe that their natural and general characteristics fit them for successful penetration of industry. Their instincts are better than men's, but of a different order; as workers, whether in the home or in industry, they are dependable, but show no initiative.

"I THINK the whole situation lies about like this: that men and women must learn to work together rather than each pull against the other as they do to-day. If men and women work with a single aim, and as partners, something a great deal better will come out of it than is the result now, with each one taking a different course and insisting on his or her rights and individuality and self-expression. They are not competitors, but complements. A new kind of power is born of complete partnership between a man and a woman.

"That's been my case. I get along better, and always have, by working together with Mrs. Ford. We have always worked together in everything we do—walked together, read together, played together, made the most of our opportunities together. For I believe a woman's good thoughts and a man's good thoughts united together are a great power—a new and special kind of power—in the world. We don't quite realize that good thoughts are intelligent entities—'intelligent entities,' that is a favorite phrase of mine.

"They are substantial, these thoughts of ours, as substantial as a tree or a house or any other thing in this world. That is the way back to religion. There is actual power to ennoble people in religion; religious beliefs are an actual motive power for good. We are on our way back to a world that we knew when humanity was young, but which now we only 'believe';



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THE SHOP WHERE HENRY FORD BUILT HIS FIRST AUTOMOBILE

*Continued on Page 34*

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"SIR BASIL KNEW THE DRAMATIC VALUE OF BEING THE LATEST TO ARRIVE"

# THE WORLD'S BEST BUTLER

## The fate of a famous actor who played a foolish part

By WALLACE IRWIN
Illustrations by R. J. CAVALIERE

LOVE has a thousand roads to the human heart. To Terence Nyle, unemployed actor, it entered, a naughty hookworm, through the sole of his left foot. A sky and a shoe were leaking, and he had paused under the Tragedy Theater's iron canopy in the hope that, for once, cruel Thespis would offer him shelter in a time of need. The pause was fateful. For had he stepped along, as at first he had a mind to do, this morning would have ended in nothing more romantic than a common cold.

But the prospect was immediately more disheartening than the ice-water day. For along an edge of the iron awning, etched in dead electric lights, Sir Basil Rainor's name boasted down Forty-fourth Street. Then there was a large gold frame propped up by the door and filled with Sir Basil's photographs, the famed one's replicas in his celebrated parts. Such variety! Frowning viking, Alsatian peasant, Parisian dandy.

Terry pulled up the collar of an unseasonably light overcoat and gloated morbidly. There was old Bazz—Sir Basil now, if you please. "Too great to answer a man's letters; treats an old side-partner like a corner bum. Maybe that's what I am." Such a thought whipped Terry in a gust of rain.

Yet the unemployed actor laughed, remembering an old vaudeville circuit on the Pacific Coast. Terry was a little under twenty then, and he had come upon an Englishman, twelve years his senior, recovering from a long spree. The stage had dropped this fellow, who had a specialty clog of his own and a thirst that interfered with his steps. He had learned his art in a shilling-house on the cheaper side of High Holborn.

Terry Nyle, who had been born in a dressing-room, as the saying goes, once sobered the man up, paid for his costumes, and rehearsed him for the black-face sidewalk act. As Terry and Bazz they had gathered in more than a living for two years.

"Terry, my boy, I'll make a great actor of you yet." The chilled spectator, glooming at the frame of handsome photographs, remembered that line. He could always be patronizing, this Basil Rainor. But he had had an air with him which convinced; and when they moved from town to town, a jump ahead of the sheriff, in a miserable little stock company, Terry gained a certain confidence in himself.

Indeed, they exchanged parts in the ambitious plays they played until one morning Bazz—he had fallen from the wagon to celebrate his departure for England—gave an unsteady hand to his partner and remarked, "Terry, I made a mistake. You'll never be an actor, my boy."

So here stood storm-bound Terry, shuddering as he gazed. And there was a list of the famous dramas in which Sir Basil was intending to overwhelm New York. "Golden Mountain," "Les Étoiles," "The Amiable Baron." Terry laughed again. Sixteen years ago he and Bazz had starved in small towns, struggling with these very plays. Share and share alike. There had been no mention of star parts then. Sir Basil, indeed!

By this time several other stragglers were gathered around under the iron canopy in a mutual endeavor to avoid the storm; and because the rain was blowing in, Terry found shelter behind the protection of Sir Basil's photographs. He was glad to be in this obscure position; stage-people were beginning to come out from the morning rehearsal, and he hated to be discovered in his thin Spring overcoat and shabby spats.

There was a fat lob, for instance; a hopeful young romantic actor, he was given to affectations. If he saw Terry he'd be patronizing and ask why he didn't show up at the Lambs any more—as if the fool couldn't see the name of Terence Nyle "posted" on the board.

At the curb, waving for taxis, several ladies and gentlemen of the cast had joined de Kalb. The watcher was relieved to note that Sir Basil was not in the group. "Flocks by himself now," he was thinking when one of the glass doors opened softly; softly a furry elbow touched his sleeve. Almost as tho he had known she was coming, been waiting for her, he recognized Martha Orlen. Funny too, he thought, I haven't seen her since 1917. She was such a kid then. Raw-boned. I was crazy about her.

He saw her now, very beautiful in her young maturity. Furs caressed her expressive body; a French trifle, tight as a bathing-cap, outlined the head he knew from all other heads. How she could toss it, with a sort of wistful independence! And now there was a ghost of a pout on her lips as her snapping black eyes addressed the crowd, as if to ask, "Why do you let it rain so?"

Then it happened—things do happen so—that her gaze lit upon the man behind the frame. She paused. Her eyes said, "Come here, Terry, and don't be a goose any more." His impetuous legs pushed him forward; he found himself dazedly shaking her hand and heard his voice, "Well, well, Martha!"

"Terry!" She glanced consciously at the crowd, then, "Sha'n't we take a taxi?" What could be more sensible? He was stalking into the rain when she clutched his sleeve. "Don't be silly! You'll catch your death, old boy!"

"Would you send flowers?" he grinned—a famous line from the play which had almost brought them luck. But her dark eyes were very still, asking him what was the

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matter, why he was there in his shabby spats and Spring overcoat.

A cab at last came up—she had stopped it with one of her gestures which could make things stop or start as she willed—so she got in and motioned to a place beside her soft, warm furs.

"Where to?" She showed the shallow dimple by which, as by a signature, he best remembered her. Yet it stung him to think that she was being chivalrous. Chivalrous to Terence Nyle!

"Nowhere," he said biographically.

"If'm going a thousand miles up Riverside Drive." She gave the chauffeur a number not far east of Grant's Tomb. Then to her companion, "I can drop you anywhere you like."

"A woman's privilege." The car was starting.

"Terry, dear." Again her kind, keen look was searching him. "Don't let's turn this into an old debating society. I was so glad to see you. And I wanted to talk——"

"Did you really?" A glimmer came back to him. In her presence he felt warmer, less disheartened. But she had changed. She had the look of sureness which prestige gives.

"I've wondered about you so often. After you went to Plattsburg and we had to disband. Of course, that was the right thing to do. But you didn't make a speech even, or say good-by or anything."

"I guess I was sort of sudden," he admitted. His thoughts were racing. He should have restrained his jealousy. She might have married him instead of that Irish fellow. But poor Gilroy had died of flu at Brest.

"Of course we had to do all we could for the War," she said, as if she had read his thoughts. "But 'His Lordship's Socks' was having such a beautiful run. I still think it was one of the best farces ever was. Haven't you revived it?"

"Can the dear walk?" His voice was hollow.

"Terry!" No use now trying to conceal her distress over his fallen estate. "You were a star. Only last week Sir Basil was saying—" Then, because he shrugged, "Don't be snooty about him, Terry. He's really great."

"I hear you're engaged to him." This was blunt.

"Who told you that?" Showing signs of temper.

"What was Sir Basil saying?" he persisted. She smiled again, determined not to be cruel.

"He saw our company when he was over here on the War Commission. He doesn't like farce. But he says you were simply immense as *Hobbs*. He says you were the only young man he had ever seen who could act a butler's part."

"I've got over being a young man," said Terry with a moody smile. "I'm thirty-seven."

She sighed. "We all grow older. I'm twenty-eight."

"And on your way to the kind of success I've always wanted you to have."

"What's happened to you, my dear?" She touched his hand, a little, tonic spat.

"Nothing. I couldn't even be a decent hero in the War. I got mine in a base-hospital, having a boil lanced. Of course the Germans had to strafe us. Seventy-two steel splinters in my back. It hurt just as much as if I'd charged a redoubt. That's my sort of glory. Farcical."

"Poor Terry!"

"I don't want sympathy. I was two years being reconstructed. Then when I got a decent part my legs went back on me. A medico wanted to saw them off, and sometimes I wish——"

"Oh, Terry!"

Silently he gazed out on the oozing day.

"I don't know why I'm grousing like this, Martha."

"But, Terry—with your reputation——"

"Reputation!" His laugh was bronchial. "I made a reputation as a stage-butler. Now that I've come back and can work, what do the managers say to me—Steinbeck and Wells and the whole blooming pack that used to lick my boots?—they say stage-butlers are out of style. And I'm one of those. That's what they think. So I've been out on the sticks. Had to bum my way back from Winnipeg last month. Theatrical agencies! Wow."

"Listen to me, old boy." She lay her clenched fist on his knee. "I was a raw kid when you took me into your company. And you represented about the biggest thing that walked. You gave me my first lessons in acting. And there's one thing I won't let you say about yourself—failure. You've got to do a lot of swanking in this business, or it takes you nowhere."

"Sir Basil taught you that, I guess." With a hard grin.

"He's done a great deal for me. I went over to London with 'High Speed' and couldn't believe my senses when he offered me a part. You can't imagine what prestige he can give you."

"Martha, I'm mighty glad you're getting on so well." This speech was from the heart.

"Oh, I'm nothing extraordinary." She bit her lip and looked out of the window. Then turning suddenly, "Terry, didn't you tell me that you'd known Sir Basil years ago?"

"Too well."

"He must know what you can do."

"I've acted every male part in his three big plays, 'Golden Mountain,' 'The Amiable Baron'——"

"Hoo-ray!" Hoidenishly, as once she expressed herself, the unconventional chambermaid in "His Lordship's Socks," she threw up her heels and her hands at the same time. "Terry, I've got you a job!"

"In what?" Almost cheerfully.

"Sir Basil's company. You know that little snip Eamon de Kalb? His head's all swollen, he's a flop, he wants a raise. Sir Basil's going to fire him Saturday night."

"There are no butler parts in——"

"De Kalb plays *The Prince*. It's a bum part, but it gives you a foothold. And believe me, Terry——"

"I've written four letters and one telegram to this Sir Basil, asking for a job."

"The poor dear's pestered to death. Never opens his mail." Then, impetuous as she so often was, Martha pounded on the front window and commanded the man to pull up to the curb. "I'll talk to him, Terry," she called over her shoulder, and bounded toward a drug-store booth.

His emotions were frothing aimlessly during the minutes she spent in telephoning. His pride, laid low and trampled on, distressed him all the more at the thought of Martha's having looked upon his degradation. He shouldn't have talked so much. And as to accepting a part, thrown like a bone to a dog—a favor from this Bazz who called himself Sir Basil!

Then Martha Orlen came out, her eyes like sweet black stars. "He'll see you right away!" she cried. "Driver, go to the Merlinbilt. Shut up, Terry! People are used to my being late. I'll just drop you and hurry along. And mind you, old man, don't you be sassy with Sir Basil or pull the big defiance scene." So she offered him a cigaret.

SIR BASIL was, of course, in a mood to keep people waiting. But Terry had expected that as he took a seat in one of those grandiose Italian chairs which, by their studded backs and solid seats, invite all commoners not to sit in the presence of royalty. Sir Basil wasn't up yet, his long-toothed secretary said. That meant, of course, that he hadn't been to rehearsal. Presently a highly uniformed man came in and set a bottle of brandy with proper accessories on a small table.

It was all as grand as grand could be: The stage favorite of two continents would soon appear at the call of his brandy and soda. He hadn't been to rehearsal; Terry, fishing truth out of an old memory, guessed why. An attack of bronchitis. That's the way they referred to it in the days when the two had clogged together on the Cracker Circuit.

"And yet," thought Terry, reverting to the sidewalk philosophy which hunger had cultivated in him, "he's where he is and I'm where I am." Cold chills were running down his spine. Only pride and natural abstemiousness kept him from reaching out for the brandy bottle. Hungry and miserable and sober, he gazed around at Sir Basil's royalistic pomp.

Then an oaken panel slid back and the titled actor-manager made his romantic entrance. His hair—probably dyed—he wore in plumes over his fine forehead. His wonderfully pink complexion suggested massage. The sapphire blue of his velvet smoking-jacket complemented the fatuous color of his eyes. Most people would have thought of him as a temperate, athletic gentleman. But to Terry the shaking hand told the story.

"Ah, Nyle, and how are you?" Like a monarch flattering some deserving colored man.

A devil urged Terry to say, "Hello, Bazz!"

"Oh, hello!" Good-tempered, arrogant. Sir Basil poured himself a drink of brandy, swallowed it, then remembered his inferior, and asked, "Won't you?"

"No, thanks. I'm off that stuff."

"A jolly good thing." A very noble nobleman addressing a rather common commoner.

"Huh?"

"I said it was a jolly good thing. The liquor you get over here is an insult. I took some last night—more fool I—I'm poisoned." Smacking his lips over the next draft, he gazed at himself in a distant mirror—an actor's trick. "I say, Nyle, what was it that Martha wanted, do you suppose?"

"I heard there was an opening in your company." Terry spoke much more proudly than a stage-butler should.

"In mine?" The eminent actor registered surprise. "My goodness, Nyle, what could you do in my company?"

"About what I used to do in your company—and mine. I think I ought to know your plays. We tried them on the dog, everywhere from Syracuse to San Diego."

"Oh. But, my boy—" Sir Basil sat down, selected a cigaret, then closed his case. "There has been quite a change in the style of acting since your day, I'm afraid."

"But I'm not an old man." Even then Terry wasn't cool enough to remind Sir Basil of the difference in their ages. "Back in '17 I was mentioned as the youngest actor that had ever succeeded in a butler's part."

"So you were!" Sir Basil glowed. "Terry, you were extraordinarily good. Splendid. Why don't you keep on with that sort of thing? Butler parts, I mean to say."

Must he explain himself again? Briefly he said, "There aren't any good butler parts nowadays."

"You ought to revive that 'socks' show—what do you call it? I hate farce. But you were ripping in it."

"I was laid up after the War," said Terry.

"Too bad," said Sir Basil.

"By the time I got round to it my show was lost in the storehouse. But there's no reason why I shouldn't be as good in a hundred parts——"

"If you have the ability." Said kindly, it cut like a whip. But Sir Basil was inclined to philosophize. "I've often been asked why certain actors don't grasp their opportunities. And I tell them this: The test of an actor, my dear fellow, lies in his ability to make any part great. Be it ever so humble. You get me, Terry?"

"Quite." He considered the brandy-bottle as a weapon.

"Trouble with you is, my dear boy, you're a one-part actor. You've molded yourself into a stage-butler, Nyle."

"Once a butler always a butler."

"Exactly. Now let me think. I should be delighted to do something for you along that line."

Terry was on the point of unlimbering his tongue when, by sudden inspiration, the eminent actor dashed to a desk and began scribbling on gray paper. "Suppose you take this," he suggested, folding the sheet into an envelop. And without so much as a nod he hurried from the room.

Out on the street, facing another cold wind, Terry opened the envelop and read:

*To whom it may concern:* Terence Nyle I most heartily recommend. He has been with me for years, and I know him to be one of the best butlers in the world.

BASIL RAINOR.

There was a family crest on the paper. Bazz, no doubt, had discovered it with his knighthood. Terry reread the pleasant insult, shuddered, felt the rake of hunger in his belly. After all, thought he, the stage had brought him to this. Martha Orlen, whom he had always loved platonically, had stooped to pick him up, a sidewalk tramp. And she had won a recommendation from Sir Basil. "One of the best butlers in the world."

Butlers, thought Terry, eat three times a day. They're hard to get and hard to keep . . . neat clothing, warm pantries, a star part at the head of an obedient company. And food, food . . .

Wandering, he found himself at a corner of Lexington Avenue; on a flashing second-story window golden letters caught his eye, a demon answer to his thought.

MISS BLITE'S EMPLOYMENT AGENCY
Butlers, Footmen, Chefs
Only High Class

Men of all ages, mostly in respectable black, were going in and coming out. Actorwise,

## A SONNET

By J. Ainsworth Morgan

Like fallen leaves in Autumn's careless whirl,
My lonesome voyage is wrought with restless strife;
Like Nature's gloss upon her precious pearl,
Without thy warm embrace there is no life;
Like silver-temper'd moonbeams through the trees,
Thine image sweetly haunts my waking hours;
Like jasmine in a Summer's gentle breeze,
Thy fragrance passes on to lesser flow'rs;
Like angels' wings, caressing from above,
Thy prayers for me pervade the still of night;
Like thought, the silent messenger of love,
My dream of thee is e'er my solemn rite.
So bide, dear heart, 'til that eternal hour
When "thine" and "mine" shall be forever "our."

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Terry considered his costume. At a haberdasher's, a few doors down the street, he broke his last hard-luck token, a two-dollar bill, and got himself the lowest and humblest collar to be found. The man at the counter lent him a mirror and a comb; it's surprizing what a comb can accomplish in the hands of an experienced artist. From a romantic sweep above the brows the locks come down into a plastered cow-lick. Terry Nyle's expression had changed.

He put his spats into an overcoat pocket, and, entering Miss Blite's aristocratic slave-mart, carried the garment in a bundle, lining out, so as to conceal its sporting plaid.

HOW Mrs. De Witt Millibank, widow of a famous horse-man whom she nagged to his grave, came to set her wistful eyes upon Sir Basil Rainor is a problem for mystics and philosophers; those relativists, holding that every straight line is really a circle and that life moves like the fabulous hoop-snake, its tail in its teeth, might work it out for us. We would not understand them if they did. However.

"'WOULD YOU SEND FLOWERS?' HE GRINNED — A FAMOUS LINE FROM THE PLAY WHICH HAD ALMOST BROUGHT THEM LUCK"

This Mrs. Millibank was so impressed by Sir Basil's letter, introducing poor Terry as the world's best butler, that she called up the distinguished actor-manager and was informed, rather snappishly, that Sir Basil's word was as good as his bond. Or that was what the fellow, to be known hereafter as "Nyle," gathered by eavesdropping. The letter of recommendation indeed became Mrs. Millibank's letter of introduction, as we are to see by what befell some six weeks after Terence Nyle, unemployed actor, trudged up the stairs of Miss Blite's Employment Agency, Only High Class.

All lights were on in a big, round-bosomed Fifth Avenue house. While it stormed and slopped outside, and actors "at liberty" might melt their shoes on freezing sidewalks, Mrs. Millibank's almost too perfect butler, beautifully clad and beginning to put on weight, moved haughtily from a state dining-room to the solidest marble hall our architects have any knowledge of.

The household was on the eve of a great event; a new fate was aborning. Plump, sweetly aggressive Mrs. Millibank, she with the eyes of a sentimental hawk—behind the scenes the servants called her "Izzy"—had spent the fortnight in frantic preparations. Hattie, the irrepressible third waitress, explained, "She's got inta wan o' thim movements. And her picher'll be in the Sunday pa-apers, mark me words."

But to-night was, above other nights, the night. All week an interior decorator, a stage electrician, a committee, and the uncannily knowing Nyle had labored to turn a ballroom into a theater. And now two hundred and twenty-six gilt chairs sat in decorous rows, facing a prosceniumarch with marbled facings and ruby-red-velvet curtains.

In that calm which broods before battle Nyle had tiptoed into the ballroom, gazed, sighed. So Mrs. Millibank—kitchen gossip had it that the late De Witt had met her in a Reno lunch-wagon—was to gain place in the social sun. Sir Basil Rainor would crash the gate for her. And Terence Nyle? He would serve a perfect dinner on the other side of the barricade. On a golden table he found a pile of programs; guiltily he picked one up and cast his eyes over it. It was for the benefit of the International Art Theater Movement—Mrs. De Witt Millibank, chairman. Giving selections from his most famous plays, Sir Basil Rainor—in staring head-lines—would be supported by Miss Martha Orlen—in remarkably small print. With hardly a pang Nyle read this. Bazz always had a way with the ladies—rather mistily Terence noted the order of the great man's appearances:

"I.—Last scene from 'Golden Mountain.' II.—Second scene, Act 2, 'Les Etoiles.' III.—From Act 2, 'The Amiable Baron.' IV.—Selection from 'Repertoire.'"

Folding the slip inside his coat, the butler put back his poker-face and strode into the dining-room. During his short experience in butlerdom he had never ceased to marvel at his success. True, in certain frantically delicate situations, he had been obliged, behind the pantry door, to thumb a chapter entitled "The Butler's Duties" in a book called "Etiquette." But mainly he had depended on theatricalism for his effects.

What power lies in a magnificent gesture! The sorcerer's power. He waved his hand, others worked. Surrounded by unexpected grandeurs, drawing a larger salary than the stage had given him for years, he had but to beckon. All butlers are stage-butlers, he concluded this evening as he entered the long dining-room to survey a vista of crystal, silver, pink lilies, and golden place-plates. Outwardly calm, inwardly troubled, still he stuck by his saving maxim. All butlers are stage-butlers.

Hattie, the third waitress, undisciplined and red-headed, sidled up and lifted a card to the right of the hostess's chair.

"Sir Basil Rainor," she read with comments. "Izzy's crazy about him. I saw his picher in the paper and he looks sorta old." Hattie didn't care what she said. She was engaged to the Thorndykes' chauffeur and was going to quit. "Izzy's paying him ten thousand for the act. Gee! That's better than the movies."

"Indeed?" It wouldn't do to be too familiar, but Nyle's curiosity was aching.

"And she's charging fifty dollars a seat. That goes to the cause. Gee! If I could pay fifty dollars a seat——"

Majestically Nyle snubbed Hattie out of his presence. Aimlessly glaring over the beautiful table, set with its eighteen chairs and exotic flower-display, he reverted to his original self and wondered if Bazz, with all his pompous front, hadn't found himself short of money. He lived like a raja; spent fortunes on himself and his spectacular productions.

Twice, during his elegant serfdom, Nyle had taken his Thursdays off among the cheaper theatrical hotels where professional gossip runs wild. "Golden Mountain," they said, had been petted by the critics, but only the highbrows came. Seats in the enormous Tragedy Theater were never more than half occupied. Was Bazz feeling around for extra dollars to carry on with?

The appearance of Mrs. Millibank, her orchid gown dripping pearls over an inflated bosom, brought him to attention.

"The table looks very pretty, Nyle." Brownish pop-eyes surveyed the scene. Her high nose came down a point.

"Thank you, Madam."

"I'm afraid, Nyle—afraid you'll have to do double duty to-night." Her voice weakened. Nyle, by his theatrical gestures, had always held her in his power.

"Thank you, Madam." Half threat, half promise.

"Sir Basil is bringing a Miss—one of the women from his company—and I'm putting them up overnight. They have so many costumes to pack. I've given Sir Basil the suite over the ballroom."

"Yes, Madam."

"It seems his man is ill, and of course he needs somebody to assist him with his costumes. And it occurred to me that you'd do splendidly. You've been with him so many years. You know how to take care of Sir Basil, don't you, Nyle?"

"Indeed I do!" Could he keep from laughing?

"He's coming early to dress and look over his costumes. You'll have time to serve dinner. If not, O'Brien."

THE situation, according to the hoop-snake or Einstein theory, had become as circular as could be. Terry Nyle had an impulse to pack and go, as servants usually do when in doubt. Then curiosity's claw drew him back. He'd like to know about Bazz.

The great man had lunched and teaed with Mrs. Millibank on numerous occasions. Nyle had served them, and not a look of recognition had crossed the famous face. Seriously, was he courting the widow? Seriously, was he hard up for money? Then, and with a pang, Terry thought of Martha Orlen. What was happening to her, dazzled as others were, by the pink face, the grand manner, the dyed plumes?

Faugh, he thought, women are all——

But O'Brien, none too sober himself, had opened the door to admit the guest of honor. "Sir Basil Rainor!" sang out Nyle, doing his part in the drawing-room.

"Oh, Isobel!" Emotionally the distinguished guest rushed forward, an effective Romeo. His breath was like steam from a distillery.

"Basil!" She had taken both his hands, this funny little woman with her delusions of grandeur. He kissed her forehead; she seemed to like it, but straightened in the presence of servants. "Basil, we've turned the house into a regular theater. Don't you want to go up and look at your rooms? This Miss Owen——"

"Miss Orlen." Majestically.

"Well, she's here, going over her costumes." Then, possibly because Sir Basil still stood there, holding her with a smile that was winsome but rather fixed, "Nyle wants to help you, don't you, Nyle? He knew his old master was coming——"

"Old master?" Very solemnly. "Old master is exactly what I am, Isobel."

So he permitted Terry to lead him up-stairs and into a large, oak-paneled suite which his more than generous hostess had reserved for him. The door closed, he sat down heavily and gazed at a signed photograph of himself, conspicuous on the wall.

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Illustrations by REMINGTON SCHUYLER

# BLACK HEART OF PANTHER MOUNTAIN

"'I KNOW YOU FOR AN OUTLAW, YOU GREAT BLACK DEVIL,' BUCK SAID, 'BUT IN

HIS name was Black Heart, and his fame was darker than the words they called him by. His eyes were yellow as a sickly flame by day; wild, blue, steady horrors in the night. Those who had seen them shining from fir-thicket or around a jut of rock told of the rising of the skin upon their shoulders, the prickling of the nerves along their spines. It was Black Heart who killed the hunter from Below after being wounded in belly and flank and scarcely able to crawl.

All this was manifest from the empty cartridges along the way the man had trailed him, by the grim evidence of dripping blood, by its pools in the cave where the outlaw had hidden himself. But the hunter found him out and poured lead in the cave, so that that last sanctuary was scarred with the battle.

And at the last Black Heart must have come roaring out upon him in the face of death, for they found him there killed cleanly—and the great grip of the jaws on his throat was a matter of nine-days' wonder, it spoke so plainly of their owner's size. The authorities made a hue and cry, and a posse searched the hills, but they got no sight or trace of the great black creature.

It was months later before Buck Hardy caught a glimpse of him high on a shoulder of old Panther, and he was going, limned against the sky, like a limping monarch, his hackles ridged along his crest, his great plume of tail straight out behind him, his terrible head far up because of the burden he carried in his jaws—a new-killed fawn.

Buck was a hunter and trapper himself, accustomed to the sights of the stark, lone Trinities, but he said in the store on the river-flat below that something chilled in him that day, that he saw raw power and contemptuous sovereignty, beholding Black Heart with his kill.

And Black Heart himself, outlaw, ridge-runner, king of the killers in the lonesome land, who knew aught of him? None, for he had no friends. Neither the she wolf, who gamboled in the sun and shade of the pine-clad slopes, blandishing before him; nor the little coyotes, who fed upon his leavings; nor the tawny lions, who hated him and feared him too.

Black Heart stagged alone and knew that he was safer so.

He owned a cave at snow-line, a deep, wide cave with a low rock roof, and nothing entered there except himself. The cats of the country, tawny, belly-dragging killers themselves, took stock of his scent at its entrance and slunk away, for they wanted none of him.

Black Heart was tall as a big man's hip at his shoulder-mark, his head rising above his breast like a tower, its lights his yellow eyes that flashed and darkened with the constantly spreading and contracting pupils. His coat was black as a moonless night, thick about his neck like a collie-ruff, and it had the mat-like quality of fur. Where he got it none might say, tho it looked like husky-hair. His fierce eyes were husky, too. But his legs were mastiff, and his head.

His jaws were wolf, pure timber-wolf, in their size, their strength, their action. For Black Heart fought like a wolf—run like sliding winds, swerve in, snap, slash, cut clear, and shoot away—circle the victim, pause, launch out, and do it all over again until the hapless thing was down and bleeding from a dozen wounds, then pounce with unbelievable savagery, and the food was his.

Even the big cats could never reach him for a claw-hold that they might rip his tender belly, much to their chagrin. They snarled and spat at him, reaching out with lightning sweeps of bristling paws, but in the end they weaved aside from trail and runway to let the king go by. They hated him from trees, but Black Heart never passed beneath a tree without first scanning it, trunk and branch. He knew their tricks. He knew every trick of the whole wilderness, else he had never lived so long. He read the Summer woods with expert eyes, and the white page of the snows was rich with news for him, so that he lived well at every season.

He was wise and traveled, for he had come from Canada, even above the Saskatchewan, and life had not always been so good to him. There had been lean years and enemies in his younger days; he had dim memories of a puppyhood wherein he had all but starved.

But all these things had passed into near oblivion when he found the Trinities. Here he had cast his lot of life and was content. Content even tho he had met here the worst enemy of his existence—the hunter with the fire-stick that burned so terribly. Him he had killed, assuredly, tho there were more of his kind in the world. Sometimes Black Heart saw them on slope or river-bar, but rarely they saw him, Buck Hardy being the only one to do so for fifteen months. And Black Heart saw Buck Hardy.

Buck was a man of thirty, a great giant of a man, thewed with rawhide and muscled with iron, bred to the steeps and ridges, one with the calm, stark country. He lived in a cabin on a bar of the river and he asked no more of life. Sometimes he went out to the railroad and down to the world of Below—San Francisco on her shining bay—but always he returned to the silences, the talking river and the jumbled peaks of the Trinities. Buck was a trapper and lived by the deaths of the lesser folk, but he was a clean sport, visiting his traps each day and seeing to it that there was as little suffering as possible.

And Black Heart watched this man with shaking dewlaps and eyes that flamed and flickered. As the tawny cats watched him, so he watched the trapper, for the trapper carried a fire-stick.

In all the universe Black Heart feared nothing but that. That one small, black, thin object which had so long a

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OUTLAW, TOO. BOTH OF US KILL THE WEAKER THINGS, AND BOTH OF US KILL TO LIVE!"

# By VINGIE E. ROE

## Buck Hardy learns that a half-breed dog has points in common with the best

claw that it could reach and rend a hundred yards away. When he watched Buck passing on some slope below, the hackles rose on his shoulders and he thrust his head forward and down, wolf-like, his short ears pointed so sharply that they turned in toward each other. Then was Black Heart deadliest. Then would a sudden sound send him springing, breast up, fore legs spread, tail up and tense, every instinct in him raging for the kill.

But never was Buck near enough to be in danger, always there was the slope between them. This was partly due to Buck, who felt ever that crawling of his flesh when he glimpsed the wolf-dog mongrel, but more to Black Heart, who would have none of Buck. Not that Buck would have had aught to do with him, but there was something between them. More and more often the trapper saw the mongrel, and he could have killed him several times, but always he did not.

"I know you for an outlaw, you great black devil," Buck said aloud one day, watching him standing like a statue on the rim-rock, "but I'm an outlaw, too. Both of us kill the weaker things, and both of us kill to live." And he held his rifle at his hip.

What passed in Black Heart's active brain would have been hard to say. Even Buck, who knew dogs and all manner of the wild ones like an open book, could not have read his changing eyes, tho his slavering jaws spoke plainly their tale of savage hate.

Deep in his dim soul Black Heart knew this man could hurt him, even from the distant slope; could rend him, belly and thigh, as the first hunter had done, and the knowledge was fury within him. So every time he saw Buck Hardy on the snow-clad steeps he went swiftly on a savage foray and killed the yarded deer until that fury was satiated. And Black Heart among the innocents was a dreadful sight.

In the deep snows the deer "yard," herding in bunches of anywhere from ten to a hundred or so according to their numbers in the hills, in some sheltered place, trampling the first snows, packing the succeeding ones, and finally finding themselves hemmed in by the piled, untrampled falls, a milling, helpless band due for starvation. Their huddled, pathetic skeletons in the fresh, green Spring form one of the tragedies of the wilderness

And here Black Heart found his solace. True, he found also many a battle royal with some antlered buck not yet far gone with hunger, but always he came off victor, even using the backs of the terrified living from which to leap out of the yard.

And Buck came on evidence of this work of his, and mercifully shot the survivors to forestall him. Black Heart, in his turn coming on Buck's work, stood on the yard-rim and trembled with a fury that was voiceless.

That was a hard Winter in the Trinities. Snow fell deep and often, froze and fell again. The ranked hosts of the conifers bowed humble and patient heads beneath the burden of it, waiting for a thaw.

All the laughing streams lay up along the hills' breasts like silver spears, as stiff and brilliant, frozen to their beds.

The cold held so long and so hard that many of the feathered folk died in their tree-holes, and the mountain-lions howled to the stars because they were hungry. The rabbits were sealed under the icy crust forever and a day, and so were the coons, the civet-cats, the digger-squirrels. The tree-squirrels fared better, having laid up their store of pine-nuts early and deep, and their clear chatter was the only sound in all the vast stillness.

It was then, in the middle of January, that fate overtook Black Heart, caught him in his sleek prime, with his fur like a mat and his ribs round with fat. It was on a day as dark and blue as the end of life, as still as death itself. The monarch had been far up Panther Mountain attending to business which had to do with a spinster elk bogged in a snow-filled tunnel where miners of a forgotten day had delved, and he was coming down at a long, loping run, his head up and his great plume of a tail waving behind him as he ran. His excitable eyes were twin golden flames. His tongue lolled a bit along his jaws. In fact all the world was fair that day and life was very good indeed.

And then the dead pine which had stood for twenty years on the edge of Whispering Gulch let go its tired hold on earth and laid itself silently to rest. So silently it leaned that no sound disturbed the hush. Only the wind of its coming brushed the hackles on Black Heart's back, and when he leaped and looked it was too late. The very fact of his leap was doom, for it carried him directly beneath. When the great pine struck, even in the deadening snow, sound roared in the stillness, for its few remaining branches, dry with the years, crackled to dust beside it. In the next awful moment the dull sky looked down upon Black Heart's face, lifted stupidly beside the trunk, mouth open; saw the plume of his tail on the other side. Crushed deep in the snow, fore paws spread before him, hind legs stretched flat in the packed white smother, Black Heart, the king, was done for.

In the first terrible instant he knew that this was so, knew it deep in his savage heart with wild finality; but he would not have it so.

He brought his dilated eyes down to the scene before him and clicked shut his open jaws. He breathed hard to get air in his cramped lungs, dug his claws into the snow for a good grip, and pulled. Slowly and steadily he pulled with the intelligence of a human using his strength with wisdom. His elbows came back against the snow packed

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By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

# CONJUH

## What happened to a primitive soul when the veneer of Paris wore a trifle thin

Illustrations by
J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

"THE LOOPINGS AND BENDINGS OF HER FLESH HAD GOT BEYOND HER NOW, SHE HAD NO FEELING OF THEM. FASTER, FASTER, WILDER, WILDER."

THE woman walked the road from Adams Run toward Edisto Island. It was a long way, but she made it a longer. There was a look of fixed confusion on her thin face and in her enlarged eyes. Whenever she heard hoof-beats or footfalls on the road-dust she stopped, and appeared to brace herself to await the passer-by with an air of unconcern. But then it was no use. Swerving pusillanimously, like a sick animal, she broke into the roadside tangle and made on so for a little way.

It can be hot in May in the low-country parishes of South Carolina. Here in the magnolia-towered thickets of beach and bay and thorn-vines it was dead hot. Yet the woman continued to shiver from head to foot of her slender height, as if it were cold. In the open she walked, but here where it was no longer easy, perhaps because it was so hard, she tried to run, tried in her panic to fight it. Once, caught in the cul-de-sac of a bamboo-brake, she brought up and put her palms to her temples sharply. She stared around her, and as if but just awakened, the whites of her eyes increased. She began to pant heavily.

"What am I doing here?" Her next words were in a blurry French. "*Quelle bêtise!*"

She started back for the opening in the brake by which she had entered. After she had taken three steps a spasm of coughing seized her and shook her light body terribly. She put a handkerchief to her mouth to try to muffle it. When she took it away and looked at the arterial crimson staining the fold she had bitten she wheeled, threw herself in renewed panic against the thick of the bamboos, broke through, and ran on.

When she had slipped down from the train at the little stop back there, in the maze of a moment of hysteria in which the names of these almost forgotten Sea Islands had seemed an imperious beckoning, the woman had been well, if quietly, clothed. By the time Bram Tollum saw her, caught without chance of hiding on the road-fill going over to the first of the islands, mud-plastered to her knees, dress torn by a hundred thorns, and her hair beginning to look kinky again in its dusty disorder, she made a figure nearly as ragamuffin as one of the native Gullah girls after a day in the wood-lots.

Bram Tollum had buried his woman at the Pilkee ground over near Adams Run, and now he was bringing home the mourners, most of them females, packed narrowly in the body of the "nigger-house yard" truck.

When he passed the cinnamon-skinned stranger perched nervously on the edge of the fill he shouted the conventional "Ebenin'!" and would have gone on full-throttle for the rise to the bridge had it not been that he let his eye drag a little in leaving the shape of the wayfarer. Then, because he was alive and bereaved, and because the shape was of a queer, uncommon loveliness, he stopped the truck with a jar that flung his load about, threw in the reverse, and backed back

The woman was caught. Here there was no cover to hide her from this suddenly leveled curiosity of eleven pairs of eyes. Again, like one shaken awake, she asked herself what she was doing in this place. "It's like an awful dream you can't get out of."

The sense of nightmare increased Bram's head, twisted around on its glossy, powerful neck, broad-jowled, narrow-browed, the whites of the little eyes showing brown around the circumferences—of all the faces in the truck now this was the only one she could see. But when the mouth in it opened and spoke, the sense of nightmare went away.

"Ebenin', Sistuh. Where you gwine to, foot in yuh hand? Mek-so you gwine Appleton Road, gibb you a lift; glad habb yuh company."

It was less the meaning than the music of the words, uttered in that forgotten speech of the Gullahs of the Sea Islands, that affected the woman so powerfully. She had parted her lips for a "No—thanks" quickly, but then before she could utter it, it was as if the shape of her mouth had changed. She felt the muscles of her throat flexing like old rusty springs let go, and heard herself answering in a soft, flat-voweled, eager rush:

"T'anky, dat puhzackly where I duh gwine, Brudduh. I gwine Appleton House, in de nigguh-house yard, an' t'anky *too* much fuh gibb me a lift."

Venus Burley, relegated to the truck-bed to make room for the newcomer on the seat, up beside the widower, was furious.

THE big house at the Appleton plantation burned down thirty years ago, leaving only a pair of chimneys to stand in the live-oak avenue. Part of the cotton-lands have gone back to jungle; those that are left in tillage, on account of the weevil these times, are planted in corn, spinach, potatoes, and other truck, each field after the whim of its negro

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tenant-cultivator. The only part of the plantation that has kept a color of animation about it is the row of cabins where these black inheritors live, once the slave-quarters, now the "nigger-house yard."

Near sundown the shadows of the cabins, all alike, stripe the sole-packed "street" before them tigerwise, and, going down over the brambly bank beyond it, ray away longer and longer across the tide-marsh toward the lift of the barrier beach and the pinky-white lace of the Atlantic combers. Marshward, herons beat their wings in heavy flight; inland the bullbats are waking. The sea-wind, beginning to die, blows strong and salt one moment and slacks another, all in the instant of its slacking it is pushed back by the land-air, in which are mingled the smoke of pine lightwood from the decapitated chimneys and the scent of trees in flower—magnolia, rose of Sharon, and sweet-bay.

Bloom Manigo sat on her door-sill and watched the house-shadows pulling themselves out long and thin across the marsh-grass, trying for another millionth time to grab the yellow beach-sand a mile away with their finger-tips before the dusk grabbed *them* and smothered them in the bigger shadow. Bloom knew they never could. She knew a great deal. She was a woman who had had more children than she could easily remember, and so it was a pity, now she was old, the only one left her was the baby, Sukey, a girl not yet eleven and of little use in the potato-fields.

Her son Vulcan, her "man chillun," had been dead eight months now; the last of the year's hog was finished months ago; and since one can borrow "bittles" for a while but not forever from even the kindest of neighbors, the pot that little Sukey was rattling in the chimney inside held no more to-night than a thrice-boiled rind, a handful of cow-peas, and another of corn-hominy. To-morrow it would hold less; and Bloom was a woman who had been sleek and fat in her day. So the mumbly song she kept going in her throat as she rocked over her elbows and watched the shadows reaching for the golden sands they could never reach this side of death, was a sad one.

. . . An' I look on de road, an' de road so lonesome:
Lawd, I gots to walk dat lonesome road. . . .

The racket of the truck's arrival with the mourners from Bram's woman's funeral fell in with the melancholy of the spiritual without Bloom's being otherwise aware of it.

'An' I look in de grabe, an' de grabe so wat'ry;
Lawd, I gots to lay in dat wat'ry grabe. . . .

But then one woman, Venus Burley, came running, elbows speared, eyes snapping.

"Aunty Bloom, here come a punkin-skin woman duh say 'e yoh chillun. You ain't habb no punkin-skin gal foh chillun, duh call-umself Delia, gwine away N' Yawk when 'e little. 'E a liar, enty?"

BLOOM stopped rocking. "Me habb a chillun duh call-umself Delia? Le'me see. Foh gal-chillun dey Silbia an' Jilly Bloom an' Promise, an' dey Magnolia an'—an' dey Sukey——"

"Yi-yi-yi! 'E a Gawd liar, a *Gawd* liar, enty? I tell 'um 'e a Gawd liar."

But now Bloom was looking at the cinnamon-skinned stranger who had come up behind Venus, and when she saw she was a woman grown, and so fit for field-work, her memory was revivified and she knew her own child.

"*An' dey my-own Delia?*" Heaving up from the sill, Bloom spread her arms. Tears sprang from her eyes and tumbled down her cheeks. Having done its work of prompting, the material consideration was gone as soon as come, without trace or shame, leaving in the simple old woman's heart only the power and wonder of pure mother-love. "Delia chile, t'ank de Lawd Maussa! t'ank de Lawd Jedus! you binna gwine away North wid dem n' Yankee Bukra foh nurse-maid, but you done come home to you-own home see yuh maamy befoh 'e dead."

Delia Manigo stood still, not vacillating, but as tho her arms were pinioned and her ankles bound. As Bloom studied her the flood of the mother's tears increased. But now they were lustrous things, precious as nothing else to the old country negro's heart.

"Chile, you dress-up too good. Chile, you gots sin." Nor was there anything illogical in the ecstasy of the sob-ling outcry with which she finished: "Praise be to de Lawd!"

"Me, Maamy?" Delia's mouth fell open. "*Me* gots sin?"

Delia looked around her. She looked at the marsh and the striping shadows, the sandy reef beyond it, the breakers still beyond, changing from wink to wink, yet in fourteen years not changed. She looked at the birds moving on the sky, the same great heron, the same fish-hawk hung tiny in solitude, the painted streak of a nonpareil, in and out.

She looked at the little cabins and saw them growing big, and the wall of the palmetto-tops behind them gigantic. She looked at the dark half-circle of the faces of the curious hemming her in.

It was as if her eyes, heavy for so long with her weird, intricated dream, were opened clear, and of a sudden she knew them all, these of her flesh and blood and kind. Of a sudden she knew no one else and nothing else.

Had she sin? She could have laughed aloud. Could these but have envisaged the half, the very hundredth, of her sin's fantastic magnitude. But in the same instant she herself was stricken by the terror of it, and tears began to tumble down her face too.

"Maamy—yessum—I gots it. Maamy, I gots a hebby sin."

Bloom caught the flinging body. "Glory Gawd! Yuh ol' maamy gwine fohgibb you an' tek cyar uh you, an' Jedus sabe yoh soul."

"Maa-a-a-amy! I'ze uh ailin'. I'ze agwine dead."

"No, no, no; hush yuh cryin', rest yuh trimblin'; you tired, dat all; spang tired out. Come-yere in de house and lay 'pon-top yuh maamy's bed."

Delia slept. After a time she was awakened to take some food, fat hog meat and plenty of hominy with the gravy over it. (Now that labor had come into the house, old Bloom had been able to fill her pan at neighbors' doorways without trouble or shame.) Delia tried to eat of these strange, but less strange than familiar, "bittles," and tho she could swallow nothing, made a drowsy show of smacking her lips.

HEAVY with sleep and with fever, her one desire was to be let lie unaroused, part and parcel of this tiny, ember-lit room, child and never anything but child of it—the browning new-papered walls, the mud chimney with its medicine-bottles, and broken Staffordshire treasured in niches, and black pots nesting in the ashes, and Sister Sukey's eyes from the dark of a corner, white-rimmed with awe, and maamy's big shadow moving softly, like an over-curving black wing.

But once recollection passed like a knife through Delia's brain. She sat bolt up.

"They're after me. Ohhh! They've found out by now; they're after me."

Sukey's eyes grew whiter. Maamy's big brown mouth fell open.

"Where you learn talk Bukra talk lukkah dat, Chile? Dat too swongah." Here were dimensions of sin of a sudden beyond the old Gullah woman's powers to deal with, even perhaps beyond her stern "God's" and her kindly "Jedus's." She let misgiving shake her for a moment.

"Who-all duh aftuh you? Chile, wha'—wha'—wha' kinda sin you binna dare fuh do?"

Everything was twisted and magnified by Delia's fever. Fumbling in her bosom with distracted fingers, she brought to the firelight a pouch made of some soft skin, hung by a ribbon around her neck. Before she could do more her mother had wheeled on Sukey, crying: "Git outa yere; git out t'rough dat door an' shut-um behine you an' shut yuh mout' same-time an' *keep-um* shut!" Not till the scared child had obeyed did Bloom move, and then it was quickly, her thick fingers pulling open the mouth of the bag. When she saw that it was full of the sparkle of diamonds and things she began to shiver and groan.

"Gawd habb pity! Dat whuffoh you so trimbly; you duh t'ief, duh t'ief, duh t'ief."

"No, no!" Appalled, bewildered, Delia scrambled back for refuge into the Island speech. "I nebbuh t'ief-um; I nebbuh, I sway-to-Gawd. Dey my my-own. Um gibb-um to me, ebery las' one, Maamy. Maa-a-a-amy!"

Bloom's mirth came out of her fright, cackling. She caught a bight of necklace out of the pouch. "Who duh gibb you dat t'ing?" Shrill sarcasm. "Huh—huh—huh! Must be a stingy niggah tek a wench to de crossroads store fuh buy-um sucha poor lilly present no more-na *dat* t'ing." Poking, she chose a bauble of platinum, a six-pointed star with one great brilliant. "Chile, tell yuh maamy, *who gwine gibb a niggah-gal dat t'ing?*"

"A king, Maamy—he gibb-um."

"A king! Hi—hi! Whuffoh? Wha' kind uh king?"

"Fuh a dec'ration he gibb-um, Maamy. A honest-to-Jedus white-folks' *king*."

Bloom strained for words fit for her ultimate sarcasm, her cheeks swollen with her breath, eyeballs pressed out against their lids. But Delia, staring around her in panic, cowed not by her mother's incredulity, but by the sudden onsweep now of her own, buried her face in her hands. "I guess I mussuh t'ief-um. I yent but a poor lilly niggah-gal, fuh work in de potato-field 'pon-top uh Edisto; I *done mussuh* t'ief-um, an' dat so."

The cough that was always waiting to catch her when her guard was down caught her and shook her to pieces. At sight of the cruelty, everything else was swept clear away out of Bloom, leaving nothing but the mother of mothers. She put her arms around the bucking body, held it fiercely against the large, soft warmth of her breast, moaning, crooning.

"Don' you bodduh, my baby. Yuh maamy gots you in 'e arm, an' 'e gwine tek cyar uh you. Gi'me dat skin-bag, an' don' you t'ink no more. To-night I gwine hide-um unduh de loose board in-unduh de bed; to-morruh I gwine t'row-um in de marsh, where no-Gawd-body alibe ebbuh duh find-um. Stop yuh twistin' an' twinin' now; hush yuh cryin'; listen de wind duh blow in de chinaberry-leaf out dey, so sof', so kind. You want yuh rest; you want yuh sleepy, sleepy sleep, safe where nobody cyan touch you in yuh maamy arm."

DELIA slept. For hours it was the black sleep, untroubled. But toward the gray of morning she dreamed.

She walked rapidly, then she began to run, across the shiny floor of her apartment toward the escape of the tall glass doors. But no matter how skitteringly her feet fled, the soft fall of pliant shoe-soles behind her she could not shake off. And when she had slipped out upon the iron balcony and would have pulled the door shut behind her, one of those soles was intruded to block it, and the face of Monsieur le Médicin hung in the aperture, the silky pendant of his whisker making his face seem even longer, his

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"'AUNTY BLOOM, HERE COME A PUNKIN-SKIN WOMAN DUH SAY 'E YOH CHILLUN. 'E A LIAR, ENTY?'"

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# THE CHILD

## A casual Summer excursion changes into a vital contest

By PAULINE PARTRIDGE

Illustrations by DECIE MERWIN

"MY LOVELY LADY SEEMED ALL SOFTNESS AND FRAGRANCE AND FIRE"

I MUST have been seven or eight or nine the last Summer that we went to the lake. My father owned some property there, but the facts of that are not very clear. My mother hated the place, could not be won over to it, made every mole-hill a mountain in the way of our going. There was always the preliminary matter of persuading her before I might openly give way to gladness.

"What about going to the lake next week?" my father would say as he poured the wrinkled yellow cream over his bowl of berries.

"You've forgotten, my dear, but next week is the week of the Deans' dinner." Mother speaks with great finality.

"Well, can't we say we're going away?" Father looks at me and smiles. I am eating my cereal like a good girl, taking it in big spoonfuls, cream and all, trying not to care whether we go or not; but oh, I do, I do!

"Vera's clothes are all soiled. She hasn't a clean dress left. I don't think I could get her ready, Paul. We might manage it next month." She breaks open a roll and butters it. For her the subject is ended. I put down my cereal-spoon and look at my father. He smiles again, and it looks almost as if he winked a little quick wink just for me. Evidently, this time at least, he is sure of having his way.

"I'm sorry," my father says, "because I must be there for two or three days next week. I've a chance to sell the point to Morton. There's talk of a new railroad. Will you fix it up with the Deans for me, Kitty?"

And then, somehow, there is a great bustling and washing and mending and packing. And finally the shining black carriage, the two prancing black horses, the sparkling harness with the little chains that have a tiny silver sound, and the smooth, shiny coachman in his high hat, and the large suitcase that is mother's, the small suitcase that is mine, and the fat bag that is father's.

We make quite a stir when we draw up to the hotel at the lake. There is a wooden platform on a level with the carriage-step, and here we are placed, my mother and I and the three bags. The coachman drives off, to return for us when we are ready to leave. Men appear from a long, low building near by, men in shirt-sleeves, with pipes and cigars. They shake hands with my father and drag off their bats to my mother. I am not important to any one. I sit like another piece of baggage until we are taken to our room.

It is a narrow, high-ceilinged vault of a room, with a dull flowered carpet, and windows that open out like doors onto the wide porch that runs across the front of the house. There is a huge bed in the alcove. "We'll make up a cot for the little girl," the fat proprietor says as he tugs in the bags. And he is as good as his word, for when night comes there is the cot, just in front of the windows facing the little bay where the moon stirs the water with a long silver spoon.

There is a great deal to do at the lake. With morning my head is buzzing with plans. I want to hunt for shells to make a necklace. I want to gather pond-lilies and go in wading and dig in the sand and take a walk to the long, smooth piece of shore on the farther side of the point that makes the bay. Here the lake stretches out to the sky, and the waves dash and creep over the white sand.

I can't decide what to do first, so, after my early breakfast, I walk to the end of the pier, the very, very end, where the water is black and deep, and moves heavily against the piles. This dark, slow-moving water frightens me, but it tempts me, too. I am not afraid if I stay in the center of the broad board walk, but this is not enough.

I want to go to the edge, to see myself in the glass of the water, my little blue dress blowing out in a small balloon, my tiny face, and my swinging hair. And even that doesn't satisfy me. I lift one foot and dip the tip of my tasseled shoe in the water. There! I dared to do it. I run back along the pier, laughing, singing little, broken tunes, swinging my arms, pushing back my hair. All the lesser things I can do now, because I have done that one, because I have dared the ultimate.

In the shadowy hallway some one is standing. Coming into its dimness from the bright glare outside, I am aware, first, of a perfume, a clean, warm breath of lilac and Spring-time and sun, then the soft rush of silk, the sound of silver chiming, the ticking of little heels coming toward me.

I SEE it all now as I saw it then. I stopped in the doorway, and she, perforce, stopped too. She seemed tall beside my smallness, and oh, so dark and ripe and rich! Her hair swept back from a peak on her forehead to a huge knot in her neck; her eyes were soft and shadowed, her mouth a tender thing, all curves, and just the color of the corals in her ears and around her neck.

Her dress was a sort of pink, too, like the little, lost clouds at sunset, the small ones that wander away and stay so long that the sun shames them to a blush as it hurries away. Her sleeves were short, and on her arm were the silver bracelets that rang like fairy-bells when she moved. She was carrying a broad-brimmed hat with a pink ribbon around it, and with the other hand she held up the skirt that would have trailed a bit if she had let it.

"Can you tell me," she said, smiling as she spoke, "which of these doors goes to the dining-room?"

I pointed. She thanked me, hesitated a moment as if she were going to say something else, and then turned to the door. It closed softly behind her, and the hall was dark and empty. I went back to the bottom of the steps and sat down on the lowest one, my head in my hands, and there my mother found me.

"Put on your hat at once, Vera," she said. "What can you be thinking about? You'll be burned to a crisp. Your cheeks are flushed already." She bent to me and placed a hand, cool, and sharp with rings, against my cheek. I caught it in mine, and held it there for a long moment.

"What is it, Vera, dear child?" My mother bent her head to look under the wide hat I had obediently put on. But I only shook my head. I couldn't possibly have told her of the clutch at my little heart and the knot in my throat. It couldn't be explained.

"Shall we go for a walk, darling? Over to the smooth beach? It may be warm enough for wading a little later." But again I shook my head. I didn't want to leave, chained by a hope that I might see once more the rare and lovely being that was no farther away than the white-paneled door of the dining-room.

"When father comes back, and I know how long he will be busy—" mother went on; but at that moment father came around the graveled walk between the thin, weedy-looking flower-beds.

"Oh, here you are!" he said. "I've been looking for you." He took off his straw hat and wiped the red crease out of his forehead. Mother interrupted, her hand on his arm.

"Vera and I want you to go over to the smooth beach with us, dear." It wasn't true. I settled myself stubbornly on the low step and eyed my father watchfully. But I needn't have feared.

"I'm afraid I can't, Kitty," he said regretfully. "Morton's written that he'll be here some time this week to look over the property on the point. I want to go over the titles and deeds before he gets here. Then if he takes it we can finish it up in a day." He put his hat on again and looked out across the little bay to the strip of land that separated it from the lake. "He writes that his wife is already here. She's been making some visits and will wait until he comes. Have you seen any one that might be Mrs. Morton?"

Mother shook her head. She wasn't even thinking about it, I could see from the far-away look in her eyes. "What a nuisance!" she said finally. "I suppose we'll have to stay until they go."

"WITH EACH NEW TREASURE FOUND I RAN TO THEM TO SHARE IT. GERALD STOOD GUARD OVER THE COLLECTION AS IT GREW"

Original from

Father caught her up quickly. "And Kitty, please be nice to her, dear. It may make all the difference. If he buys the point you shall have——"

Mother turned with her hand still on his arm, and waited, all smiling like a child who is being promised a treat.

"What?" she said.

"Well—a sealskin coat!"

Mother clapped her hands joyfully. "Oh, I'll be good, dear. You'll see!" she cried.

Father laughed, and drew out his fat gold watch with the flat white face. "Morton's secretary, Gerald Shore, is coming on the noon train," he said. "I'm meeting him at the station, and we'll go over the tract after luncheon. See if you can't find Mrs. Morton, Kitty," he added as he lifted his hat to her in the sunshine and hurried away.

And here the picture blurs for a while, and I don't remember clearly again until I see us all seated on the wide verandа in the dusk of early evening. I am on a low stool against my mother's billowing skirt; father is offering a light from a cigar to a tall young man with brown hair and eyes as blue as my sash. This is Gerald Shore, Mr. Morton's secretary.

Across from me, her chair drawn a little back and apart from the rest, sits my lovely lady. She is all in white now. Not a cold, dead white, but a deep, creamy shade that warms her face to a lovely color and deepens the shadows under her eyes. She seems all softness and fragrance and fire: the softness of lace, the fragrance of perfume and her own white flesh, the fire of diamonds flashing on her hands and in the tumble of laces caught at her breast. I can check off these items, one, two, three, now, but then, of course, I was only aware of her beauty, sitting wide-eyed and breathless at her feet.

"I WANT TO SEE MYSELF IN THE GLASS OF THE WATER. THERE! I DARED TO DO IT"

We all knew one another by this time, but in spite of that, conversation did not flow easily. There were long, awkward pauses, for Mrs. Morton made no effort whatever. Her eyes were following the young man, whose name was Gerald Shore. She called him Gerald, and he called her Alison. I still think it a lovely name, coming to me then as a new acquaintance, linked with all that I thought beautiful, and calling to me now across the years with its crystal syllables.

I came in for a great deal of attention, as children do when their elders are at a loss for something to talk about. Mother said, "Are you sleepy, dear?" and father asked me if I had brought my toy boat and whether I had sailed it yet, and Gerald Shore wanted to know if I could swim. When I said no he promised to give me a lesson with my mother's permission. It appeared that he came from Australia, where every one swam, even the small children.

Mrs. Morton listened and smiled, but said little. Her eyes followed Gerald Shore as he talked, and her hand, long and slender, with pointed fingers, moved along the arm of the porch-chair toward him. I watched it, fascinated. It would creep out when she was not watching, like a tiny creature trying to escape, slowly slipping toward its goal. You could see so well where it wanted to be. There, on his coat-sleeve, just where it touched the arm of the chair. You knew it, you felt it with every fiber of your being, and you were hoping that the poor thing would evade her and make its trembling way to happiness. But somehow there was always a word or a look or a sigh that aroused her, and back she would draw the timid prisoner to her lap or her side and it would be obliged to begin its journey all over.

PRESENTLY I was taken in and put to bed in the little cot behind the shutters, and because father and the rest were so near us mother and I were very quiet, whispering our good nights discreetly. For a long time I listened to the murmur of voices, trying to distinguish the one that was Alison Morton's, but at last I couldn't tell whether it was her voice or the waves on the sand that I heard, and then, after what seemed just a moment of drifting off, I was wide awake again.

It was very dark in the room, but outside there was the clear white moonlight of Midsummer, and the long windows were open. At first I heard nothing, lying there stiff and hot and afraid to move, and tingling all over with the wish to do so.

Finally there was a soft stir beyond the windows, and I saw Alison walk to the edge of the veranda and lean against the railing. Her face looked worn and shadowed in the moonlight. Then Gerald Shore's tall figure came between us, and I could see only a froth of skirts at his side, and at last that white hand where it had so longed to be. His arms were around her, and so they stood so long that I slipped down once more in my little cot, and when morning came with its sane light and warmth and mother and breakfast I felt it had been a dream. At least I told no one.

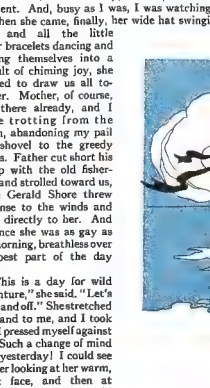
IT WAS one of those rare and perfect days when the world seems gay and young and boisterously playful. There was a little vivid wind that caught at my hat and my tiny skirts and gave me a push from behind that made me skip and run. Every little wave on the bay was set with a sparkling diamond on its tip; white sails were taut, and the little boats running stiffly beneath them. The beech-trees in the frowzy garden entered into the thing, shaking each tiny leaf in an ecstasy of whispering gossip. It was a day to be up and doing, and a day when everything was accomplished, for each and every preparation for Mr. Morton's arrival had been completed on the previous afternoon, and now there was nothing to be done until he came.

Restlessness scattered us in the morning. I went about my own exciting business, along the beach between the hotel and the first group of cottages. Mother was on the porch with her embroidery, her rings catching the sun and sending out little shafts of brilliance as she ran the needle in and out, carrying the bright-colored silks. Father, bare-headed, his hair shining, his hands in his pockets, was talking with one of the fishermen who sat on the side of an upturned boat smoking an old black pipe.

Gerald Shore was pacing up and down, up and down, on the narrow board walk between the pier and the hotel. Even I knew he was waiting for Alison to come out into the sunshine. That the day, for him, would begin at that moment. And, busy as I was, I was watching too.

When she came, finally, her wide hat swinging from her arm, and all the little silver bracelets dancing and lashing themselves into a tumult of chiming joy, she seemed to draw us all together. Mother, of course, was there already, and I came trotting from the beach, abandoning my pail and shovel to the greedy waves. Father cut short his gossip with the old fisherman and strolled toward us, while Gerald Shore threw pretense to the winds and came directly to her. And for once she was as gay as the morning, breathless over the best part of the day gone.

"This is a day for wild adventure," she said. "Let's be up and off." She stretched her hand to me, and I took it and pressed myself against her. Such a change of mind from yesterday! I could see mother looking at her warm, sunlit face, and then at father to see if he could guess the reason, and he in turn trying to check his surprize. Gerald Shore had risen to her mood, ardently displaying such treasures as could be found for her capricious choice.



"A WISP OF GINGHAM, GOING TO AND FRO, FROM THEM TO THE WHITE FRILL OF THE WATER"

"We can get a boat and go fishing," he said, and I saw her amused grimace. He laughed. "Well, then, what about a sail through the channel and out in the lake?" She hesitated. "Or a bath at the point?" She shook her head.

"We'll let Vera choose," she said, and put her hand lightly on my head against her skirt. "It's to be Vera's day."

Gerald Shore looked so disappointed that my father smiled at his dismay. "Vera probably has some 'very special' plans of her own," he suggested, but Alison would not listen.

"We can have her, can't we, Mrs. Horne? Just for to-day?" and mother, remembering the sealskin coat, said yes, of course, and cast a quick glance at father for his approval. So it was settled, and with many admonitions as to good conduct and obedience we set out in a small rowboat. Alison was at the stern, a toy rudder in her hand, a heap of faded crimson cushions behind her. Gerald sat at the oars, his hat off, the wind ruffling his crisp brown hair, and I took my place between them.

We had a hastily prepared lunch in a willow basket, that Gerald had procured at the hotel, and we'd made no promises about our return. But we all silently knew that it must be before that mysterious person, Mr. Morton, reached the lake.

For the time the tiny boat was our world, with God looking down from above. The gently breathing breast of the water held us to itself. We pushed our way through the thick carpet of lily-pads in the far cove of the bay. Gerald raised one dripping oar from the water and held the boat steady, while I thrust my bared arm down below the surface to grasp the smooth stems of the lily-cups that were strewn like blown petals over the green. As I pulled they came away with a hollow *plung* as if somewhere in the green depths below a bell had tolled.

When I was tired and the boat heaped with their white fragrance we went on, out through the deep and narrow channel where twice a day the lake steamers passed around the point. Beyond this we went, up the shore to the smooth beach. Here was a half-moon of white sand backed by a cliff that hid us from all sight of the bay and the hotel and the row of cottages.

Gerald pulled the boat high on the shore. In this sheltered place we spread the white cloth and ate the sandwiches and fruit and drank the milk that had been placed in the willow basket. Alison had become quite another person. She was housewifely, arranging the cloth with four stones at the corners, setting out the paper plates, filling the little cups, seeing that Gerald and I had what we wished.

I can remember it all, like a series of pictures, that lazy, golden day with the blue tent of the sky and the rough play of the breeze, those two in the protection of the cliff and myself a wisp of pink gingham, going to and fro, from them to the white frill of the water running up on the sand. I hunted the small curlicue shells for my necklace, I found a lucky-stone, I waded in the warm, shallow water with my short skirts tucked up around me until I was all middle and could scarcely see over the bulge to my small pink toes making patterns in the damp sand.

With each new treasure found I ran to them to share it. Gerald was lying on his side, his elbow in the sand, his head on his hand. Alison sat Turk fashion, a parasol blossoming behind her. They looked and exclaimed and laughed at every new discovery. Gerald stood guard over the collection as it grew. Alison found a reason at each trip to tip my hat a little more protectingly over my face, to tuck up my skirts, to pull my socks into place or roll up a sleeve. Her gentle hands caressed me and lingered over their task.

SUDDENLY I knew that we were "pretending," the play I loved best of all. They were mine, and I was theirs. Above all, I was theirs. As soon as it came to me I entered into it with a rush of happy fun. I wandered away until they were only dots against the cliffside. I waited for Gerald's halloo before I returned. I raced to them and threw myself into Alison's arms. I hoped the day would go on and on without an end, but the great sun was slowly slipping nearer and nearer the rim of the lake, the boisterous wind had died to a twilight breeze, and at last I was curled up with my head in Alison's lap, her hand on my hair.

They talked and were silent. More silence than talk, I

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# WINGS OF THE WIND

## A sudden flood brings two young people together and ends the story

By GEORGE GIBBS

Illustrations by ADDISON BURBANK

THE safety of this girl, thrown so suddenly upon his protection, was the motive for Hepburn's determination to stay upon the island and await the rescue-boats. If he had been alone he would not have hesitated to venture forth on an improvised raft, a packing-box, or even upon the tire-tube. But with her he did not care to take pot-luck on a raft, which might deposit them on a mud-bank or dump them into the water. Upon the island there was shelter. And as long as the ham and chickens lasted there was no fear of starvation.

The girl was an interesting creature, he thought, but a bit difficult. Still most girls would have been difficult under the circumstances. Yesterday he had admired her for her courage and the simplicity with which she had accepted the situation. But the thought of her imprisonment and dependence upon him had antagonized her. Perhaps he had been a little rude to her. These Southern girls were used to having so much attention from their men-folk.

Sentiment! It was pretty hard to keep sentiment out of a situation like this when the girl seemed torn between tears and temper. But it was not his fault that she had been thrown upon his mercies. She wanted to get away on a raft, but if he built one it must be heavy enough to carry them to safety. For the present he must preserve the hillock at all hazards. He was not at all certain that the barrier of branches and stones would be enough. He had held the flood at bay for hours, but the frail barrier might not hold if the water rose higher. All morning he had watched the northeast in hope of seeing a boat or an aeroplane.

Late yesterday afternoon, a man had drifted by, clinging to a board a hundred yards away, but Hepburn had not seen him until he had passed the submerged sheds, and then it was too late to attempt a rescue. And this morning a body had floated by—an unpleasant reminder of what might still happen to them. He had not told her of these tragedies, and continued to hold forth the hope that they would soon be taken off by a motor-boat from Hobartville.

AFTER dinner he showed her the barrier he had built, told her of his plan to use the roof of the chicken-house as a foundation for a raft. When she had finished the housework she came out and offered to help, clad in her denim overalls.

The joists of the chicken-house were only two-by-fours, but they could be nailed and lashed with wire to two larger beams that he had found in the wood-shed. The heaviest work she could not do, but as he ripped the boards from the chicken-house she took them from him and piled them up neatly. In her overalls she looked like a handsome boy.

The atmosphere was oppressive, and tho the clouds were high in the heavens, a storm might break before night. From time to time he stopped dismantling the chicken-house and went to the northern end of the island. His stakes and rubble still held the water, but he did not like the looks of the clouds. During the afternoon a large frame house floated down against a tree, which it broke like a match. Then it caught in a shallow above their island, and stuck fast in the mud. Still no sign of human life, only the swish and murmur of the flood. The silence was a part of the threat of the sky. The tree-branches trailed helplessly. All nature seemed to be holding its breath, awaiting some new catastrophe.

He stopped his work and studied the darkening sky again. A few rain-drops came spattering heavily down He was perspiring profusely.

"You'd better go in," said Hepburn; "it's going to rain hard. I've got to make things fast for the night."

"You think we're going to have a storm?"

"Yes."

He carried all lumber and other loose material to the high ground behind the house or to the front porch; wheeled a half dozen more loads of broken cement and stone to the point; cut and drove a few more stakes, turning at last toward the house. The darkness fell like a heavy blanket. Black clouds were advancing in dark ranks like an army, but the rain had stopped and there was no wind. Hepburn went up-stairs to the back room and changed from his wet clothing into his "undertaker's" costume.

After supper he helped her wash the dishes. Then she lighted the lamp in the parlor, an ornate brass affair

"THE SITUATION WOULD HAVE BEEN AMUSING IF IT HAD NOT BEEN SO SERIOUS. SHE ASKED HIM NOT

studded with colored glass. It gave forth a cheerful light.

She had found a work-basket somewhere and now set herself to repairing her clothing and underwear. Hepburn picked up a copy of a farm journal. But instead of reading the magazine, he watched his companion's profile as she bent over her work. He thought her a comely girl, but mere prettiness never attracted him. So many girls were merely pretty. He did not want her to know that he was staring at her, so from time to time he turned the pages of his magazine. She had seemed to be unaware of his scrutiny, but suddenly she looked up at him and a warm color flooded her neck and brow.

He glanced quickly down at his magazine, and she looked away, but a glance had passed between them—an admission on his part that he was completely aware of her, of her femininity, of her loveliness.

"Don't you think it strange that no aeroplane has passed near us?" she asked him calmly.

"Well—yes. But think of the thousands of miles under water— Perhaps to-morrow——"

She looked at him coldly as if there had ever been a revealing thought between them.

"Do you realize that to-morrow afternoon we will have been here two whole days?"

"Yes. But you see this whole valley was probably warned, just as the golf club was warned, by telephone or by automobile. You took the lower road, knowing the valley was in flood and hoping to get through. And I—well, perhaps the good Lord sent me to look after you. But boats ought to be here soon." He rolled up a page of the magazine and lighted it at the lamp for his pipe. "I'm awfully sorry I'm not clever with my fingers. Robinson Crusoe would have contrived a motor-boat by now."

She smiled.

"Oh, I could hardly expect that of you. Just a very little raft would do."

As he sank into his chair the cat jumped up into his lap. Outside, far away, there was a distant rumble of thunder. The girl looked up as the lamp flickered. A breeze was coming. And in a few minutes the rain came, a patter at first, then a volume like the rattle of rifle-fire.

Hepburn closed the windows, then went to the porch door. The wind was blowing in gusts, in a direction not reassuring.

He closed the door and turned back into the room. After the threat of the skies he found it very cheerful. The girl noted his frown.

"A thunder-storm?"

"I wouldn't mind just a thunder-storm. It's the wind——"

HE SAT down again to reassure her, and they listened to the sound in the chimney. The windows and doors rattled. The cat leaped into his lap again, and the puppy whimpered.

The girl laid her work aside. "Just before a thunder-storm I am always nervous. Do you think it will be severe?"

"I don't know; it may pass us to the eastward."

But the wind came in greater volume. A shutter of one of the kitchen windows banged violently. Hepburn went outside and closed the other shutter while the girl bolted it on the inside. He fought his way down to the point of land and examined their defenses. They were still holding, tho the water seemed to be rushing at him in a smother of foam. As he turned to go back a bolt of lightning seemed to cleave the space between him and the house, and he heard the girl call to him.

He thought that the house had been struck, and rushed to her rescue. At the kitchen door she caught him nervously by the arm and pulled him into the house.

"Come in," she gasped. "I was afraid you'd been struck. It's fr-frightful!"

He pushed the door shut and bolted it, then wiped the moisture from his face.

"The bark of a thunder-storm is worse than its bite. Whew! That was close!"

The girl cried out again, and the dog wailed. A terrific gust of wind shook the frail building as tho it had been a sheet of paper. The cat had crawled under the sofa in the parlor; its eyes glared greenly forth.

"I—I'm not really frightened," the girl gasped again. "Just nervous!"

"I don't blame you," he said. "It isn't quite like being ashore. Even in a ship——"

Another bolt and the crash of thunder close by.

The girl was leaning against the balusters of the stairs, her head in her arms. She was trembling violently. He put his arm around her.

"Don't worry!" he said. "It can't last long——"

"You think I—I'm an awful coward," she said with a nervous laugh.

"No," he replied with a grin. "What I'm really thinking is how much better off we are here than if we had set forth on a raft."

She smiled faintly, acknowledging defeat, and went into the parlor. Hepburn took off his coat, put it on a chair by the range in the kitchen, and joined her. Outside, the rain came in a cataract against the window-panes.

"If the wind gets no worse than this——"

As tho in answer to his question a furious blast struck the building; something ripped away up-stairs—bricks from the chimney, he thought—and then there was the furious banging of a loosened shutter. But the noise ceased when the violence of the blasts became a steady blow. The floor-boards creaked, the rafters groaned, and the rush of the wind around the cornices threatened to lift the roof. A tree outside cracked like a rifle-shot.

"It seems," she shouted to him, "as tho w-w-we're to be blown away."

"Don't worry," he cried; "at least it's not a tornado!" He went toward the door. "I must see how the point is holding."

He made his way with difficulty to the front porch, bending against the wind, and at last managed to reach the railing. There he clung, peering toward the danger-point. Flying jets of water struck him in the face, and then a whole wave broke against the house.

He realized then the failure of his barrier to hold the wind-driven water. Of his barrier nothing could be seen but the tops of a few stakes. He had not thought it possible that so much land could be engulfed in so short a time. The piers of the porch were but a few feet from the fighting water. If the wind held in this quarter——!

But there was nothing to do. The elements were beyond the powers of human resistance. He went to the rear of the house, to the kitchen door, but he could see nothing through the flying spume but the outlines of the garage and chicken-house. At least these buildings had not been swept away. For the first time Hepburn was really alarmed for their safety.

The girl was anxiously waiting for him by the stairway when he entered the house.

"Shall we be washed away?" she asked.

"Hardly, but perhaps it would be wiser to move into the kitchen——"

"Why?"

"The wind might blow the glass in. And there are no shutters——"

"You're trying to reassure me. It isn't the wind you're afraid of, but the water. I can hear it striking the clapboards. There's real danger now to the house and to us."

WITH the passing of the thunder-storm she seemed to regain her courage.

"I think I'll bring the sofa into the kitchen. You'll be safer sleeping down here," he said.

"Of course. But I couldn't sleep anywhere on a night like this."

"Oh, the wind will exhaust itself before morning."

She helped move the sofa into the room near the fire. The terrified cat followed her refuge. Hepburn lighted his pipe, pulled up an armchair and sat down in it with the puppy in his lap.

The girl, after a nervous wandering about the kitchen, at last sank down upon the sofa. She was exhausted by her long day and the nervous excitement of the evening, and soon dropped into a troubled sleep.

Strange creature, Hepburn thought, going to sleep in the midst of danger. It was an act of implicit trust in him. More than ever she seemed dependent on him, and he was glad of it. She seemed in her boy's clothing quite like a child. He wanted very much to take her into his arms and comfort her.

He put the puppy down, got up silently, and spread the blanket over her. As he did so she stirred, and in her sleep she took his hand and held it. He had intended to go outside again and reconnoiter. But she did not release his fingers, so he sank down beside her. But he did not dare to kiss her. It seemed an unfair advantage to take of her position. But the urge was there. What had happened to him? To her?

He heard the thumping of the seas against the house, the rattle of the spray as it was thrown back; but even a furious burst of wind did not awaken her. The dog and cat were curled up on the floor by him. He put his head on his arms on the sofa beside the girl and, in his exhaustion, slept.

SPEAK TO HER OR TOUCH HER, WHEN TO SAVE HER LIFE HE WOULD BE OBLIGED TO DO BOTH"

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A grinding crash. He started up. The girl clung to him!

"What has happened?" she gasped.

"I don't know. Something has given way."

The grinding continued, and the crashing of timbers. The wall of the kitchen took a crazy angle, and the stairway assumed a fantastic shape. Beneath them the floor tilted and the lamp on the table swayed.

"Is it the end?" she asked.

He tried to get up that he might investigate, but she clung to him with the terror of a child awakening from a nightmare.

"You mustn't go," she whispered.

He sank beside her, put his arms around her, and held her close.

"I won't. I won't leave you. I don't ever want to leave you."

She turned her head, and their lips met.

"I'm afraid. I'm so afraid," she whispered.

There was another shock, a sudden giving way, broken plaster, and a torrent of water, it seemed, almost in the room.

"Wh—what has happened?" she murmured.

"The piers have gone. It's the water rushing into the cellar. But I can't understand——"

He rose, his arm around her waist, and they crept to the door into the parlor.

It was all lopsided. The wall opposite the chimney had been crushed in like an egg-shell and, through the aperture of splintered wood and plaster, there projected an alien shape—something that looked like a piano-box. He made his way to the side door, which he was able to open. The girl still clung to him as he peered out. She heard him laughing softly.

"What is it?"

"We've acquired at least two rooms and a bath."

Gathering courage, she leaned past him out of the door. A huge bulk reduced her vision to a triangle of sky.

"The best thing that could have happened to us," he said cheerfully. "It's the house that was stranded yesterday just above us. It's making us a visit. It will prevent the water from washing us away."

"You don't think it will crush us?"

"No. When it collided it wedged itself upon the shore."

"You're sure? What can we do?"

"Nothing. Wait until morning and see what damage has been done."

HE LED her to the kitchen again, and she ceased to cling to him. By the light of the lamp he saw that she was glancing at him searchingly as tho she had discovered him for the first time. But he caught her in his arms and again kissed her on the lips. Her eyes were closed.

"W-What has happened to us?" she whispered.

"Danger of death, thank God. We might have been rescued without ever having this happen. Are you sorry?"

"No. No—only——"

"Only what?"

"Things have happened so quickly——"

He kissed her gently, but she did not return his caress.

"What are you thinking of?"

"I was just wondering if it wouldn't be better if you told me your name."

"It's Phil— And yours?" he laughed.

"Rita——"

"We can forget the rest."

He led her to the sofa, and they sat hand in hand, staring at each other. Other silences had fallen between them in these two days, but none so significant as this. The first flush of their emotion past, they paused as tho in astonishment before the magnitude of what had happened, attempting in some sort of reasonable way to analyze their exact relationship.

Who was he? She knew nothing of him at all. She did not care who he was. Less than two days since she had first seen him and she had lain in his arms, clinging to him as if she had known him always. Suddenly she drew away from him, burying her head in the pillow. He knelt beside her, wondering at this sudden change in emotion.

"You can't believe— Tell me you don't think that I have ever done this kind of thing before?"

He laughed. "Of course not. How could I? I mean, how could you? That's impossible. One doesn't get wrecked and drowned either. It just happens. Can you doubt? I love you. I want to marry you. Is that what you wanted me to say?"

"Yes, something like that. I believe it now. But I'm still bewildered. I can't understand—the suddenness. It came—on the wings of the wind."

HE TOOK her in his arms again. "Thank God for the storm. Listen!" They kept silence for a moment. "The wind is moderating. Don't you understand? When the wind goes down the water will recede. We are safe. You must go to sleep. You can't tell what may be required of you to-morrow."

"A GRINDING CRASH. 'WHAT HAS HAPPENED?' SHE GASPED, CLINGING TO HIM WITH THE TERROR OF A CHILD AWAKENING FROM A NIGHTMARE"

"I couldn't sleep. Such a night! Such a terrible, beautiful night!"

"It's not far to the dawn. It can't be——"

"Let us wait for it, then. Our dawn—the new day." With a sigh she sank into his arms. No harm could come to her here. He had said it. Safety. Sanctuary. What matter if the house fell in or the storm blew them away? They would go on together—here or elsewhere.

It was long after daybreak before they awoke, the girl stirring and then starting up away from him.

The sunlight laid a cheerful band across the floor of the room, touching with its bright gold the broken plaster, the tilted doorway, and the ugly pine table. It was a new world for her, a topsyturvy world at the moment, since she had slept most of the night in the arms of a strange man who now faced her, disheveled and unshaven, grinning with affectionate possession. She smiled back at him, but when he went out she crossed over to a cracked mirror and examined her distorted image to make sure of her identity. But there was little time for self-analysis, for Phil, having made his toilet and fixed the fire, led her to the kitchen door to view the scene of havoc.

With a pretty irony the sun shimmered gaily on bright waters. The wind had subsided and the flood had receded considerably, leaving ugly patches of denuded earth and broken branches and driftwood piled upon the shores.

They walked around the side of the house and examined the cabin that had been added to their domain, a one-story shack which had been blown down upon them like a wrecked ship upon the sand.

The piers of their own house had been washed away, and one corner sagged drunkenly, while the water from the flooded cellar trickled forth down the slope through a trench that it had made. They stood amid the wreckage, quite safe from further disaster.

Hepburn did not scan the horizon in search of rescue. Nor did she seem anxious about the future. The day itself seemed sufficient. He helped prepare the breakfast, which they ate, side by side, at the kitchen table—a strange pair in their makeshift costumes. But they ate broiled chicken and drank their coffee with relish.

IT WAS the girl who first faced the situation.

"Don't you realize that something must be done about getting away from here?"

"Why?" he asked smilingly.

"Because we are neither vegetable nor mineral and must eat to exist. There is no more coffee——"

"We can drink water."

"The bacon is finished, and by to-night there will be no more ham—— By to-morrow there will be no more flour——"

"We can think of that to-morrow."

She smiled at him. "Won't you be serious? What are you going to do to get me away from here?"

"Set sail on the front porch. It's the answer to all your prayers. It's our raft. All we've got to do is to chop it away from the house and push it into the water and be off to never-never land. After the damage the storm has done the people who own this place won't mind a little thing like that. What's a front porch among friends? Besides they'll never know we were here, unless they run across their front porch down the valley somewhere."

"I wish no one could know that we had been here. People might feel the need of some explanation."

"People! I'd forgotten that there were people in the world."

"Yes. There are people and of course they never could understand. One doesn't meet a man one day and promise to marry him the next."

"You haven't promised me anything. Besides this is the third day, not the second."

"Don't be fantastic. I must think straight. To-day we can make laws of our own. But to-morrow we may have to face fact. Why, I don't even know your name."

"It's Hepburn," he said. "Does that help anything?"

"Hepburn," she said. "Philip Hepburn. It sounds like a nice name."

"I'm glad you think so. It's going to be yours."

"But don't you see, I must know more about you. Not that I'm curious, but my people——"

"Oh, yes. Of course. Your people. Well, I was born in New York State of poor but honest parents, worked my

Continued on Page 84

Third instalment of a thrilling mystery in which a gentlemanly pickpocket reveals some startling evidence

"'HOW DID YOU GET HERE?' SHE WHISPERED. 'I TOLD YOU WE'D BE NEAR IF YOU NEEDED HELP,' HE REMINDED HER"

# THE SECRET OF 37 HARDY STREET

By ROBERT J. CASEY

Illustrations by JOSEPH A. MATURO

AFTER it had been decided to postpone the coroner's inquest, Sands crossed the room to speak to West, the State's Attorney. He told West that he knew that Cyrus Bradley had been murdered and who had murdered him.

West looked at Sands in astonishment. There was no idle boastfulness to be considered here. If Sands said he could name the murderer, then Sands was convinced of some one's guilt, and had arrived at his conclusions only after a thorough study of the evidence.

"Who's the criminal?" the Assistant State's Attorney demanded when he had recovered from his shock.

"I can't tell you just now," Sands demurred. "You'll know in plenty of time and you'll get full credit for the help you've given. I may be guessing wrong, and just now we couldn't prove anything if I told you."

"Have you got any inside evidence?"

"Hardly that. There must be twenty people in this room who know all I know. But while I can guess who and how, I can't figure why, so I'd better keep my mouth shut."

West had to content himself with that. But he returned to his office and puzzled over the records for the rest of the day.

Sands, Thorpe, and Crewe lingered for a time in the police station.

"I learn from my men out here that they've decided on a verdict of suicide," Crewe reported while the hearing-room was emptying. "It beats me how they do it."

"You should worry," said Sands. "If it's suicide the mystery is solved, and you and the rest of your Sherlocks can retire without criticism."

"You don't hear me kicking," returned Crewe. "But I resent being kept in the dark. If the boys are going to put over a fast one I'd like to know why."

"You can guess, can't you? Chief Krauss and his microscope squad are up against it, and they know that in another day or two the newspapers will begin putting them on the pan. So they're going to ease out gracefully while the going is good."

Crewe thought a few moments.

"That's probably it," he admitted. "But even then it isn't all clear. Krauss is a nut, but he's fairly honest. If he's pulling for a suicide verdict it's because he thinks Bradley killed himself, and I'd love to know how he was convinced of that."

"But can't they find the container that the nicotin was carried in?"

"Maybe they're holding out on it for the climax of their show," Crewe replied. "But if they haven't found it by now they aren't going to find it until they see me. The guards on the house in Hardy Street are my men, and they aren't going to allow anybody to come in and plant a bottle until I tell them to."

"Unless, of course, they go running around chasing pistol-shots in alleys," Sands said.

"You don't suppose—" Crewe began. But Sands stopped him with a grin.

"No," he said, "there was no bottle-planting that night. If there had been it would have turned out to be a quart flask filled with hog-spray. Nobody knew until a few

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minutes ago that Bradley was killed with a pure alkaloid. It's my guess that the only person who knew it was the one who killed him, and he wouldn't go around spilling the information."

They walked into the station and found Coroner Gloph issuing statements to the press and allowing himself to be photographed. Dr. Halperin, whose status did not depend on political maneuvering, had left immediately for his laboratory. Dr. Cottrill, the coroner's physician, stood aloof from the conference, attempting to conceal his boredom. Dr. Perry and Dr. McNamara of the station staff were talking with him.

"We might get something out of the docs," Crewe suggested. "Gloph won't be available until the home editions go to press, and then he'll have forgotten everything he ever knew. Which isn't anything."

They moved over to join the group, and were greeted jocosely.

"Are you the lad who had the inquest put over until Saturday?" McNamara inquired of Crewe.

The chief of detectives smiled.

"You know I did," he replied. "I haven't anything to do but chase out here for bum inquests where the verdict is all written before somebody thinks about calling a jury."

"That's a good one," Dr. Perry commented. "Verdict all written before they call the jury—darned if that's not about right."

"He's too conservative," observed McNamara. "I think they get the verdicts all written before they find a corpse."

Dr. Perry chuckled.

"What was the object of all that hokum the State's Attorney was trying to put over?" the coroner's physician demanded.

"Holy Ike!" said Sands. "You're not holding me responsible for the State's Attorney, are you?"

"Looks to me as if he might be trying to make a murder case out of this," Cottrill returned.

SANDS shrugged. "He did suggest that the container of the nicotin couldn't have been taken out of the house by the dead man."

"It wouldn't have taken much of a container to hold the right amount," Cottrill retorted.

"That's what I told him," Sands answered. "I said that maybe the old man carried it around in his hat."

Cottrill growled. Dr. Perry smiled.

"The container might have been ground underfoot by the police on Tuesday morning," he commented. "When I got to the house there were enough investigators tramping around to have pulverized a milk-bottle."

"That's reasonable," Sands admitted. "But the theory wabbles a little when you remember that the dust-pan squad was there also and would have found any chance fragments."

"Just the same, Jimmy," argued Dr. Perry, "I have an idea it's a case of suicide. There's been no evidence to show that anybody was in the house with Cyrus Bradley for twenty-four hours before his death."

"But remember what happened afterward," Sands said. "If somebody mistakes me for you and takes pot-shots at me, there must be some reason for it. The principal point is that we've got to admit some other actor to the cast besides the dead man."

Dr. Perry considered this point for a moment. "The trouble with criminal investigation," he said, "is that causation is so difficult to follow. If for the sake of argument we say that Cyrus Bradley was murdered, then we may naturally ascribe these subsequent acts to some one who had a hand in the murder. But if we advance the theory that he killed himself, we must read these incidents as a corollary to suicide. We get nowhere by attempting to make them controvert what we know to be a fact."

"So far," replied Sands, "I'm not following you."

"So long as Mr. Bradley was alive," Dr. Perry went on, "he was a source of income to several people. His dependents probably never gave a thought to the condition of his estate. They were content to accept what he gave them.

"But when he dies, what happens? The Bradley estate becomes a thing of vital concern to these people, and the item of one hundred thousand dollars life insurance is no small part. These supposititious people two weeks ago were living normal lives and never entertained an idea of crime because they never had to. To-day their status is changed. They have come to the two situations that make criminals: necessity and opportunity.

"Let us suppose that some one interested knew me to be in possession of facts that would support the suicide theory. Let us further suppose that that person knew I was going to the house in Hardy Street at a certain time to check up evidence. Then the pistol-shot is a logical sequence."

"You've got too many premises for such a sappy conclusion," Dr. McNamara remarked as he lighted a cigaret. "I haven't yet seen anybody in this case who would have shot you or anybody else for any amount."

"It's not my business to manufacture theories," retorted Dr. Perry hotly. "But don't forget Evans Bradley."

"Evans Bradley!" scoffed McNamara. "Why, that poor egg couldn't fire a pistol without shooting himself in the foot."

Sands yawned.

"Well, Crewe," he said, "we might as well get along. The boys said nicotin and Io! it was nicotin. And now they are talking suicide, and of course it will be suicide. Me, I'm going home and resume packing up for my trip to Java."

SANDS and Crewe were seated in Thorpe's car and on their way to headquarters before any of the three ventured any comment on the proceedings. It was Thorpe's yearning for facts that eventually got the better of him.

"What in the devil is all this about?" he demanded.

"I'm asking myself that," admitted Crewe. "A little while ago I thought it was a maneuver to keep somebody's record clear for the coming elections. Krauss wants to be sheriff. Then again it may be the insurance company is using influence. These boys seem to be convinced that old Bradley bumped himself off."

"What was West asking all those questions for?" Thorpe persisted. "What earthly difference does it make to the dead man whether nicotin is a stimulant or a depressant."

"What's the answer, Jim?" Crewe put in.

"Same old stuff," Sands replied. "The big puzzle to me is who guessed how the old boy died and how he guessed it. If West keeps hammering away at it we may find out some day."

"Well, he'd better gather his rosebuds while he may," commented Crewe. "The inquest undoubtedly will finish Saturday, and it doesn't take any ouiga-board to find out what the verdict is going to be."

"No," admitted Sands, "that's obvious."

"It rather puts a crimp in my style to have this finish wished on me," mused Crewe. "I suppose I could spend a profitable afternoon putting Fred Carbine over the jumps again, but Bradley's funeral is set for one o'clock, and I guess we'd better attend."

"Looking for the murderer at the funeral?" inquired Thorpe. "Isn't that one of the axioms of your trade?"

"It's one of the axioms of the rewrite men who fix up leads for murder stories," corrected Crewe. "If there ever was a murderer who started to return to the scene of the crime he probably forgot the address. But I have a hunch that we'll get Evans Bradley this afternoon."

"That seems to make the theory stand up," Thorpe observed.

"You may be right," Crewe admitted. "After the suicide verdict of course the son will be just a sorrowing heir trying to make an insurance company pay him his share of a one hundred thousand dollar policy. But maybe before Saturday we can get into the matter of his double alibi. However, if he shows up to-day it will be as the heir booted into a pose of filial piety by a true attorney."

Two hours later the three sat in the little Presbyterian church around the corner from Hardy Street in Wilton Road and heard the praises of Cyrus Bradley recited by a man who seemed to have an honest regret for his passing.

"For ten years he was a member of this church and a good man," declared the minister. "All men know how he lived, but only God knows how he died. . . . And may the wrath of God overtake any man who raised a hand against him."

Sands felt his spine tingle at what was at once a curse and a prophecy, and he looked about to judge the effect of the old preacher's words on the crowd that packed the little church. In a rear pew sat Evans Bradley, his head bowed in sorrow or in prayer.

They buried Cyrus Bradley in the family plot in Groveland Cemetery. Even to Sands, who had known in advance what to expect, it was a ghastly funeral. The two mourners mourned only by permission of the police and in constant range of the cameras. A curious throng braved pneumonia in the drifted snow, but not out of any respect or sympathy for old Cyrus.

A high, cold wind shrieked out of the north as a few old men, associates of Cyrus Bradley in the days of his theatrical activities, bore the gray coffin to the grave.

Evans Bradley gave way alternately to his sorrow and to his fear. By turns he gazed in a fascination of grief at the gray box in its frame of evergreens or in an ague of panic at the ring of detectives closing in about him.

Esther Bradley seemed totally oblivious to her surroundings, lovely, cold, and unattainable, alone with her grief.

Sands looked at her admiringly. Whatever the secret that she chose to keep to herself, a whole city would presently be weeping for her.

"Right out of the book for the sob squad," Sands remarked to Thorpe. "She's the most beautiful creature they've had to weep over in fifteen years."

"She certainly looks innocent," sighed Thorpe. "It ought to be against the law for any woman to be as beautiful as she is."

"I feel a little like that myself," said Sands. "If she isn't an angel there's nothing in appearances. But I wonder sometimes if an angel shouldn't respect the truth a little more."

The undertaker, in the uniform of his trade, and a pair of grave-diggers, in soiled mackinaws, released the catches on the nickeled frame, and the gray coffin sank slowly through the evergreens into the earth. Then there was a unanimous movement toward the main road and the waiting cars.

Evans Bradley walked over to Crewe.

"Burmeister tells me you have been looking for me," he said. "If you'll let me stay here with one of your men until the grave is covered I'll go anywhere you say."

Crewe passed the evidence rapidly in review. All that could be charged against young Bradley was that he had proved too conclusive by his absence from town on the night of his father's death. In addition to that was the threatened suicide verdict which in a few days would invalidate all routine inquiries.

"We aren't looking for you," Crewe stated. "But we have a right to suppose that you'll give us any assistance you can in this affair."

Bradley stared at him open-mouthed.

"Then I'm under arrest?" he gasped.

"Why should you be?" Crewe demanded. "Anybody with one alibi would be turned loose with a vote of thanks—let alone a promising suspect with two."

Bradley flushed.

"I can't understand how that happened," he said.

"Purely a lack of organization," diagnosed Crewe. "Somebody missed his cue and started to speak his lines in the wrong place. But no matter. Where did you say your address would be?"

"The Embassy."

"Fair enough. We'll write you there if anybody supplies any more alibis."

A VOICE interrupted him, and he turned about to discover Esther Bradley on the arm of Burmeister, the attorney.

"Is my brother under arrest?" she inquired calmly.

"Not to-day," replied Crewe, "but I was trying to impress upon him that we have a slight interest in his activities and should know where to reach him."

The girl's eyes opened wide, but by no other sign did she show surprize. Sands noticed that when she looked at Evans it was with her usual studied detachment. Still he had not considered it likely that such a woman would be on affectionate terms with such a brother.

"If you are giving the police your address, Evans," she said, "you might also let me have it. If you should care to call me, I'm at the Park Arms."

He told her that he was at the Embassy, then turned abruptly back to the grave, where the undertaker's men were removing the rack and the evergreens. The rest of the group left the cemetery.

## THE CLUES IN THE CASE

A quiet neighborhood and a queer crime. A dead man tied to his chair before a breakfast-table set for four, with the coffee and toast untasted. The smell of nicotin in the house, and rumors of nicotin-poisoning in the air. Sleuths swarming all over the place.

Who could have killed old Cyrus Bradley, the recluse who loved his roses and his books? Or was it suicide? He had a daughter on the stage and a son engineering in the West, but no friends, no visitors.

Enter Jim Sands, detective, who discovers a dab of face-powder on the breakfast-table. His first concern is with the lady who lingered long enough to put powder on her nose.

Esther Bradley, the daughter, is produced by the police, who nab her as she steps off the train from Philadelphia. She is distressed at her father's death. Of course she has an alibi.

Then Evans Bradley, her brother, comes forward with convincing evidence as to his conduct on the fatal night.

But Esther Bradley has a husband, a decayed actor, from whom she has long been estranged. The police capture Fred Carbine and clap him into jail. He seems frightened in spite of his careful alibi, and welcomes incarceration.

At the inquest Dr. Halperin, the coroner's chemist, testifies that he has found nicotin in the victim's vitals.

He enters into a long explanation of human reactions to poisons. Sands is all ears. After the inquest he tells West, the State's Attorney, that he is not only sure Cyrus Bradley has been murdered, but that he knows who killed him!

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"Is this something new in police technique?" inquired Thorpe as they sped southward in Wilmot Road.

Crewe laughed.

"Just the old cat and mouse," he explained. "Mr. Bradley will not be out of touch with us again, and he may lead us into something—who knows——"

"You left a man to watch him?"

"Two men, and likewise we put the bee on the driver of his car. I'm going back now and tell Mr. Carbine that we can get along without his company also."

"Is he still in a panic?" put in Sands.

"He's a little easier to-day. Seems to realise that he's safe with us."

"If he's in that frame of mind you ought to be able to gouge something out of him."

"I doubt it. I have examined hundreds of suspects and witnesses during the past ten years, but I never have met one who had the wind-up so completely as Mr. Carbine. He is willing to talk in order to get our protection, but for some reason he doesn't dare to. Either he's afraid of putting himself on the toaster for murder, or else he figures he may antagonize some one."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Turn him right out on his neck. Then we'll sit back and see what happens—provided it happens before the inquest Saturday morning."

"He may get out of town."

"I don't think he dares to. What did he come here for in the first place? Partly of course to go through the motions of being a thoughtful son-in-law, partly to establish the alibi which so far doesn't look so good, and partly to see what's going on in the case."

"What have you found out from the New York end about that alibi?"

"None of his old pals saw him there between Sunday night and Tuesday night. He'd have had time enough to pull the job here and get aboard a train for the East. But don't worry about him. He isn't getting away. We're just going to give him enough rope and let him smoke himself to death."

An hour later Carbine was informed that he had worn out his welcome with the police. He protested in anguish.

"But I can't go out of here," he repeated over and over again. "I feel that there are sinister forces working in this case and that there's going to be another victim soon. 'Life is full of hope for me. . . . I would not die so soon—so horribly.'"

"What's that?" demanded Sands. Carbine looked at him blankly.

"Oh, the line about the horrible death. It's from a play I acted in once. I don't exactly remember what or when. Why do you waste time with trivial things like that? This is life or death and you talk of words——"

Sands paid no attention to the wildness of his eyes.

"I've heard that line," he mused aloud. "Years ago I heard it. And it had something to do with nicotin!"

"For God's sake quit torturing me," begged Carbine.

"All right," soothed the chief. "We're through with you. A police guard will take you to any hotel you name. After that you're on your own until such time as you want to come back here and tell the truth."

When at length Carbine became convinced that these amazing police were getting rid of him without bothering to give him the expected third degree, he regained something of his old jauntiness. He carefully folded his plaid muffler and adjusted it about his neck so that it would reveal the proper area of pink shirt. Then he slipped into his overcoat and surveyed himself in the long mirror at the dressing-table.

"Of course you can stay in this hotel if you care to," Crewe told him as an afterthought. "It isn't very good, but we use it quite a lot for jurors and witnesses and such."

Carbine demurred.

"No," he decided. "It's probably looked out to the newspapers that I'm here. And unless the police take good care of me I don't want to be in any place where I'm advertised."

"I don't suppose you'd care to say what you expect to happen to you," remarked Crewe.

"I told you I don't know. It's an influence, an evil influence. It has killed before and it will kill again."

There was an intensity about the man's voice. But Sands seemed not to hear it. His mind was groping—that line about the life of hops and the horrible death—and the nicotin.

"I suppose you know your wife is in town?" Crewe observed.

"I knew that from the various newspaper stories."

"'HE TURNS AROUND TO TAKE A LOOK AT D' HOUSE. I WAS TRYIN' TO GO STRAIGHT. BUT WHAT WAS A GUY TO DO IN A PINCH LIKE DAT?'"

"Do you want to see her to talk over all this trouble?"

"I don't. She can look after herself. I've trouble enough taking care of my own affairs." He shuddered.

"If all this evil is wandering around the streets don't you think she'd like to hear about it?"

"The evil will never get her. No such luck. Do you think I'd shed a tear if it did? She could have come to me. She leaves me to face this alone, and face it alone I will."

And Carbine strode out of the room with the swinging gait of the leading man who has just wrought a triumph in his big scene. Then he went down-stairs with two detective sergeants to be escorted across town to the Manor, a quiet hotel.

Half an hour later Crewe received a telephone-call from Sergeant Tom Collins:

"We had to carry this bird to his room," he reported. "He saw something or somebody from the window of the taxi and keeled over in a dead faint. We've got the house physician working on him now."

WINTER night had come down early, and the biting air was filled with omens of another storm. From the street in front of the Detective Bureau came the futile screaming of brakes, and the sharp jingling of automobile-chains. Crewe stood at his window, looking out, soothed by this picture of normal life.

"I think I'm going to be glad of the suicide verdict," he told Sands at length. "At first I was indignant because we weren't going to have a chance to get to the bottom of this, but with breakfasts that nobody eats—nicotin-gents with two alibis—Carbine fainting—it's like high noon in the psychopathic laboratory."

Sands, who had been leafing through a sheaf of telegrams at Crewe's desk, raised his head.

"That reminds me of one thing. You'd better be sure of your guard on this Carbine if you intend to hold him."

Crewe turned on him impatiently.

"And now you're developing hindsight, are you?" he ejaculated. "If you had this hunch why didn't you say something about it when we were sending the gentleman to his new lodgings?"

"Conditions are changing rapidly in this case, Joe," Sands replied. "That fellow was pretty near a collapse when he started out. If he's had another shock he'll be insane when he comes out of it. My guess is that his first thought will be to cut and run."

"I don't follow that. He's picked a place he thinks is reasonably safe."

"Your tenses are wrong. He did pick a place he thought was reasonably safe. But he knows now that his secret is out. And he won't stay at the Manor a second longer than he has to."

"Well, I don't care where he goes so long as we can trail him. I'll stick another man out there right away."

Crewe called a local number and issued an order.

"Do you make anything out of those reports?" he inquired of Sands.

"I'm surprised at the number of them, considering how late you sent out your query. There are three or four intelligent answers there, and I shouldn't wonder if we'd get some information to-morrow that will give us a lead."

"To-morrow it will all be over," Crewe reminded him. "I think myself that these big manufacturing chemists are willing enough to help if they can. But of course I hadn't time to work on them. I couldn't start asking them about the pure alkaloid nicotin until I'd heard about it—and nicotin in all its forms except five-cent cigars was news to me until Hagerin gave his report. Some of those people promise a record of shipments, don't they?"

"All I've examined promise that. There's one signed by J. A. Miter of the Miter Drug Corporation who says he thinks he will have some important information as soon as he checks on it."

Crewe grunted.

"Well, there you have it," he commented. "Something is always going to happen in the future. Those chemists mean well enough and they'll do what they promise.

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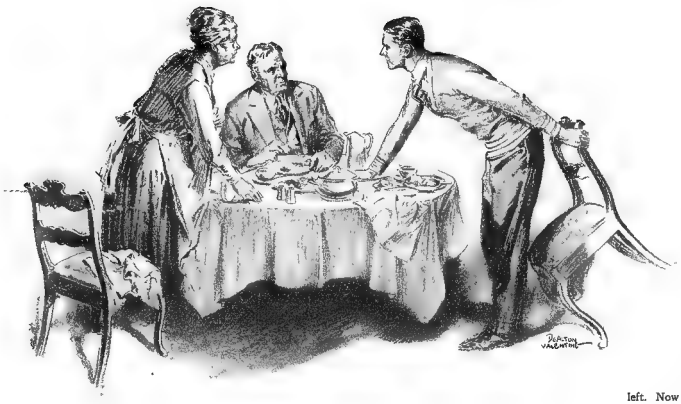


"'WELL—WHY NOT? I'M TWENTY-ONE NEXT WEEK, AND BERYL'S A FINE GIRL. YOU ACT AS IF I'D STOLEN SOMETHING'"

# AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL

## The struggles of a strait-laced father and his stubborn son

By HORACE WINSTON STOKES

Illustrations by DEALTON VALENTINE

EDWARD MERSON sat in his little, private office, pale, shaken, and sick. He had told the clerks he would see nobody. Nobody, understand, *nobody!* He had buried himself in the rear of his own hardware-store, glad enough to escape the gossiping curiosity in their eyes.

Sitting there, by himself, he went over once more the events of the previous night. It had been a terrible night. Both he and Ella had gone to bed at the usual time, to lie awake, listening. At midnight Ella got up and leaned out of the window, still listening. At one she demanded that her husband get up and listen too. She was crying, rocking herself back and forth on the edge of her bed in her nightgown.

"'Tain't like him," she insisted. "He's in a smash-up somewhere, and that girl's with him. They may both be dead!"

She turned on the lights, slipped on her wrapper, and stood, a mountain of agitated grief, above her husband.

"Please get up! Please!"

And he had risen and pulled on his clothes over his pajamas and stood there, gaunt, gray, and sleepy, in crash coat and trousers, without his socks.

"There's nothing we can do," he said. "Nothing at all."

It had all happened like this:

At the closing hour that afternoon, beneath the casually curious observation of the loungers on the porch of the Palmer House across the street, Edward Merson completed his son's job. Altho it was late and the street was almost empty, he had watered the sidewalk in front of the store just as it should have been watered by Roddy at noon.

He had watered it in a tight-lipped way that somehow made the task a dignity. Then, wiping out the watering-pot, he had put it back among the lawn-mowers and seed-packets in his window—those seed-packets that he displayed punctually every fifteenth of May, irrespective of the weather.

He had rearranged the seeds, locked the store, and walked almost home, when he was forced to stop and step from the sidewalk for three young girls, who either did not or would not see him. They were pretty girls, obviously out for a good time, wearing the latest-style frocks which showed their figures and walking with a roll of the hips and more than a hint of bare knees.

Every now and then the middle one, dressed in flaming orange, would cling to her companions to make them drag her, throwing back her head and saying something that made the others scream with laughter.

On the strip of bare earth to which he had been crowded Edward Merson stood, looking after them. It was all of a piece with Roddy's conduct in cutting his work—thoughtlessness, rudeness, selfishness! What was the matter with the young folks nowadays? Did they ask his pardon? They did not! Did they even look back? They did not! Did they care a snap of the fingers about the spectacle they were making of themselves with that hula-hula gait? He snorted. When he was a young man they'd have been run out of town by the sheriff!

He let himself into his cool, carpeted hallway, hung his hat on one of the oak pegs screwed into the frame of the mirror, and hurried into the dining-room. Late, thanks to Roddy, but hungry in spite of everything. He kissed his wife and then looked grimly at the empty chair.

"Where's Roddy?"

Ella Merson's ample face was troubled.

"Should have been here! Said he'd be back on time. He's working on the car. Scarcely can keep his hands off long enough to eat."

"Glad there's something he works on!"

He seated himself at the head of the table, while Mrs. Merson went to the window and looked out. Her face suddenly brightened.

"Here he comes now!"

With a roar and a snort an antique two-seated car, of the type that college boys call "limber Lizzies," flashed by the window and came to a palpitating halt in front of the house. It was painted a brilliant blue, with a stream-line effect in white. A boy sprang out and ran up the back steps two at a time. Came the sound of running water from the kitchen.

"Ma—where's the grease-dissolver?"

"Where it always is—third shelf to the left. Now you hurry!"

Roddy appeared, determinedly swaggering. At the sight of his father his sunburned face stiffened.

"'Lo, Dad. Didn't mean to walk out on you. Do the sidewalk first thing in the morning, before we open. Forgot it."

Merson did not look up from his veal cutlet.

"Did it myself."

"You did? What for?"

Then the boy's face brightened.

"Wish I'd *seen* you! Out with your old red watering-pot—and just before a rain!"

"Roddy!" said his mother.

Roddy paused, an unlighted cigaret in his fingers. With an appraising glance at his father he tapped it on the rim of his plate. Mrs. Merson's stout arm shot out and the cigaret disappeared.

"Don't you know better than to smoke at meals?"

Merson finished his veal cutlet and surveyed his son. Humph! Blue jazz sweater! Sport shirt! Blue-and-white barber-pole tie! Hair slicked back like a cheap actor's! Dressed to match the car, he'd bet a dollar! Then he said:

"How many more times have I got to tell you that you're not to leave until quarter past six?"

"But we close at six——"

"That's not the point. You're to stay and see things in place for the night and lock up. How can you expect the others to take any pride in the place if you don't?"

Roddy cut in, half sullenly:

"Shucks! Haven't you told me more than once that I'm just an employee? Why don't you pay me for extra time if you expect me to work extra time?"

"You're getting too much right now!"

"Yeh?"

"I'll play no favorites. When you show yourself worth more than the others you'll get more."

"That's good! You'd turn down anything I suggested just because I thought of it."

Mrs. Merson cut in with genuine apprehension:

"Eat your suppers, boys, both of you, and stop arguing. You're making me feel sick."

"Yes, Ma."

But Merson pushed his plate away.

"Had all I want. Appetite's gone."

"Now, Roddy, see what you've done!"

"Much he cares," said Merson tartly. "Roddy ought to get what that Hammond girl needs."

Roddy pricked up his ears.

"Beryl Hammond?"

"Beryl—Ethel—something like that!" Edward Merson took a swallow of tea. "Girl in a loud orange dress. Leastways I might've called it orange if I'd had my smoked glasses along. She smoked, I can tell you! Ran plop into me on my way home and never so much as batted an eyelid. I almost called up the fire department——"

"Look here, Dad!"

"Boys!" appealed Mrs. Merson desperately. "Both of you! Roddy, haven't you any respect for your father at all? Edward, leave Roddy alone! S'pose he did leave the store a few minutes early."

"That's all right, Ma! You keep out of this! Now, Dad, what were you going to say about Beryl Hammond, more than what you have said?"

Edward Merson's mouth was a thin, drab line.

"I was going to say that you both ought to get the

*Continued on Page 33*

# All the luscious, red-ripe tomato goodness!

**How** it glows and glistens in the sun! How its flaming red invitation tempts and challenges! How delicious it tastes blended in Campbell's Tomato Soup by French chefs famous for their skill! As healthful a food as you can eat. 12 cents a can.

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# Bon Ami

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BATHROOMS—what a seemingly endless task to keep them clean! But there *is* a simple way. Just bring Bon Ami *Powder* or Bon Ami *Cake* to the rescue.

This soft, scratchless cleanser and polisher absorbs . . . blots up . . . all the dirt, all the smudgy stains and impurities—doesn't scour or scrape them off. That's why there's never a streak or a scratch on the Bon Ami cleaned surface. And the task is so easy, so quick and so pleasant—almost before you know the whole bathroom shines with cleanliness.

Bon Ami is a "good friend," indeed, as its name tells you, to bathtubs, basins and tiling, enameled cabinets, glass shelves, windows, mirrors, floors of tile, marble and Congoleum—and dozens of other things *throughout the house*.

Made in two forms, a soft, snowy-white *Powder* and a handy, compact *Cake*. Neither form reddens or roughens the hands. Why not keep Bon Ami in your bathroom, as well as on your kitchen shelf?

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same thing. You're too old, but it might cure her even now to take a hair-brush to her——"

Roddy jumped up with his eyes blazing.

"By Jingo, Dad, if you weren't my old man——"

"Edward! Roddy!" Ella Merson's voice was choked with rapidly rising tears. "You're makin' me wish I was dead."

Roddy went up to her. Put his arm around her.

"Don't you worry, Ma. I'll shut up. He's just an old crab, that's all, who don't know what he's saying, and I'm going out to cool off. Only, I can't have him talk that way about Beryl, that's all."

"Roddy, you answer me! What's that Hammond girl to you?"

"Yes," demanded Merson, getting to his feet. "That's something I want to know right now myself."

Roddy caught his breath and his eyes fell. For an instant he studied the floor, then he met his father's gaze unflinchingly.

"We're engaged, since you're so set on knowing."

If a bolt of lightning had shivered the dining-room table the effect could hardly have been greater. Merson gasped audibly with the shock of it.

"Oh!"

Mrs. Merson's face went suddenly mottled. She stared at Roddy desperately.

Roddy stood there, tense, defiant, shaken in spite of himself at the effect of his words, yet still taking the offensive.

"Well—why not? I'm twenty-one next week, and Beryl's a fine girl. You act as if I'd stolen something."

He gulped and threw back his shoulders, obviously frightened at his own daring.

"I'll bet I'll make her a good husband——"

Edward Merson's voice quivered like an overtaut piano-wire:

"If you marry that—that——"

"Go on, Dad! If you dare! That—what?"

The older man waited until his anger allowed further speech. "D'you have to marry her?"

Roddy grew pale.

"Roddy!" screamed his mother, throwing herself between them. "You get out of here! Quick! D'you hear me? And Edward——"

She threw her arms about him, pinioning his own. Blocked him with her fat body. Roddy hesitated. Looked at his mother beseechingly, then turned on his heel. Something strange was in his eyes. He left the room and, in a minute, the roar of his speedster echoed from outside.

At half past one, when there was no sign of Roddy, Merson phoned the local police. At two, by their advice, he phoned the State motor constabulary. He did it almost apologetically.

"Yes, I know. But this is different. He don't stay out late. I tell you it's different! What's that? Well, yes, if you've got to know, we did have a quarrel."

They brought him no comfort, but at least there was no word of any smash. Finally the phone rang again, and a voice with a hint of brogue in it asked: "Was your boy drivin' one o' them trick two-seaters? A blue one?"

"Yes."

"Was there a girl with him?"

"Maybe."

The grin that accompanied the answer had almost been audible.

"Why didn't you say so before? We couldn't forget that pair. Passed No. 2 post an hour ago, headed for Middletown."

Middletown! Eighty miles away!

"Why didn't you stop 'em?"

"What for? They was all right. Case of one-hand drivin', tho. Case for a parson, not for a cop. Well, good night to ye."

And then, when the black night hours were over and the sky was blinking gray, Roddy's voice, eager over a dim wire:

"ONE CAR OUT OF EVERY TEN THAT COMES DOWN THAT ROAD BURNS OUT ITS BRAKES"

"Dad, if you're still mad, forget it. We're married."

And Merson, obsessed by that terrible inner force that lives in all of us, stood like a stranger and heard his own voice saying:

"Then never come back! This is the last I ever want to hear or see of you!"

Mrs. Merson had snatched the receiver.

"Roddy, you wicked, wicked boy! Yes, I know. But how could you? Well, God bless you—and her too! No, don't try to come home. Not now. But let me know where you are going, dear."

And then it was over. Too early to do anything. Too early for breakfast. A confused blur of time, with the sound of waking robins in it. Ella's fat, stricken face dropping tears into the coffee that was too bitter to drink anyhow—and then the store.

Merson had thanked God for the store that morning. He had fingered bills, checked balances, written and phoned about grateful routine things like wire fence, washers, bathroom faucets, pliers. The employees—it was plain the employees knew—avoided him. At three o'clock, however, Durfee, the head clerk, silently placed on his desk the damp local paper, with Roddy's picture and the Hammond girl's, in ovals, intertwined with bells and orange-blossoms, on the front page.

"Skinner, the reporter for the newspaper, wanted to see you, but I told him you wouldn't see nobody."

"Right."

"We—we—all of us hope——" the clerk stopped.

"Guess I've said all you want me to say——"

"You have."

But when Merson was alone he snatched up the paper.

What had they written?

Hammond, the bride's father, a traveling salesman for a hat company, had wired his congratulations from somewhere in Ohio. Merson looked for something about himself, and read:

"Needless to say, young Mr. Rodney Merson is the son of one of our most esteemed citizens.

[Humph!] When approached at his store Mr. Edward Merson would see nobody, but Mrs. Merson said to the *Gazette's* representative that both she and her husband hoped the young couple would be happy."

Well, Ella had gall!

Followed some details about the bride's dress (the same, apparently, that she had worn in the street when she pushed him from the sidewalk), and then:

"The bridal pair are planning to postpone the honeymoon and reside in Middletown for the present, where, it is said, young Mr. Merson is going to work in a garage."

A garage, eh! Fine job! Swabbing other people's cars in his undershirt, when, in another year, he'd have had an interest in the store. Yes, that was what he had planned if Roddy had shown some grit and plugged. Well, he'd find out what it meant to support a feather-brained girl like that when he was hired out to other people who'd screw the last cent out of him!

Edward Merson put the paper down, and with it the section of his life which Roddy had filled.

Winter came on with no motion of forgiveness from Edward Merson, no request for forgiveness from Roddy. And as the days grew shorter the lengthening darkness seemed to eat into the lives of the elderly couple, living in their strangely quiet house.

"I don't use up a can of grease-dissolver in three months," said Ella Merson one evening as she stacked the dishes. "Got the same can I had when Roddy left, with his finger-marks still in it."

"D'you know what he's doing?" asked Edward Merson as casually as tho he were speaking of a stranger. "Is he sponging on the Hammonds, d'you think?"

"Edward! You aren't fair. You know that isn't so."

He was silent. He had wanted to show her that he was unrelenting. And, by George, he was! But he knew perfectly well that Roddy was still working in the garage. One of the jobber salesmen who called on him had spoken about Roddy that very day.

"My car broke down in Middletown, coming over here," he said. "Roddy fixed it."

Merson hadn't replied, and the salesman, after a curious glance, had opened his sample-cases and plunged into hardware.

Hammond himself had called on Merson and tried to bring about a reconciliation. Hammond was a little, sandy-haired man, with gold crowns on his teeth and a passion for thunder-and-lightning neckties. He affected a boisterous manner, which helped him, so he thought, to "get by."

"If I'm satisfied, Merson, I don't see why you can't be," he said, throwing out his chest. "After all, I've got the grievance. Not you. 'Twas my daughter he ran away with, a mere chit of a girl. And they're having pretty hard sledding, with Roddy working nights."

He waited. When Merson remained silent he went on:

"Done all I can to help 'em, but they won't take a nickel. Not a nickel. But if Roddy could be helped through his work——"

Merson glanced around the roomy store, where the new clerk who had taken Roddy's place, a watery-eyed little

"WHEN HE WAS A YOUNG MAN THEY'D HAVE BEEN RUN OUT OF TOWN BY THE SHERIFF!"

*Continued on Page 72*

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"Nothing short of a miracle!"

Read how little Jack Clark's life was saved

HE WAS a normal, healthy baby when he was born. But Nature's food, as sometimes happens, didn't agree with him. He didn't gain. So the search for a suitable feeding formula began.

One after another, different foods were tried. One after another, they disagreed. Poor little Jack simply couldn't digest them. Some babies are likethat, you know.

At last a fortunate suggestion was made to the worried mother and father: "Why don't you try Eagle Brand Condensed Milk?" They tried it. Jack was then three months old and weighed nine pounds. Let his mother tell the rest.

*Mrs. Clark's story*

"No one knows how much I had cried over my baby! Oh, it was a wonderful sight to see the way he took the first bottle of Eagle Brand! We will never forget it. Never did it fail to satisfy. His improvement was nothing short of a miracle.

"He was four months old when his first tooth came through the gums, and at the age of thirteen months he had them all—and no trouble with any. He was walking strong at fourteen months, and weighed thirty pounds at eighteen months. He is as straight as a plumb-bob and well developed.

"You may broadcast this wonderful news to the world! That is just the way we feel about the wonderful blessing that Eagle Brand bestowed upon our baby!"

(Signed) MRS. F. V. CLARK,
1220-12th Ave., Moore, Pa.

* * *

A WORD TO MOTHERS

If your baby is not thriving on his present food, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Mail the coupon below for "Baby's Welfare"—a free booklet containing practical feeding directions. Also, "The Best Baby," a gift book for recording baby's growth.

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Please send me free copies of "Baby's Welfare," and "The Best Baby." My baby is_____months old.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

*Please print name and address plainly*


# WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR THE AMERICAN WOMAN

*Continued from Page 14*

we are realizing that all religion is based upon things that once upon a time humanity knew and had real contact with. We have been so mixed up in our ideas and ideals since then, working for we did not know what, that we lost our contact with our origins and have no idea of what the world is. It is not spiritual as against material. It is all material —or all spiritual—there is only one substance. It is all the same. That is the fundamental thing."

I ASKED Mr. Ford what he considered the work of a wife, outside those domestic duties which were attended to by machinery.

"Look at the time a wife could profitably spend on food alone," he answered. "Food is the most important thing in health. And it is the most ignorantly handled by the women whose job it is to prepare food for their families. Food is the cause of much illness and of most dull or irritable mental conditions. The wrong preparation and selection of food menace the health of all of us, yet how many women have studied their families with reference to food, or food with reference to the needs of the families? When they do take an interest in the subject, it goes no farther than the reading of some book. Reading a book is not studying a family in reference to its food.

"Being a good cook does not consist in making pretty dishes. Being a good cook in the modern, healthful sense consists in studying out what is the right chemical combination of foods for each member of the family. It is so important and so difficult a job that husbands and wives together should work out the right diets for the family. They can arrive at what is best for their health only by trial and experiment with food combinations.

"A woman came to me one day complaining about her hardships. Her husband was badly crippled with rheumatism, and she didn't know what to do or where to turn. 'It's your own fault,' I told her. 'He has rheumatism because you are feeding him improperly.' She was astonished and offended, but soon facts concerning the disease were pointed out to her. After that it was up to her to get the poison out of his system and see that it stayed out by giving him the proper diet.

"When I say good food I mean food that is good for health and thought and temper and work. In the end we all want to live long and be healthy and happy, and no one but a fool would long refuse to eat what will benefit him, and continue to eat what he knows is poison to his particular system.

"No one can get anything as good as a proper diet without a great deal of study. The mother should study each member of the family, for no two are alike. A man needs different things to satisfy the different fuel requirements of his body, and therefore he must find the right combination.

"If that were generally practised we would at once found have made the greatest advance possible. Think what a release of human energy, happiness, and money that would be if most of the misery arising from ill health and disease were abolished."

"You are mapping out a large program to women, Mr. Ford. It is more than an eight-hour-a-day job," I observed, at the same time considering at the altruistic mind which occupied itself so sincerely with the problems of average folks.

"It is no more than we are teaching to the girls in our school of nursing and hygiene. We have three hundred girls. But the only drawback is they are making such accomplished women that they marry off before they have a chance to be nurses," he laughed. "Why, I've had men come to me fifteen times this Winter and thank me for their wives. They were girls from our school. I don't blame the men for snapping them up. The girls are trained in all the modern ways of being a mother and wife—in dietetics, in the care of children, in cleanliness and industry. Such a wife is a real partner in life-work—a treasure for any man lucky enough to get her.

"The job of being a good wife in the modern world is big enough for the biggest woman. Training her children alone, think of the importance of that." Mr. Ford halted.

"The best mothers I knew," I observed, "were women with large families, natural mothers, who managed to do the best by their children without strain. Their success, to my mind, lay in the self-reliance developed in their children by the casual, respectful, almost impersonal attitude of the parents.

"But I wonder, Mr. Ford, whether most of us mothers teach our children to be so self-reliant We teach our children to conform, to be like others, and to do like others, because we want to save them a lot of suffering and we want them to be safe. Our children are taught conformity in our schools as well. Yet people get somewhere only by striking out for themselves. What would you substitute for that feminine principle, Mr. Ford?"

"I can answer you best by telling a story. A neighbor of mine has two boys, one nine, the other seven years old. The younger one got into a fight with the boy next door, and the two older brothers mixed in. When the little boy saw his brother being beaten, he rushed in and began beating up the other boy. The mother was humiliated; the father said, 'That's fine.' I agree with the father. There was nothing wrong with that. The boys were learning to stand up for themselves.

"Every child is an individuality. You mentioned conformity just now. Do you think there is much of it? I don't. We conform to form—not individual principle; that is all. We have a clear space where we are absolute master, where we don't have to conform. At the same time lack of conformity sometimes is made the excuse for something much worse than conformity ever could be. That oak-tree out there conforms to an inner law, else it would be a freak.

"It is probably true, however, that we have been too soft in our training of children. It is possible to give them too much school stuff, and not enough of the vigorous training that makes men. You can't be just unless you are strong. Men know that, but women won't acknowledge it. The world is made of hard stuff, and a boy must be encouraged to handle himself manfully.

"There will always be enough weakness without teaching it. You've got to teach strength so that the weak can be protected, and teach it to girls and boys alike. Two boys came to see a girl of eleven who lives in our neighborhood. They got into an argument and started pommeling each other. There didn't seem to be any way of stopping them. The girl climbed the tree under which the boys were rolling about and jumped right on top of them. She kicked out a tooth in her upper jaw, but she stopped the fight. She had what I call the right upbringing. I'd bet on her to meet any emergency and grow up to be a strong, fine woman.

"At twelve years boys ought to get into manual work. It moves their minds, which are like clean slates at that age, and are therefore more active and alert, with room to develop, and a reason for development. The hand, you know, is one of our principal organs of knowledge. In school our children use mostly the eye. Why only the eye?

"In our trade-school boys are learning something at which they can make a living and at the same time receive a general education in essentials. If after they graduate at eighteen they want to know more, they go on by themselves, making their living while learning. It is not the learning you have had stuffed into you that counts; it is the knowledge you actually use every day that is a living part of your work and your pleasure. That is the true measure of interested, vital living. If you're going to work, work hard; if you play, play hard."

"Is that why you are reviving the old, rather athletic dances?" I asked.

"Come over to the high school tonight and see for yourself. See the children dance; then you'll know my reasons," and Mr. Ford immediately made arrangements for me to go.

I went a few hours later to the Fordson High School, and watched young girls, clad in peasant dresses their mothers had brought from the old country, dance native Roumanian dances that demanded skill, with pride in the heritage they brought to their new country; little girls of Italian origin, in their bright yellow and red and green; the Gipsy dances; the vivid green-and-white-costumed girls in the Irish jigs; the English rounds, and that old American favorite, the quadrille, with young lads calling accurately like veterans, reviving a lost art.

Each child was really dancing, not stepping around politely in rhythm to music, or merely jiggling, which is the modern version, but they were learning intricate steps, involved rhythms; learning poise, grace of movement, courtesy. This dancing was an accomplishment as well as a pleasure, and to me the significant thing was that the boys, equally with the girls, were enthusiastic and skilful and having a good time.

Again Mr. Ford's instincts had served him truly. This was a great improvement on the discreetly disguised sexual dreaming which typifies the dance of to-day. This was fun, fun for every one, men, women, and children, fun and wonderful exercise. I thought of how much simple happiness Mr. Ford had brought to old people by reviving the old dancing.

THE next afternoon I waited for my final talk with Mr. Ford. A half-hour, an hour went by, and still no sight of him. He is one man without a boss, an office, or a job. No one ever knows where he is until he appears. I was making my goodbys, when the door opened and Mr. Ford was with us.

I told him how much I had enjoyed the dancing, and told him how he had given a new lease on life to many old people I knew through his revival of the old-time dances. He beamed.

"Old people think they are through. They don't know what they can do, women as well as men. Why, this very morning we found one old woman of ninety-three who was anxious to be of some use. I said, 'Isn't there something she can do?' Then found something for her to do, for the museum, something that will keep her busy and occupied and happy.

"I would be very sorry to see the day come when old people left industry. I don't care how old they are, they have something others haven't—they have experience, the most precious thing in the world."

Mr. Ford told me of an old man who in Mr. Edison's youth had taught the latter telegraphy. Old, his children married, and, seemingly useless, he went to Mr. Edison for something, anything to do. Instead of giving him just anything Mr. Edison put him to work at a nice inventive problem. He protested it was

*Continued on Page 36*

## FALSE JUDGMENT

By
Wm. Hamilton Hayne

KEENLY we scan yet often fail to find
The good intent in some opposing mind.
Judgment is false of motive and of act
Unless supported by unerring fact.

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# MISS HELEN CHOATE

Miss Helen Choate, brilliant young favorite in New York society, inherits the distinction and charm of her famous grandfather, so long our Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

THE CHARMING GRANDDAUGHTER OF AMERICA'S DISTINGUISHED AMBASSADOR, THE LATE

**JOSEPH H. CHOATE**

## IS POET · MUSICIAN SPORTSWOMAN SOCIETY FAVORITE

She is very striking, slim and tall, with shining red-gold curls, big brown eyes and finely-modeled features. Her skin is exquisite—fresh, clear, so beautifully kept that it is always satin-smooth and fine of texture.

Pond's four preparations—Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener—for exquisite care of the skin.

Since she was seventeen her poems have been appearing in the leading magazines. They reveal true talent. This gifted and spirited young favorite is also an accomplished pianist.

YOUNG as she is, Miss Helen Choate is already one of the most brilliant personalities in New York society. She belongs to a family so distinguished that her name admits her to the most exclusive circles of America and Europe. And she herself is so gifted, so delightful that she is a favorite everywhere.

This vivacious girl can sparkle through a dinner party and dance till dawn, yet turn out fresh and crisp for her morning ride in Central Park, or for golf at her country home at Mt. Kisco.

She is an accomplished pianist, speaks French and German admirably; and is already, in her earliest twenties, widely known as a poet whose published work reveals authentic talent.

Miss Choate is slim and tall, with a cool nonchalant grace. Her shining red-gold curls, bright brown eyes and clear fresh coloring make her a vivid figure. She has that precious gift, a beautiful skin, and takes great care to keep it satin-smooth and fine of texture.

She believes whole-heartedly in Pond's Creams, saying, "I've used them ever since I can remember. They are tried and true—I like them best of all. Sometimes I experiment with others, but I always come back to Pond's. And—" here speaks popular girl whose week-ends are in demand—"are so convenient for traveling.

"Pond's Cold Cream cleanses divinely! And the silky Tissues for removing cold cream make old methods seem as extinct as the Dodo."

Pond's new Skin Freshener has equally won Miss Choate's approval. "It does away with that oily, shiny look" is her comment, "and makes your skin feel fresh as a morning breeze. And use Pond's delicious Vanishing Cream before you powder. You'll look cool and nonchalant no matter how long you dance or golf."

For unfailing results use Pond's as follows:

DURING THE DAY—first, for complete cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, patting with upward and outward strokes. The fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Do this several times and always after exposure.

SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues—so soft, absorbent.

THIRD—soak cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener and briskly dab your skin to banish oiliness, close pores, and preserve the youthful contour.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

AT BEDTIME—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. The coupon brings trial sizes of all four preparations. Try them!

Send 10¢ for Pond's four delightful products

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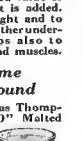
# Have you a Milk Rebel in your home?

***Change her stubborn "I Won't" to an eager "I WANT" with "DOUBLE MALTED"***

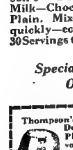
**Of course, you know how important milk is to the growth and health of your child. You know, too, that the flavor of milk becomes monotonous—even distasteful — to children. Now if you could make the taste of plain milk *irresistibly good* and at the same time actually *double* its nourishment you wouldn't hesitate a second to do so—would you? That is exactly what thousands of mothers are doing today. They simply add two spoonfuls of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" to plain milk, mix and serve. Every child loves this creamy Chocolate Malted Milk. And the goodness it brings to their taste isn't half as great as the goodness it brings to their little bodies. Unlike ordinary malted milk, Thompson's is "DOUBLE MALTED." It actually doubles the food value of the plain milk to which it is added. Helps to build normal weight and to eliminate nervousness and other underweight handicaps. Helps also to strengthen teeth, bones and muscles.**

***Make It at Home 30 Servings to Pound***

**Your druggist or grocer has Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk—Chocolate Flavor or Plain. Mixed easily and quickly—economical too. 30 Servings to every pound.**




***Special Shaker Offer***



Thompson's Malted Milk Co.
Dept. 63-A, Waukesha, Wisconsin
Please send me a large size, 75c value aluminum shaker and a sample of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. I enclose only 25c to cover packing and mailing costs.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....


*Continued from Page 34*

far beyond him, but in the end he invented the set of simultaneous alarms which had been requested. "And he thought he was through," added Mr. Ford.

"We've moved Edison's boarding-house, his laboratories, mill, inn, post-office, everything, here into the village. And it is to be an alive, working, self-maintaining village, just as in the old days."

Mr. Ford was again talking about old people.

"Dancing is fine for them. It gives them exercise. I've known old people who were so timid and conscious of their age that they were sure they couldn't dance. With much urging they got up and could hardly move their legs, but once the embarrassment wore off they started having fun. They dance and dance and dance.

"If you are old, don't sit down—that's the quickest way to die. Keep active. Old people should try to apply their experience instead of taking it with them on a shelf."

"When you look forward to old age for yourself, what do you see?" I asked, disapproving of myself as I did so because this man lives so intensely in the present and seems so ageless that the very idea of it should seem unthinkable to him. But he answered readily:

"I LOOK forward to but one thing—that is to be chock-full of doing constructive things. To be active; to do somebody good. That's the only happiness.

"Every one is looking for happiness, and it is always somewhere else. People forget they are living right now. There is no way to live in the past or in the future. If you are interested in what you are doing right now, you can't help being happy. That's the only kind of happiness I know.

"Women always want to know how they can be happy. There is only one way, and that is to have interesting ideas."

"But what about love?" I said. "Ideal love is the happiness women long for and dream of."

"LOVE"—he half rose from his seat. "What is love? It is a conglomeration of everything on earth. That's why it is the greatest thing on earth. It has more elements than anything else. That's why it is so lasting—it is everything expressed in the relation of two people toward each other.

"It is physical attraction, yet this has something deeper behind it, and that is love. It is the possessive instinct, yet that goes and love remains. It is youth, yet that goes and love remains. Love is more than a passion or a dream—it is a dynamic force. All its counterfeits pull their victims down, but love builds its possessors up, strengthens them, purifies them, makes them keener. Between a true man and a true woman it creates the perfect human personality and thought.

"Women talk of love, and think that love automatically brings happiness. That is a kind of selfishness. No one is happy unless he is doing something all the time. I mean doing something active physically. It doesn't do good to sit back and think about things and not act. You must set your thought in motion. Thought without activity and fruition encourages discontent and is a blind alley to the spirit.

"We have had too much emphasis on thinking and not enough on action as the result of thinking. If people think and do not act, they want to sleep. They get tired easily, and think something is wrong with them. I can tell that kind of tiredness. It is the symptom of a drugged person. When people are tired, when they think they need a lot of sleep, they really need less sleep and more activity. They blame life or their health or circumstances, yet the fault is in themselves and the remedy, too.

"No one ever got into unhappiness except by his or her own fault. That holds true for emotional disturbances as well. To live fully in the present—in any given present—is the greatest happiness and experience I can think of. And that happiness is in reach of every willing person on earth. That's all there is to it—the trouble is, it's too simple." And Mr. Ford looked to us as if to corroborate him.

A friend once told me of taking his perplexities to John Dewey. The great philosopher listened, and then said, "I don't see what the difficulty is. Why don't you do just what you want to do?"

So simple are the spiritual processes of great men.

## THE WORLD'S BEST BUTLER

*Continued from Page 17*

"Bazz," began Terry, "you're just about blotto."

"Do you think she noticed anything?" By now the actor had stiffened, was looking noble.

"She's something of a nut," said Terry, "and I guess you got by with it."

"Nut? Terry, suppose I should go to your mistress and report that her butler had called her a nut?"

"Well? Suppose I should mention that her star was blotto when he heard the news?"

"Don't be harsh with me, Terry. I've done you a most tremendous favor. Grant me that. I gave you a letter of introduction, and when Mrs. Millibank asked me if you were a good butler I said you were a good butler. Simply that and nothing more. Thoughtful."

"Very. I needed a job."

"So you did. Ha! Pushy old bird, isn't she? When she read my letter she found we had a mutual friend. You're the mutual friend, Terry. So she picked me up. Rather ripping, what?"

"Listen, Bazz," said Terry, "you're simply blazing. Let me get you under a hot-and-cold shower."

"It isn't drink, it's worry." Nyle was helping him off with his shoe. "I'm in the hands of the judges. Would I take her dirty ten thousand otherwise? Must carry on. But I say, Terry—quaint, isn't it? Women fall for an actor—funny old party, this Bazz, isn't she? I think I shall marry her."

"Good medicine for you both," Terry was thinking; but the actor, as his collar was being removed, asked, "Is Martha here?"

"I'm told so." Terry could have strangled Bazz with his tie.

"Dear girl, Martha. She'd be desolated if I decided to marry Isobel. Women play the devil with an actor—I mean to say, a successful actor——"

"Get yourself bathed!" commanded Terry. "If you go down-stairs in this maudlin state they'll throw you out."

"And serve me jolly well right." Somewhat sobered, Basil submitted himself to the shower. Meanwhile Terry unpacked a green-and-white-striped trunk. Three costumes he recognized all too well. Chain mail and oxhorn helmet; velvet tunic and small-clothes; dashing cavalier and sword—so Bazz had chosen *Cyrano* for his fourth turn! Then there were wigs and beards and mustaches; quite recognizable were the red side-whiskers of *The Amiable Baron*. All atangle, so many wigs and whiskers.

With every hank of hair which he laid on the table Terry Nyle sighed; there had been a time, not so long past, when he and Bazz had alternated in these parts. They had been a lot of strolling players and small towns had not seen any merit in them. Then Sir Basil Rainor—and here was Nyle, the butler, too—

It was a quarter of nine, and the great man had just found a collar to suit him when Mrs. Millibank sent up her personal maid to ask how soon Sir Basil would be down. "Presently," whispered Nyle; and presently it was that the idol of two continents went swaggering down the stairs; handsome and self-contained he extended a gracious hand. For Sir Basil, drunk or sober, knew the dramatic value of being the latest to arrive.

But if the evening's guest heard nothing but thunderous admirable Nyle, in passing the last round of cocktails, caught a disturbing snatch of corner gossip. "Isn't Isobel wonderful!" tinkled a little blond voice. "She's asked in all the famous critics—*Times, Tribune, World*——"

Critics! This, thought Terry, is going to be a stormy voyage for old Bazz. But he merely bowed at the door with the doomful tidings, "Dinner is served."

"ROTTEN butler!" said Bazz. Again they were locked in the elaborate dressing-room; again the actor-knight had thrown himself down. But now his eyes were glazed, his mouth drooping. Terry snatched away a hot cigaret; it was beginning to burn his shirt-front. "Rotten butler! Now then play—whats-it?—low farce. 'His Lordship's Socks'—start playing farce, damn yourself. Damn yourself, Terry. Butler——"

Nyle surveyed the wreck of a man who, by an actor's supreme effort, had managed to appear sober during a long dinner. He had promised not to drink any more, but the adoring hostess had urged him. Urged him time after time. Even as he stood there, desperately regarding the problem, Terry remembered in a flash how Martha Orlen had looked up and recognized the butler, pouring wine. Almost merry was her smile at first, then it had straightened to a frown.

But Sir Basil was settling lower into his chair. "Are you all in, Bazz?" asked his attendant, shaking him.

"Nonsense! Much worse twice this week. Got away with it. Just knowing how. That's greatness. Able to take smallest part and make it big. Tired. Six winks, all I need——"

He was falling forward, but Terry caught him. Suddenly, by force of discipline, Basil opened his eyes, looked at his wrist-watch, droned, "My goodness! Ten o'clock." Then he lapsed again. "Six winks, ol' boy, and I'll be right as a triv——"

Since dead weight is heavy, it was not without a struggle that the butler managed to drag his burden into a bedroom beyond. But at last Sir Basil was laid out on a Spanish four-poster. Flat on his back, his hands folded, his handsome head at peace, he was like an effigy on a royal tomb. Terry, the admirable Nyle, he lifted a long, distinguished finger and murmured, "Postpone rehearsal till Friday."

That, thought Terry, was among the wisdoms which come from the lips of fools and drunkards. But a tap-tap on the dressing-room door aroused him to the horrors of emergency. He closed Sir Basil in before answering the knock, which was repeated. Out in the hallway he found Martha Orlen, arrayed in the winged helmet and scarlet robes of *Queen Nodra*. Her eyes were wild with their exaggerated lashes. Terry Nyle knew the part well. An ugly woman had taken it in the old road show.

"What's the matter with him?" She stood there, tragic as the queen she impersonated.

That unrecognizing look hurt Terry, and he said, "He'll be out presently—Madam."

"Out presently? People are talking of going home."

"He'll be out presently." Just to stick to his lie.

He was turning to go back, deeply cut by her manner, when he heard her sweet,

*Continued on Page 65*

Original from

# Provincial thrift originated— Parisian chefs made famous

## *these celebrated French methods of meat cookery*

*Many a dish now served in famous restaurants, was first enjoyed in the provincial homes of France.*

Roast of Beef, Monticello. *This savory chuck roast with vegetables is prepared in the French manner according to one of the tempting, economical recipes offered on the new Swift beef recipe cards. To get them, mail coupon below.*

*The Cordon Bleu—highest order in the gift of the Bourbon kings of France. Ever since Mme. Du Barry, favorite of Louis the XV th, demanded it for her cook, chefs of surpassing excellence have been known as "Cordons Bleus."*

*George Rector, famous for his knowledge of the American and French cuisine, who has adapted these French recipes for use in this country.*

## A new group of French recipes for inexpensive cuts of beef—

### *adapted for the American table*
### *by* George Rector

IN humble kitchens from Normandy to Provence, Frenchwomen labored for generations to perfect their delectable meat dishes.

Gradually, inevitably, the fame of these methods of meat cookery spread abroad. Celebrated restaurants featured them as "specialties of the house"—great chefs made them a part of the sophisticated French cuisine.

Today they are famous the whole world over—these meat dishes created by the genius of thrifty French housewives. Famous primarily for rich, delicious flavor, for deft, unusual seasoning or a piquant sauce. But famous, too, for the thrift that makes such dishes from the less expensive cuts of meat.

### *Ten masterpieces of beef cookery*

Now American housewives can share these culinary secrets. Ten prized French recipes for inexpensive cuts of beef have been collected for you by Swift. Recipes typically French—adapted for the American table by George Rector. Mr. Rector, who wears the medal of the *Société des Cuisiniers de Paris*, is now acting as Director of Cuisine for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad.

Like the first two series—so warmly welcomed by thousands of women—these new recipes are printed on cards. And this year each dish is illustrated. Dishes with all the lure of the delicious and unexpected, plus the attraction of a big saving in cost.

And so you can know just which cuts to ask for in preparing these French recipes, Swift has made a chart to help you market. This chart, like the recipe cards, is free.

These recipes will open a whole new field for your menu planning. You will be surprised at the goodness of the less familiar cuts of beef—especially if you are sure to order meat that is always

*Flank Steak—Chuck Roast—Short Ribs for Roasting—three of the less familiar, less expensive cuts of beef that give these tempting French dishes fine flavor at a big saving in cost.*

dependable for tenderness and flavor. A great fleet of refrigerator cars, 7500 miles of private telegraph wires, and 400 branch houses, enable Swift & Company to keep your dealer supplied with the finest, fresh meat. Insist upon SWIFT'S meats. Mail the coupon below, and the new recipe cards and meat buying chart will be sent you free.

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**FREE**—the new Swift Beef recipe cards, "Tempting New Meat Dishes adapted from the French—3rd Series," with a chart showing the various cuts of beef. Mail the coupon today.

*File your recipe cards!*

Every recipe in its place. Alphabetically arranged so you can find it in a jiffy. Here's your chance to get a recipe file box handsomely made of oak. It already contains 206 delightful meat recipes, 195 complete menus! Just mail 50c in stamps.

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Please send me as checked below:
☐ The new set of beef recipe cards, together with the shopping chart for beef, free.
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*Like everything else*

# Toothbrushes have been MODERNIZED

***It is just as easy to have the best available care for your teeth—and to enjoy the best results.***

A MODERN toothbrush such as those *shown here* is even *easier* to use than an old-type, clumsy one (many of which are still sold). It makes correct brushing easy—and really brightens teeth.

The famous DR. WEST'S Toothbrush modernized home care of teeth. *It is 20% to 50% smaller than the awkward older-type brushes.* And has the correct, unusual shape that permits thorough cleansing for every tooth, every surface, every crevice.

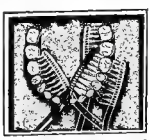
Bristle-groups are wide-spaced in open rows—accurately trimmed. They cleanse teeth more thoroughly, and are easily rinsed after using the brush. To have a *clean* brush is important.

Your druggist has DR. WEST'S new toothbrushes for every member of your family: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; "Professional" brush, 50c. Each brush is sterilized, specially sealed, fully guaranteed. Today replace your present brushes; *then note how quickly teeth brighten.*

### CORRECT BRUSHING EASY

Brush always away from the gums, toward cutting edges of the teeth. With, never across, the crevices. Do this twice daily. Use a DR. WEST'S brush—because it was designed to make correct brushing easy. And now, in DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste, you have the second modern aid to cleaner, *brighter teeth.*

Each 90 days get a new brush—as dentists do. Because after that much service wear impairs the cleansing and polishing abilities of even these finest, modern brushes.



SEE How this correctly designed modern brush cleanses every surface, and sweeps crevices clean: far back, and inside, as well as in front.

*With each purchase of the 50c* DR. WEST'S *Toothbrush your dealer will give you—* FREE—*a big 25c tube of the sensationally successful* DR. WEST'S *Tooth Paste*

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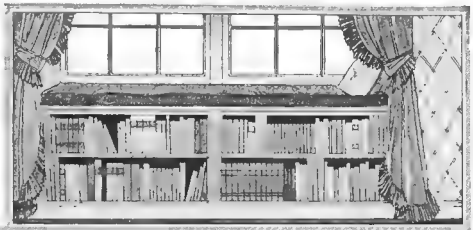
# BUILD YOUR SHELVES TO FIT YOUR BOOKS

## If made at home or by a local carpenter, all of these attractive and practical shelves may be built at very low cost

By HARRIE WOOD

NOTHING gives that home-like air to a room as much as books. But an orderly arrangement of them is necessary for complete harmony of furnishings. Built-in book-shelves is the answer. Built on either side of the fire-place in the room below, book-shelves of varying height provide ample space for books. The top shelves furnish opportunity to use prints, lamps, and small objects which add to the decorative interest. These shelves are painted to match the woodwork, and are lined with the color predominating in the room.



THE uses of a built-in window-seat are legion, and it is especially attractive, as well as decorative, if the space below its broad, cushioned surface is utilized for books. Two low shelves built in a deep window-reveal, and topped with a cushioned seat (left), will keep your favorite volumes within easy reach of a comfortable reading-spot for a rainy day. Moldings that finish the top shelf and base, and the supporting partition, should repeat the rest of the woodwork.

BELOW, the unused door of a remodeled room furnishes five shelves and a shallow cabinet beneath. The one shown has a painted lining of Italian blue in contrast to the corn-yellow trim and apricot-tinted walls. A Florentine star-lantern lights the books at night.

A SMALL room can be made a most attractive book-room (left) by converting one partition into irregularly spaced shelves, with cupboards below for holding magazines.

THE tall cabinet directly above is of black lacquer and silver-leaf. It was designed especially for a narrow wall-space.

HARRIE WOOD

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# GIVE PERFUME A CHANCE

## The ways and means of using perfume so that you may be daintily fragrant

By DORIS LEE ASHLEY

Drawing by MYRTLE SHELDON

THE LATEST FLOWER-ODORS UNCANNILY REPRODUCE THE FRAGRANCE OF THEIR NAMESAKES

WHEN I entered the room Eleanor was just about to use a pair of scissors to pry off the stopper of a bottle of perfume I had sent her as a birthday remembrance. She looked up with despair written on her brow. Handing me the bottle, she said, "Please, won't you open it, for Renée and I are desperately impatient to smell its contents? You were a perfect dear to remember me so handsomely."

I took the lovely Lalique bottle in my hands and tried to remember all the various methods of opening bottles I had ever heard of. First I tried tapping the neck of the bottle with a wooden paper-knife lying on the table at which the girls sat opening the birthday gifts. Half a dozen taps seemed to make no impression on the glass stopper.

Then I half remembered something that seemed to come to me from school-day physics, that glass expands slightly when heated. Yes, it must be expands, for I certainly remembered that holding a lighted match to the neck of a bottle would expand the neck sufficiently to release the ground-glass stopper. Yet I was afraid of cracking the lovely bottle.

Again I remembered something from the past. I asked for a piece of string. I wound it once around the neck of the bottle and handed the bottle to Eleanor to hold while I rapidly pulled each end of the string to and from me until the neck was quite warm from the friction. Again I took the paper-knife and tapped the top of the stopper, and then gave it a twist to the right, and out it came, releasing the most delightful floral odor, which seemed to fill the air with its fragrance.

Eleanor was enchanted with the perfume when I showed her how to get the real odor by applying a drop to the back of her hand and waiting for the alcohol to evaporate so that the true scent of the extract could be enjoyed. It so perfectly reproduced the fragrance of her favorite flower, a bunch of which had accompanied her gift, that the girls exclaimed in amazement.

"Why," said Renée, "I have smelled many extracts which carried the name of that flower, but I never smelled one before that reproduced the actual fragrance so perfectly that you could not tell one from the other if you did not happen to see which you were smelling."

I told the girls that the chemist who created that extract had worked for two years to perfect it, and finally was fortunate enough to catch the actual fragrance of the flower.

Many chemists, like many artists, receive different impressions of the subject in hand. The personality of a model will affect several artists differently and is bound to show in the finished portrait. Perfumes represent very frequently the chemist's impression of a flower. One may be influenced by the sweetness of a certain flower, while another will be susceptible to its freshness; consequently the extracts labeled alike will differ. Your ideal may be that of the chemist who reacted to the sweetness, while you would discard that of the chemist who stressed the freshness or the subtle spiciness of your favorite flower.

When you realize that a flower-odor is compounded of a number of ingredients you will understand how subtle a thing it is to produce. It is not as if the oil or extract or essence of a flower would produce the fragrance of that flower. It actually takes years of work in carefully compounding various ingredients to create an acceptable impression of a particular flower.

Renée seemed impatient to ask me a question, so I stopped my lecture to find out what was troubling her. She wanted to know why it is that perfumes, even expensive perfumes, would not last on her, that they seemed to vanish in a few minutes. I told her that I had heard others complain of the same thing and that I had interviewed several chemists on that particular subject. One very frankly explained that the secretions of the sweat- and fat-glands through the pores of the skin of some people almost neutralized the odors of any extracts they might use, while on others, not of an acidulous nature, the same extracts would remain for a long time as fresh as when applied.

Eleanor began to laugh as she said I was about to ride my pet hobby-horse.

"Just the same," I said, "I feel that perfume would have a chance if most women and girls would be meticulous in using antiperspiration and deodorant preparations several times a week. Laugh if you will, Eleanor, but I am willing to wager that if Renée would follow my advice she will find that the best perfume will not vanish so quickly."

*Are you interested in the new perfumes? Then write for the free leaflet "Perfumes, Sachets, and Toilet-Waters," sending a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.*

"Well, it is worth trying, and I for one am grateful for the advice, Miss Ashley," said Renée, "and I am going to begin this very day, for I adore gardenias, and the perfume is so delicate that I have never been able to find one that would last."

I promised her that if she would be faithful in using a mild deodorant every day and an antiperspiration preparation once or twice a week, I would give her a bottle of her favorite extract that would delight her soul, for it was a perfect reproduction of that flower.

"I would rather have my own sweet peas," said Eleanor, "for there is nothing I love so well, but each one to his sense of smell."

There seems to be an added interest in the flower-scents and delicate bouquet-odors this year, and I have been wondering if it were not because of the very apparent return to dainty feminine fashions. Not that the richer mysterious bouquets and exotic and languorous Oriental odors are in any way passé; for new and lovely ones are being offered and accepted by the very same women who purchase the lovely floral odors.

It has been said that American women are possibly not so subtle in the use of scent as their French cousins, who use extract as Velasquez employed high lights in painting his portraits—as a precious thing. They never drench themselves in scent, yet everything about their person seems to be faintly reminiscent of their favorite perfume.

I am told that they use sachets for their lingerie, frocks, and hat-linings, and that a tiny sachet may be found in the cuffs and under the collar of their coats and wraps. Handkerchiefs, laces, and gloves are kept in sachet-lined boxes or drawers. They use toilet-water after the bath as a nurse uses alcohol on a patient. Toilet-water is sprayed on their hair, and they invariably employ an atomizer to evenly distribute their precious extract.

We all have much to learn from such methods of using scent, especially those of us who are content to dab a bit of perfume back of our ears and consider the matter of perfume over when handkerchiefs are drenched with the extract. Pulling such a handkerchief out of a hand-bag is almost overpowering to the fastidious woman, and to the man, too, for that matter.

No, you can not depend alone on extract to get the effect that has pleased you in some one of your acquaintances who knows how to be daintily fragrant. Your sachet and toilet-water may be a clean-smelling lavender, a delicate flower-odor, and then it would not be too insistent when a tantalizing piquant or sophisticated Oriental extract is used as an accent for a particular occasion or costume.

HOW is a woman to decide which perfume to choose? That is a matter of individual taste. Why, I ask, should a blonde always use a delicate flower-odor just because she is a blonde, when she may prefer an extract described as typical of a brunette? She may at times desire a mysterious Oriental scent instead of the conservative floral odor. It is wise to live with a new perfume for a week or so before investing in an expensive extract.

Let her purchase one of the small vials many manufacturers make for the purse, or a small quantity of this exclusive perfume, which many perfume departments have in bulk. She may be delighted with it; on the other hand, after using it for several days, she may find that it is delightful for occasions, but not for general use. That is why clever women possess several different extracts. Certainly no one would use a heavy scent when playing golf, and just as certain no one of you would select a delicate floral odor when gowned for the evening in a sophisticated creation.

It is feared that too many women choose a perfume that a particular friend has adopted, hoping that the same impression will be gained. Too many are influenced by the beautiful container. So again I say live with a new perfume for a few days before deciding to adopt it, not to mention investing a great amount of money in one that might otherwise prove unsatisfactory. I believe in buying a small quantity of the best and using it with discrimination. It is far better than a lavish use of an inexpensive odor.

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# CORRESPONDENCE CLUBS FOR MOTHERS

## Conducted by Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

HERE are a few of the thousands of grateful letters which pour in every day in the year. They will help to explain what we are trying to do for mothers and their babies all over the world:

DEAR DOCTOR: I just have to write and tell you what a great help you are in sending to me each month one of your leaflets. I had never handled a little baby until I had my own little one, and your leaflets have certainly saved my life a great many times! My baby is getting along fine, and I have lots of people with little children who ask me how I keep my baby so well. I always tell them about your wonderful club, and show them the leaflets. I am saving them all. Thanking you a thousand times for your help,

Mrs. C. H.

Thank you for the splendid help and guidance you have given me through your wonderful Mothers' Club. I wish you continued success with such a wonderful and helpful work.

Mrs. L.

I have followed your instructions in feeding my baby, and wish to express my appreciation. It has been a great help to me, even tho I am a graduate nurse, and baby is surely a fine specimen. I feel sure this is due in a large measure to the diet-lists I have followed and the hygienic regime. I am sure if other mothers would enroll their babies and follow your instructions they would have very little trouble with feeding, etc.

A Graduate Nurse.

Certainly am pleased with your entire course and leaflets. Have found many things of real help, even tho this is my third baby. So glad I changed to your milk formula. Baby eating fine and likes it so much; always enjoys his feedings.

I read your articles every month and have clipped them to form a book. Even tho I take the baby to a doctor every month, there is always an abundance of information in your articles that I have not learned from my doctor.

I have appreciated this service more than I can tell.

Our two clubs for mothers are personal-service clubs. They aim to help you with your special problems about *your* special babies and children.

The first club is for babies from birth up to 2 years of age. To join, the baby must be under 6 months old. Monthly help in the form of letters and leaflets are sent to the mother until the baby is 1 year old; then help is sent every 3 months until the baby graduates at the age of 2 years and receives his handsome little diploma or certificate.

The second club is for children from 2 up to 12 years, and gives help in regard to diet, care of teeth, correct development, habits, and many other hygiene points. The undernourished child, the nervous or anemic child, the overweight child are all considered in this club.

Through correspondence and by means of a printed questionnaire which the mother fills out, we receive very accurate information about each individual baby or child, and are thus able to give help which would be impossible otherwise. The monthly reports received in the younger babies' club are carefully filed so that the information given us each month may be referred to when giving other instructions in regard to this little member.

It is often helpful to look back and see how the baby has gained each month, what foods have been tried and which agreed, etc. We keep very much the same kind of records that are kept by the private physician in his office. This makes our personal-correspondence service a unique and unusually helpful one for mothers. We never prescribe medicines nor attempt to diagnose or treat diseases by mail. We try to keep the baby well by advice about food and hygiene of the nursery.

For the prospective mother we have one very complete booklet, which tells her all about the layette and other essentials to have in readiness for the new baby.

During the last year we have revised all our formulas and diet-lists, bringing them up to date. Mothers who have had older children in our clubs will thus find the new formulas quite different from those they used before. Several new leaflets have also been written and added to the regular monthly helps we send to all members of our clubs.

Unlike many clubs, we have no dues or fees. Our service is free to all. The stamped envelop addressed to oneself which must accompany every request or report is all we ask for our assistance. Be careful to always state the age of the baby or child for whom help is needed, and please write with ink.

Address all letters to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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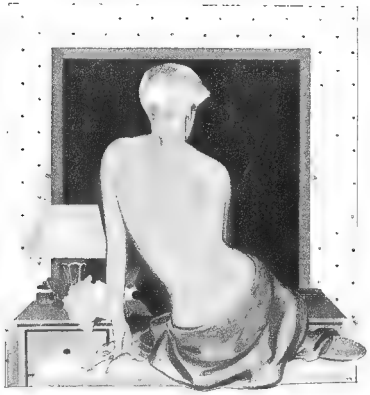
IN SPITE OF EXPOSURE —OR BECAUSE OF IT . . .



EVEN your back must be radiantly beautiful! Evening frocks cut to the waistline in back . . . the mere wisps of gossamer chiffon you wear for hose . . . the abbreviated poufs called sleeves in your daytime frocks . . . throw a merciless spotlight of attention on arms, back and ankles. They must be satiny-smooth in texture—youthful—exquisite. To keep them gloriously beautiful—or to regain for them the beauty they have lost, perhaps through chapping—rub them each night with soothing, almond-scented Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Use it again as a base before powdering them. Work it into your hands and cuticle, too. Even a few days' use will make such a world of difference—do try it—we'll gladly send you a sample bottle if you will mail in the coupon below.

*"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company—every Thursday at 8 p. m., Eastern time; 7 p. m., Central time.*

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

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Please send me a free sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream — the protecting cream for the skin.

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Name .....

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Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto, 8

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Quicker··easier better··cheaper

Brillo leaves every surface gleaming . . . cleans every substance with safety . . . saves time, work, hands, money! It makes *Aluminum* sparkle . . . cleans agate, wood or glass.

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A new aluminum or other cooking utensil free for any BRILLO fails to clean.

BRILLO is sold at Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory and all 10¢ and 25¢ stores; and at leading department, hardware and grocery stores.

*Generous trial package . . . 10¢*
*. . . write for it!*

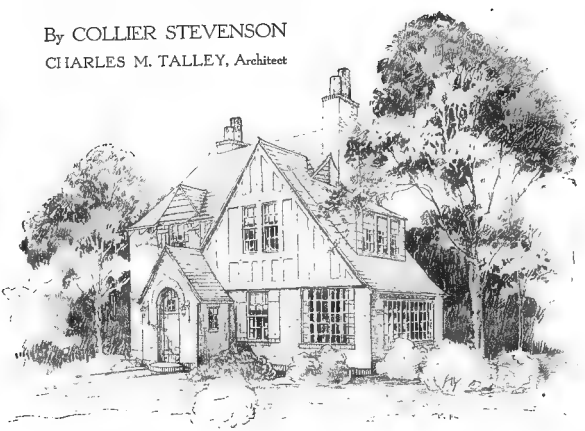
BRILLO MFG. CO., INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

IT'S NEW—*the Brillo rubber pad-holder. In separate package with Brillo Pad and Brillo Soap. Send for it—10¢.*

# AN OLD ENGLISH DESIGN

By COLLIER STEVENSON

CHARLES M. TALLEY, Architect



OUTWARD-SWINGING METAL CASEMENT-WINDOWS ADD TO THE ATTRACTIVENESS OF THE SPACIOUS SUN-PORCH

PICTURESQUE in both material and line is this many-gabled house, which in design and detail can trace its lineage all the way back to the English homes of Queen Elizabeth's day. Tho the exterior thus adheres to quaint Elizabethan traditions in its architectural treatment, it is developed with due regard for modern standards of construction. All the structural materials employed have been time-tried, and their wide-spread adaptability has been conclusively established.

Brownish-red face-brick of rough texture is used for the first-story walls, for the projecting entry, and for the two towering chimneys. The upper walls provide an interesting contrast, as they are of smooth stucco, gray-white in color, with brown-stained half-timber-work to pleasantly accent the large gable. The rool is of wood shingles, random-stained in subdued grays and browns to suggest weathering. The wood-trim is also brown-stained.

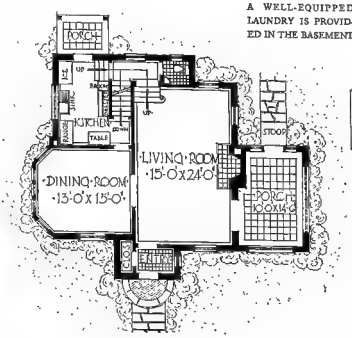
The quiet color-scheme of the exterior is, of course, consistent with the architectural character, and directly contributory to that settled air of dignity which so distinguishes this little house. To dispense with an entrance-hall in small houses is commendable in the matter of space-saving, but it is often disastrous to the privacy which a living-room should enjoy. Here, however, both privacy and space are saved by an entry, which extends beyond the main wall of the house. There is a roomy coat-closet connected with this vestibule.

Windows on three sides flood the living-room with light and air throughout the day, and a fireplace promises the cheer of open fires for chilly weather. Wide French casements at the right of the fireplace lead to a large sun-porch, where the three outer walls are lined with metal casement-windows.

The dining-room, linked to the living-room by a cased opening, is augmented in size and made cheerful by a broad bay window. Carefully considered wall-spaces afford good locations for all the larger pieces required in furnishing a dining-room, while the area of the room assures complete ease in serving of meals.

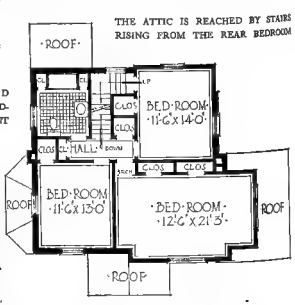
One wall of the kitchen is given over to an unusually well-related arrangement of refrigerator, sink, and range. The sink, which occupies the central position, is lighted by a group of three windows. As this kitchen is equipped with a chimney, a range burning either coal or wood could be used.

Stairs ascend from both the living-room and kitchen to a wide landing, whence they jointly continue to the upper floor. The plan of the second floor is notable because the small area allotted to the hall has permitted an especially spacious master bedroom, having five windows and two closets. There are two smaller, cross-ventilated bedrooms, each with a closet, in addition to a large, tile-floored bathroom, where the tub is flanked by commodious towel-closets. The bathroom is supplemented by a lavatory adjoining the stair-landing.




A WELL-EQUIPPED LAUNDRY IS PROVIDED IN THE BASEMENT

THE ATTIC IS REACHED BY STAIRS RISING FROM THE REAR BEDROOM




For further information, without charge, regarding this house send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Collier Stevenson, House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York.

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# 5 ways to use "Star" Ham leftovers

1. Ham Hash with Poached Eggs
   *A wonderful luncheon dish*
2. Ham au Gratin
   *The main dish for a perfect dinner*
3. Creamed Ham Patties
   *Just the thing for Sunday night supper*
4. Ham Omelet
   *Ideal for breakfast*
5. Ham Croquettes and Asparagus
   *For luncheon or dinner*

When you buy a whole Star Ham you can plan your meals for two or three days ahead. For after you have a baked or boiled ham dinner, there are wonderful ways to use the leftovers as the main dish in your breakfast, luncheon or dinner menus. And what delicious dishes they are! The familiar croquette, patty or omelet have new goodness because of the wonderful flavor and juicy tenderness of Star Ham.

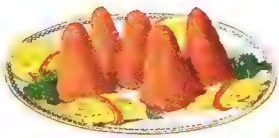
To help you make these Star Ham leftover dishes and plan your meals around them, the Armour Kitchen has prepared an unusual cook book—"60 Ways to Serve Ham." As you use this book you will find that Star Ham meals are not only economical, but lessen time in the kitchen and at market.

Retail meat dealers will gladly fill your order for Star Ham. Mail the coupon for your free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

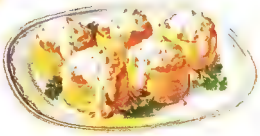
Armour and Company, Chicago
Armour and Company, Limited, London, England

*LISTEN to the Armour Hour* every Friday night over 36 stations associated with N.B.C. Eastern Standard Time 9:30-10 P. M.

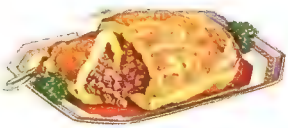
Ham Hash and Poached Eggs. *See page 23 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*



Ham Croquettes and Asparagus. *See page 18 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*



Creamed Ham Patties. *See page 22 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*



Ham Omelet. *See page 13 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

Ham au Gratin. *See page 21 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

*Armour's Star Ham*

*Send the coupon for free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham," the famous recipe book prepared by the Armour Kitchen.*

*Dept.* PR-11, *Div. Food Economics*
Armour and Company, Chicago, U.S.A.

Please send me free recipe book, "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

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# The food he eats is the man he'll be !

**Guard his food by *safe* Refrigeration—keep it below 50° always.**

A cut finger brought tearfully to you for first-aid. The busy sound of small feet clumping down the stairs. A tousled head and one bright eye peeping from the bed clothes. He seems so little now—but the years hurry by.

What will he be like when he grows up? Will he be tall and strong? Will he be kind and brave? Will he be—happy? So much of his future depends upon the food he eats. For, good food builds good health, and health is the foundation of a successful life.

Nothing can give you greater assurance that his food will be wholesome and healthful than a General Electric Refrigerator. Quietly and faithfully, day and night, this refrigerator automatically keeps food well below 50 degrees, the temperature which medical authorities agree to be safe. At temperatures above 50 degrees bacteria thrive, germs multiply, food becomes unwholesome—often dangerous.

*Vital superiorities*

The General Electric Refrigerator possesses many vital points of superiority. Its mechanism, hermetically sealed in a steel casing is placed on top of the cabinet, allowing maximum storage space for food. It is extremely quiet in operation, dust-proof—never needs oiling. An easily accessible freezing regulator enables you to control freezing as you desire. In addition, it has an all-steel cabinet, warp-proof, rust-proof, sturdy and sanitary.

* * *

We shall gladly send you a free copy of Dr. Royal S. Copeland's book on Refrigeration and Health. It is a most enlightening article. Address Sec., P-10, Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

*Consider this performance record before you buy a refrigerator*

*More than 350,000 American homes are enjoying the convenience, economy and the health-guarding service of General Electric Refrigerators. And not one owner has ever spent a single dollar for repairs or service. This is a record in the industry. No wonder General Electric users are proud of their refrigerators and consider them the very best of investments.*

## GENERAL ELECTRIC

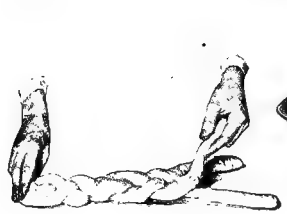
## ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

Food and Cooking for the Up-to-Date Housekeeper

# The Home Bureau

CONDUCTED BY NELL HOWARD ENLOE

Modern Methods and New Devices for the Home



# LIGHT WORK OF BREAD

By Hazel M. Avery

THE secret of simplified light-bread baking is the ice-box roll. By using this method the woman who has limited time for her household tasks can greatly shorten the period of preparation and yet still serve hot rolls and breads.

You will find in the center of this page my foundation recipe, which might be called *"never-fail ice-box rolls"* Start the dough whenever it is convenient, giving it 4 or 5 hours to rise, the time varying, of course, according to the temperature. Knead it down and place it in the refrigerator, and there it can remain until you are ready to use it—a day or a week, it matters little.

When you are ready for rolls, pinch off small portions, knead, pat and shape them, and let them rise until light; then put them in a piping-hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes, and you have something that will delight your family.

For instance, the seemingly complicated braided coffee-cake, with its golden-brown crust and heavy frosting, may be made from the foundation recipe for ice-box rolls. Knead the dough and divide into 3 equal parts, shaping each between the palms of the hands until it is about 1½ inch thick and 20 inches long. Press the ends of the strands firmly together with one hand, and braid the lengths together. Bring these together to form a circle.

Put in a greased pan, and set aside in a warm place to rise till the dough has doubled in bulk. Brush with melted shortening, sprinkle with a mixture of 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, and 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped nuts, and bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) for 20 minutes.

Very often the coffee-cake is covered while warm with a frosting made of 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 3 tablespoonfuls of cream, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla, ⅛ teaspoonful of salt, and 1½ cupful of sifted powdered sugar. Chopped nuts may be added, or bits of bright-red jelly.

Cinnamon rolls are made by rolling out light dough to about ¼-inch thickness, spreading with melted butter, and a mixture of cinnamon and sugar, and rolling up like a jelly-roll. Half-inch slices are then cut off and placed, cut side down, in a greased pan to rise.

In making luncheon-rolls we must consider the top if we wish them to appear attractive. Brushing with melted butter insures a soft brown crust. A glaze is obtained by covering with beaten eggs. A beaten egg white with an added teaspoonful of vanilla gives a tender and flavorful crust. Brushing with milk gives a darker crust.

Many varieties of luncheon-rolls may be made from the basic dough by shaping it in different ways. To make the crescent rolls, roll the dough out to ¼-inch thickness. Cut into 6-inch squares with a sharp knife, and again into triangles. Brush with shortening, and roll from the cut side toward the point. Press down firmly, form into a crescent, and place in a well-greased baking-pan. Brush with, shortening, cover, and let rise for about 15 minutes. Bake for 15 to 20 minutes in a hot oven.

Clover-leaf rolls are made by taking just enough dough to make a good-sized biscuit, dividing it in 3 parts, and shaping each into small balls about the size of a marble. Three of these are placed together in each container of a greased muffin-pan, and brushed with shortening. Allow to rise; bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) until done.

### Foundation Recipe

2 Cake Compressed Yeast
½ Cupful Lukewarm Water
½ Teaspoonful Sugar
½ Cupful Shortening
½ Cupful Granulated Sugar
1 Egg
1¾ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Cupfuls Scalded Milk
8 Cupfuls Sifted Flour

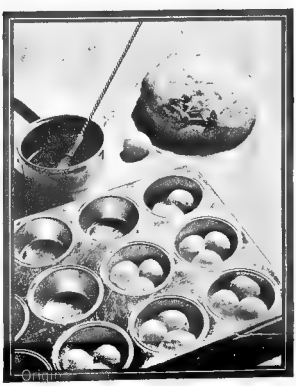
DISSOLVE the yeast in the lukewarm water; stir in ½ teaspoonful of sugar, and let the mixture stand for ¼ of an hour. Cream the shortening with the ½ cupful of sugar, and add the beaten egg, the scalded milk (which has been cooled to room temperature), the salt, and finally the dissolved yeast-cake. Stir in the sifted flour a little at a time, until the dough is stiff enough to knead. Knead on a floured board until smooth and elastic, for 10 to 15 minutes.

Make the dough into a ball, place in a large bowl greased to keep it from sticking. Brush the top with melted shortening to prevent a crust forming; cover and keep in a warm place (not hot) until the dough doubles in size (3 to 4 hours).

Turn out and knead again. Form into a ball, put in a greased bowl, brush with melted shortening as before, cover, and put in the refrigerator.

When you are ready to use it, cut off the amount you want with a sharp knife. Knead, shape, and allow to rise until the dough has doubled its bulk, then bake in a hot oven (425 degrees F.).

GOLDEN-BROWN CRESCENT ROLLS FOR YOUR SMARTEST LUNCHEONS



FETCHING LITTLE CLOVER-LEAF ROLLS ARE CHILD'S PLAY TO MAKE AND BAKE

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I offer you a smooth, translucent skin—free from blemish—and a healthful glow to grace your cheeks.

Far from being a rival to your creams and lotions, I am, in truth, their most able and potent helper. For I am Sal Hepatica, and I keep your skin pure because I free your bloodstream from the poisons of waste.

But though my blessings are great, the price I demand is trifling—30¢—60¢—$1.20. Use me for a week. Your complexion and health will be better, yet the cost will be infinitesimal.

The saline method—with Sal Hepatica—is remarkable for the way it keeps the system internally pure. It clears the complexion of defects, and banishes lassitude and dullness. By gentle cleansing it routs constipation—the arch foe of beauty and buoyant spirits.

The fashionable women of Europe have for years known the great advantages of salines as internal cleansers and bringers of clear cheeks. Regularly do they visit the saline springs of the continent, not only to freshen their complexions by drinking daily of the sparkling waters, but to combat a host of minor, every-day ills, brought on by failure to correctly eliminate acidity and poisons of waste.

Colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches, and auto-intoxication give way. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom! For salines, because they purify the bloodstream, are generous doers of good to the entire body.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.

Sal Hepatica

*At your druggist's* 30¢, 60¢, and $1.20

*SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!*

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71 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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Photo by Mayer-Kraft

# IT'S CRANBERRY-TIME

By Edna Sibley Tipton

IN WINTER, cranberries take the place of Summer-time berries in pies, tarts, and jams, and give color and piquancy to the salads of the holiday season. Cranberry sauces and conserves are especially good with roast fowl and meats, and are so quickly and easily made that one may serve a variety of these spicy condiments. If you wish an unusual dish to serve with the meat course make an ice-cold sherbet, or follow one of the recipes below, either Cranberry Gelatin in Orange-Shells, Cranberry Apple Sauce, or Cranberry and Lettuce Garnish.

### Cranberry Gelatin in Orange-Shells

BOIL 2 cupfuls of cranberries in a cupful of water. When the berries are soft and have burst their skins strain off the liquid. Sweeten to taste, using about 1 cupful of sugar. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. When the sugar is dissolved remove from the stove and add ½ tablespoonful of gelatin which has been softened in ¼ cupful of cold water. Cool and pour into orange-shells that have been cut in half. Chill thoroughly. Just before serving, cut each shell in half and garnish a meat-platter with these jelly-filled orange-quarters.

### Cranberry Fruit-Dishes

CANNED pears and canned peaches, with their centers filled with cranberry jelly, may be served as either accessories to the meat course or as a salad. To use them as a meat garnish, fill the pear (or peach) with either cranberry jelly or spiced cranberries. Border a meat-platter with these. Just before serving put a small sprig of parsley in the cranberry in each fruit. When the fruit and cranberry mixture is used as a salad, the cranberry jelly may be topped with a spoonful of mayonnaise. Then, just before serving, sprinkle finely minced green pepper over the mayonnaise.

### Cranberry and Lettuce Garnish

TO MAKE this garnish use either cranberry jelly or spiced cranberries. Select crisp little pieces of hearts of lettuce. Fill each piece of lettuce with a spoonful of either cranberry jelly or spiced cranberries, and border a platter filled with cold pork, chicken, or turkey with this garnish.

### Cranberry, Cheese, and Pear Salad

FOR this salad use either whole fresh or whole canned pears. Blend cranberry jelly with cream cheese until it is of the consistency of paste. With an apple-corer core the pears, peeling first if you are using fresh pears. Place the cranberry-cheese mixture in a pastry-tube and squeeze it into the center of each pear. Serve with a dressing made by adding cranberry sauce and cream to mayonnaise.

### Cranberry Meringue Tarts

FILL tart-shells with cranberry sauce or jam. Just before serving, top the cranberry filling with a heaping portion of meringue. Place in a hot oven till the meringue is a delicate brown. Serve cold.

### Cranberry Apple Sauce

CRANBERRY apple sauce is an intriguing innovation to serve with the meat course. To make it, merely whip cranberry sauce into the apple sauce. The cranberry sauce is made by cooking the cranberries in water till they are tender, then straining off the liquid and sweetening to taste, heating until the sugar is completely dissolved.

### Cranberry, Prune, and Marshmallow Salad

COOK large fine prunes till tender but firm. Remove the stones. When the prunes are cold fill their centers with a soft cranberry jelly, leaving the prunes partly opened to show the jelly. Sprinkle minced nuts over this. Place the stuffed prunes upon a bed of crisp lettuce, and for every prune served to a portion add a whole marshmallow that has been cut up into small pieces. Serve with mayonnaise dressing, to which a little cream has been added.

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your skin will feel so fresh when you wipe cold cream off with these

# SOFTER CLEANSING TISSUES

..and banish oiliness with this

# GENTLER SKIN FRESHENER

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With folded Tissues gently remove cream and dirt

TRY POND'S SKIN FRESHENER for these beauty problems: for puffiness under the eyes . . . soak two large pads of cotton with the Freshener. Lay them over your closed lids and relax for ten minutes. For double chin . . . pat briskly twenty times with a pad of cotton soaked in Freshener. 50¢, $1.00.

Pat briskly with cotton soaked in Freshener

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Pond's Cleansing Tissues are exquisitely soft, just the right size! Feel their lightness against your cheeks! Gently, safely they clean the dirt away, leaving your skin rosy-fresh and smoothly clear. They're so absorbent that they lift off clogging impurities from the pores, instead of rubbing them in as the old insanitary methods did.

And how gladly your skin will welcome Pond's Skin Freshener and Tonic! This bracing tonic removes all trace of oiliness after your cold cream cleansing, leaves your skin deliciously cool, refreshed!

And it wakes up your skin! Day by day, you see growing vitality in your complexion, see the texture refined by this mild astringent, which sets all the tiny facial muscles to work—and does it so gently.

Use these two delightful preparations this way:

After applying cold cream, take Pond's Cleansing Tissues, two at a time, fold or crumple them in your hand and gently lift the cream and dirt from your skin. Apply cold cream twice, wiping off with Tissues.

Then saturate a wad of cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener and dab it briskly all over the face and neck. Let this remain on for a minute, then remove any moisture with a piece of dry cotton.

A touch of finishing cream—a dusting of face powder—and you are your loveliest, prepared to face the most exacting day.

CHECK OFFER YOU WISH

☐ *Please send me FREE sample of Pond's Cleansing Tissues.*

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NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES, 163 W. WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

SAVE WITH ICE


# POTATOES DRESSED UP

By Irene T. Granovsky

THESE potatoes are delicious, Miss Bremmer. I wonder if you would mind giving me the recipe?

Miss Bremmer, who had just completed her home economics course, gave us several recipes and told us about potatoes and their place in the diet.

"Prepare them so as to get the greatest percentage of food value," she said. "By paring and slicing potatoes, and allowing them to stand in water before cooking, we waste the protein and mineral matter. Peeled potatoes, set to cooking in cold water, also waste the mineral matter. Peeled potatoes, cooked in boiling water, and salted when almost done, lose less of their food value. Baked or steamed potatoes waste none of the mineral matter. Potatoes cooked unpeeled, without water, waste none of the food value. Water in which peeled potatoes have been cooked should be saved to make soups or bread, as this water contains valuable mineral matter."

"Do potatoes really contain vitamins which are not destroyed by cooking?" Mrs. Austin asked. She was the mother of three children and was intensely interested in giving them all proper food values.

"Yes," answered Miss Bremmer. "Potatoes are low in vitamin A, medium in vitamin B, but high in vitamin C. Potatoes are also high in alkaline salt content, so beneficial in offsetting the acid salts of meat. They help to reduce the acid condition in the body and keep it in good condition. Potatoes lose these minerals if carelessly cooked. To prepare mashed potatoes it is best to boil the potatoes in the skins, and, after skinning them, mash them, add the cream or milk, and beat until light and fluffy," she concluded.

### Potatoes au Gratin

2 Cupfuls Diced Cooked Potatoes
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
1 Chopped Green Pepper
½ Cupful Grated American Cheese.
1 Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Bread-crums
1 Cupful White Sauce (Made by Combining 1 Tablespoonful Fat, 1 Tablespoonful Flour, and 1 Cupful Milk)

COMBINE the potatoes, seasonings, and green pepper, turn into a greased casserole, cover with the white sauce, and sprinkle with the grated cheese. Add the bread-crums, and brown in a hot oven. Garnish with chopped parsley.

### Potatoes and Ham

1 Slice Ham
3 Medium Potatoes, Sliced
1 Cupful Thin White Sauce

ARRANGE the raw, sliced potatoes in layers over the ham, cover with the thin white sauce, and bake in hot oven for 2 hours. When half done cover with buttered bread-crums.

"I'm going to try that recipe for dinner to-morrow night. We like ham, and I hadn't thought of preparing it that way," Mrs. Forester was so enthusiastic about the help she was receiving that she wanted to test out all of the recipes immediately.

"Why don't you scallop tomatoes and make a pie at the same time?" Mrs. Crane interposed. "That will save on your fuel bill and leave you free to do other things."

"Thank you, I'll do that. I'm trying to save on fuel, but it is so easy to be wasteful. Oh, here's one for using left-over meat or fish! That will help me out when I have left-over pork roast and gravy," and Mrs. Forester turned to the recipes again.

### Potato Soufflé

4 Cupfuls Hot Mashed Potatoes
1 Tablespoonful Melted Fat
2 Tablespoonfuls Milk
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Yolks 2 Eggs
Whites 2 Eggs, Beaten Stiff

MIX all the ingredients but the whites of the eggs in the order given, beat thoroughly, fold in the stiffly beaten whites, pile in a baking-dish, and cook until the mixture browns and puffs.

### Potato-Puffs

2 Cupfuls Mashed Potatoes
2 Eggs, Beaten
½ Cupful Milk
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Grated Cheese

ADD the milk to the potatoes and beat until it is thoroughly mixed. Add the beaten eggs and salt, gradually adding the grated cheese. Bake on greased tins or in ramekins in a slow oven.

### Shepherd's Pie

2 Cupfuls Flaked Fish or Left-over Meat
1 Cupful Soup Broth or Gravy
1 Tablespoonful Fat
1 Tablespoonful Flour
½ Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
2 Cupfuls Mashed Potatoes

PUT the diced meat or flaked fish in a baking-dish. Add the sauce of flour, seasoning, fat, and broth. If the gravy is used omit the flour and fat. Cover the top with the mashed potatoes, brush with fat or cream, and brown in a hot oven.

"Why, that's like a meat pie, only it's another use of mashed potatoes," Mrs. Jackson said.

### Dutch Potato Salad

2 Cupfuls Diced Cooked Potatoes
2 Slices Bacon
¼ Cupful Vinegar
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Small Onion, Diced
1 Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful White Pepper

CUT the bacon into squares. Fry. Pour half the fat over the diced potatoes. Brown the diced onion in the fat, add the vinegar, salt, sugar, and pepper, and when hot add the potatoes. Heat thoroughly and serve with wieners or cold boiled ham.

READY TO PREPARE POTATOES AU GRATIN

# HALLOWE'EN POT-LUCK IN THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN

By Kathleen Webster

ON THIS one night of the year, when the ghosts walk and witches are abroad on their broomstick airships when the future is revealed, what form of entertainment could we find that would be more in the spirit of the day than to take pot-luck in the devil's kitchen?

Let this be a supper-party. Formerly most Hallowe'en affairs took place in the kitchen because it was the ideal room in which to play the traditional Hallowe'en games—ducking for apples, going downstairs to meet one's fate, and so on. Hold the pot-luck party there if possible.

The invitation should be written on little brown pots cut from cardboard. On the back is written the following verse:

This is a Hallowe'en invitation.
Its purpose is to see
If you'll come to the devil's kitchen
And take pot-luck with me.

Underneath are the name, time, and date.

With a bit of thought it will be an easy thing to give the kitchen a real devilish atmosphere. Have a shelf full of jars and boxes labeled with skull and cross-bones cut from red paper. Among them should be a box of deviled bones, another of witch-powder, a jar of moonshine, and a bottle of "the stuff bad dreams are made on." There could be some flesh-pots, and a round cereal-box labeled "Latest Instalment of Ghost Serial."

Cardboard skull-faces and devils should be peeking out from behind everything.

At the door have a big sign which reads "Beware of the Devil-dog!" and a huge cardboard dog beside it with yawning mouth. Give every one a slip of paper and let him write on it the name of something that he likes better than anything else in the world, "a sop to Cerberus." Later read these slips aloud and see how many can guess who wrote them.

Of course there will be a great pot on the stove, presided over by the devil himself in a red suit and with a long fork. The table should be set down the center of the room. As a change from the usual orange and black let the color-scheme be the scarlet flames. The table-cloth should be scarlet paper. If it is not too realistic the places-cards could be little white tombstones, with tiny tongues of scarlet crêpe-paper flames about the bottom; and on each the individual names.

Some one concealed outside beats a rat-a-tat-tat on a toy drum. This is the devil's summons to supper.

If you can get three or four children to wait on the table for you they can be dressed as the devil's own imps in little red suits with hoods and horns.

When supper has been served and eaten, as the last course another pot is brought to the table, this time a big kettle covered with scarlet crêpe paper in which are "pot-luck fortunes," red for the boys and pink for the girls. Every one takes a turn at drawing out one of the colored slips.

### Girls' Fortunes

Great riches are in store for you, I think,
But they come by the way of a kitchen sink.

He's a perfect dear, tho he has no money,
And life with him will be bread and honey.

Beware! I'm afraid he is a tartar
And that his wife would be a martyr.

A package is coming, wound round with a string,
It contains a cook-book and a diamond ring.

You'll settle down in a tiny flat
With hardly room to swing a black cat.

If a cook-book points the way to any man's heart,
Be pretty sure you're well versed in the art.

### Boys' Fortunes

A kitchen door is open wide
To let in your blushing bride.

For you a garden and a nice little home,
Altho to reach it you cross the foam.

Altho she is as cool as a cucumber,
I'm very sure she has your number.

Perhaps it's well that you forsook
A raving beauty and found a cook.

The one that you had better trust
Makes salads and cakes and flaky crust.

Give a homely little kitchen touch to each one. It is not hard to do when you know your crowd.

After the fortunes have been read and the "sops to Cerberus" guessed, clear the table and try all the old-time Hallowe'en games. Let the girls pare apples and take a mirror down the cellar stairs. Fill a tub with water and duck for apples. After all it is the old games that are so popular, and there has been enough novelty at the beginning of the evening.


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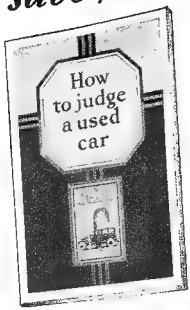


THE fund of facts in "How to Judge a Used Car" may easily save you $200 or more in buying a used car! Boiled down into ten minutes' interesting reading are the safeguards experienced *automobile dealers* apply when *buying* used cars for resale. Every paragraph is the summary of years of experience—every page is full of time-saving, money-making pointers.

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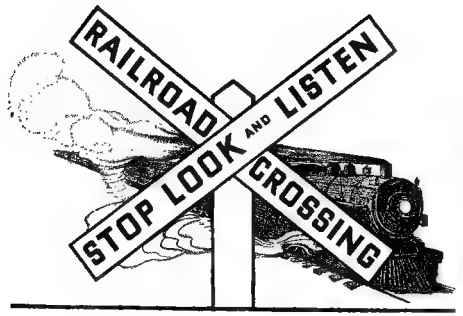



THE warning signs, "Stop, Look and Listen", have become merely a part of the roadside landscape to many an automobile driver. Heedlessly he passes ten, twenty—perhaps fifty of them—safely. At the fifty-first comes the crash.

Last year 8,383 persons were killed outright or injured in automobile accidents at grade crossings in the United States. There are about 235,000 grade crossings in the country; more than 93% of them are unprotected.

With millions of new automobiles on the roads each year, accidents at grade crossings are increasing at an alarming rate, for the reason that most of the States have no organized program for protecting motor traffic which must cross railroad tracks.

New York, under wise leadership, has shown how to solve the problem. Before the Empire State adopted her present plan, but 10 crossings a year, on an average, were done away with. This year, the first in which the railroads, the State and communities have cooperated — the railroads paying 50% of the cost, the State 49% and communities 1%—85 death-traps are marked for immediate removal. Next year New York hopes to eliminate 150 more of its worst danger spots.

Other States are becoming aroused to this terrible and needless destruction of life and property and are taking steps to prevent it. Canada, too, is taking action.

It will require many years to complete the work. It is estimated that it will ultimately cost twelve billions of dollars. But what railroads and States and communities ought to do is to begin at once with those grade crossings which should be abolished first.

Grade crossings are dangerous not only to automobilists and pedestrians, but to people who are traveling on trains. The first section of a limited train struck an automobile and killed two persons. The train stopped and the second section plunged into it, killing thirty-two passengers in the first section.

Wherever the law provides facilities for eliminating grade crossings, citizens should see that public officials perform their duty and abolish these death traps. Wherever the laws must be amended, people should meet the issue squarely and urge prompt action by legislative bodies.

There is danger at every grade crossing. Get rid of them. Copy of New York's progressive program will be mailed free on request. Address, Department 109-P.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT—ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.


# THE A-B-C'S OF COOKERY

By Helen Treyz Smith

WHETHER you know it or not, the results of your cooking efforts depend largely upon conditions which are within your control. These factors have to do with the application of simple cookery principles—knowing the a-b-c's, as it were. And this means that any one who wants to—wants to enough to make the effort—may become a really good cook.

Each day's menu should include some foods that are fuels, others that build tissues, and still others which are body-regulators. We speak of these foods as carbohydrates, proteins, fats, mineral salts, vitamins, and water. Or, if you prefer, they can be given under the still more common headings of starches and sugars, meats and meat substitutes, fats, mineral salts, vitamins, and water.

*Starch* is found in abundance in many of our common foods. A list of starch-rich foods would consist of wheat and wheat products, including macaroni and spaghetti; corn and corn products, embracing corn-starch and corn-meal; rice, tapioca, rye, white and sweet potatoes, dried beans, dried peas, and lentils. We use a goodly amount of starch every day, so proper cooking is rather important, since texture, digestibility, flavor, and the success of many dishes depend on the manner in which we cook it.

Starch, wherever it is found, requires thorough cooking. Either a high temperature or a prolonged cooking-period is necessary. Starch-grains, as they occur in foods, are tiny, hard, dry, and indigestible. In vegetables and whole grains the starch is surrounded by a wall of cellulose. Heat is required to break this down before the starch itself can be cooked. One can readily understand why prolonged cooking is so essential, especially in cooking cereals.

The thickening power of starch is due to the fact that when it is cooked in a liquid, after absorbing the water, the grains swell up, burst, and form a gelatinous mass. This thickens the liquid around it. The most common difficulties experienced in using starch for thickening are that the mixture is not of the desired thickness, it is lumpy, or the starch is improperly cooked and tastes raw, or is scorched and burned.

*Cook all starch mixtures thoroughly.* Since they tend to stick and burn, either stir *constantly* or cook in a double boiler.

*Proteins* are found in great abundance in meat, fish, eggs, cheese, and milk, and in lesser amounts in legumes, nuts, and whole-grain cereals.

Care is necessary in the cooking of proteins in order to avoid toughening and the loss of valuable and flavorsome food substances. Heat penetrates meat very slowly. A high temperature, especially dry heat, will coagulate the protein material in the muscle-fibers and harden the connective tissue which holds the fibers together. Good cooks take advantage of the fact and start cooking meat at a sufficiently high temperature to harden the outer layer of meat (searing). This hard coating prevents the escape of those soluble mineral salts and extractives which give flavor to meat.

If the high temperature is kept up for very long, however, the entire cut of meat will be tough, hard, and flavorless. On the other hand, if the temperature is lowered and the meat is cooked with moist heat, the flavor will be preserved and the connective tissue will be softened.

Therefore, *to cook meat well*, first sear, then lower the temperature, and continue cooking. The exception is in the making of soups or stews, where one wants the minerals and extractives in the liquid. The same principles which apply to the cooking of meat hold good in the cooking of fish and other proteins. The preliminary cooking at high temperature is unnecessary in cooking cheese and eggs. In fact it would be disastrous—so much so that you can well adopt the slogan of "Avoid high heat for good protein-cookery."

*Fats* — We use fats for shortening and frying. We get our fats chiefly from vegetable and animal cooking-fats and oils, fatty meats and nuts, butter and cream.

The main point to remember in cooking fat is to take care not to heat it to such a high temperature that it smokes and burns and gives off an irritating odor. When this happens, the fat is decomposing and breaking up into new substances. These substances are as irritating to the membranes of the stomach as is their odor to the nose.

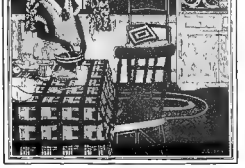
### Summary

1. Cook *starch and starchy foods* thoroughly. Use either a high temperature or a prolonged cooking-period.

2. Cook *proteins* (meat and meat substitutes) at a low temperature. The one exception to this rule is the searing of meat, a high temperature being used for the very short time needed to harden the outside to form a coating.

3. *Fats* should be cooked below their breaking-point. This point is different for different fats, and can be identified by an unmistakable acrid odor.

4. Foods rich in *mineral salts* and *vitamins* should be cooked in very little water. Mineral salts and some of the vitamins are soluble, and the liquid should not be discarded.



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# *Quickly...*
# This Foam Penetrates

*into every tiny tooth crevice* and washes out decaying impurities—thus Colgate's cleans teeth better*

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the outer surface.

Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property ("low surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice.* There it softens and dislodges the impurities, which may hasten decay, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Thus Colgate's is a double cleansing dentifrice, not a cure-all. Colgate's has never claimed to cure pyorrhea, to correct an acid condition of the mouth—things *no* toothpaste can do. Colgate *does* claim to clean teeth better.

Millions of sensible people have realized that Colgate's is more than an approved surface polisher; that it is the one dentifrice which successfully washes away all those decaying food particles and mucin deposits lurking in the tiny crevices which brushing doesn't reach.

Millions of people have been impressed by the fact that more dentists recommend Colgate's than any other leading dentifrice.

Also Colgate's has won friends because of its economical price—a 25¢ tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at 25¢.

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**from loose pins and buttons**

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Ten million mothers, 50,000 doctors and nurses, 10,000 heads of infants' departments in stores everywhere—all recommend

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Protect your baby from pins that will come unfastened and buttons that will turn edgewise to torment his little body. Be sure that he never can put a loose pin or button into his mouth.

Vanta Baby Garments dress your baby FOR THE FIRST TWO YEARS without a pin or button. Fasten with dainty bows of twistless tape, without turning baby once; adjustable as baby grows, and always fit.

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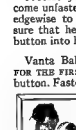

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# BLACK HEART OF PANTHER MOUNTAIN

*Continued from Page 19*

behind them, against the tree-trunk and stopped. Once more he reached and pulled—slowly, steadily—again, again, again—and then with knowledge came panic, and Black Heart, the savage, became a mad thing fighting futilely against the snow. His great jaws snapped and tore at the placid, white surface. His eyes were black as his coat, with the spread pupils. His tongue protruded.

AND so the quick twilight fell, and night came in the Trinities.

Two days later Buck Hardy found him.

Riding the far slope of Whispering Gulch on his skis, he thought something seemed strange with the other rim, and, as was his custom, went round to see. It was the loss of the great dead pine. He stood a moment regarding the fallen landmark and was turning away when something beside it caught his eye, a small black spot on the twilight whiteness. Instantly he struck down along the slant and, coming round on the other side, saw the head of Black Heart prone upon the snow.

It was a poor head, lying flat upon its jaws, its short ears fallen outward. Beside it lay two black paws, piteous in their helplessness.

"By gosh!" said Buck, "the old pine got him!"

He slid along the snow and stopped, looking down upon that great black head, and even then the skin rose along his spine; it spoke so plainly of power, sinister and wild. He slung down his string of traps and the one lone rabbit he had found, laid his gun beside them, and, squatting on his haunches, laid a hand on the monarch's crown. Next instant he all but jumped backward into Whispering Gulch, for the head rolled slowly sidewise, the stiff jaws moved. The dull eyes were set and sightless, but the faint life in the great wild body stirred at that alien touch. Death had not quite conquered.

The trapper stood up. All about, the Winter night was falling, the note of the cold was rising. He thought of his snug cabin with the warm fire on its hearth. He looked at his guns and fiddled with the knife in his belt. Then he thought of the slow hours of torture which the animal must have endured, saw the beaten snow where he had fought so desperately. He thought also of the sight of Black Heart running on the distant ridge in all his arrogant glory.

"Darned if I'll let you go out without a mother's relief at least," he said. First he took a buckskin thong from his pocket and tied the stiff jaws firmly together. Then he stepped from his skis, and, using one as a spade, began to dig. He made a hole under the trunk at Black Heart's side and dug the snow away under the stiffened body itself, so that presently it rolled down into the excavation.

BUCK felt gingerly along the massive back to find if it were broken and decided it was not, tho the hind legs stood out stiff as a frozen reed. Gently he rubbed the whole vast bulk of Black Heart; let him lie on his back to ease the awful curve. There was little sign of life, save the slow moving of the head, the beat of the anguished heart.

So presently the man, using his belt-ax, cut pitchy splinters from the dry old pine and set a fire to burning in the trunk, an ideal hearth, furnishing its own fuel. Then he skinned that rabbit and wished fervently for a bit of metal to boil it in. He found the tin box, five inches by three, which contained his first-aid kit, and, breaking it clear of the lid, filled it with snow and set it on a tiny bed of coals.

He cut minute strips of the rabbit meat and put them in When he could smell the broth cooled well, and, loosening the thong on Black Heart's jaws, dripped it down the inert throat. At first it trickled, rattling a bit with the slow breath, and Buck feared to finish the dead pine's work by strangulation, but presently he felt beneath his hand the straining effort of a swallow, and Black Heart moved his head.

The fire was burning finely, and Buck could feel its warmth in the pit where Black Heart lay. Hour by hour he rubbed the great back, the hind legs, which seemed paralyzed, turned the huge body this way and that, boiled broth in his five-inch tin, and poured it between the dread jaws that were so helpless now. At two of the morning he began to see a change. The dead, set look was going from the yellow eyes. They moved in their sockets, fixed upon the light of the fire.

An hour later they saw him consciously and contracted. Black Heart moved his body, tried to rise, but merely rolled over. Buck came with the bit of broth, and this time Black Heart swallowed, and swallowed again, avidly. It was a goodly rabbit, and Buck boiled it all between dusk and dawn, piling the cooked strips in a little heap against the day.

All night he kept up his ministrations, and when the first light began to limn the pine-tops on the shoulder of Panther Mountain he gathered his traps and laid his skis ready. Once more he poured the bit of broth down Black Heart's throat, moved the great legs and felt them twitch under his hand, piled more wood against the log, left the thong off the wolf-jaws, stepped on his skis, and departed.

BUCK slept the day in his cabin by the river.

At dusk again he climbed the shoulder of the mountain and skirted down along the edge of Whispering Gulch. The fire still smoldered in the pitchy pine, and from the dark hole beneath two eyes as blue and bright as fox-fire burned steadily upon him. The man spoke a low, soft word or two, and tossed toward the pit a piece of venison which he had brought from home.

"Don't snow, old chap," he said gently; "it may mean the last mercy yet—if that back of yours is done for."

But neither the cold, nor the great stroke of the pine, nor the chance of his finding by the hillsmen could finish Black Heart, it seemed, for when Buck came again to the place next day the pit was empty and the sign of his going was deep in the snow. He had gone slowly, with many rests, and where he had limped before from the hunter's bullet he lumbered now as if one hip were useless.

But he was gone—up toward his cave at snow-line—and Buck felt a strange sense of exultation.

"Black devil!" he said aloud in the stillness, "I should have killed him, I guess. But—there's more between us now."

He did not follow the trail in the newly fallen snow. It seemed to him somehow that that was Black Heart's business. But for weeks he searched without avail the slopes and slants for sight of a huge black creature.

"Must of died after all," Buck concluded, and went about his trapping in earnest. In February a thaw came to the Trinities, and all the hills' lances turned to tears, so that the vast country wept.

Buck killed two panthers and tanned their skins. He made a trip far down to Weaverville to get the bounty on the ears, and brought back newspapers and all the fresh provisions he could stagger under.

Spring was coming early. Her breath was in the Chinook wind.

The snow poured down the slants in sheets of sunny water, and what deer were left pawed with weak hoofs to get the mossy, long grass.

It was toward the first of March that Buck came upon the carcass of a doe half eaten and in the soggy earth, sure sign of Black Heart. There were the marks of his great feet, too wide and heavy for a wolf's, the evidence of his lameness plain as open print.

The trapper pushed back his cap and whistled. "Darn him for a devil!" he said wonderingly, "he did pull through!" And he took to watching for him once again.

But long before he saw him Black Heart had seen Buck Hardy. Many and many a time had Black Heart seen the man. From ridge and peak and rim-rock he had watched him, a tiny figure on the river's edge, or a flying streak skiing down some slant. The thaw passed, and more snow fell in the breasts of the hills and Buck was out early and late, for his traps were doing better. So Black Heart knew his times and the ways of his trap lines. Long and intently he watched him, great head thrust out and down, ears pricked sharply forward, eyes steady, with a strange expression.

Sometimes when Buck appeared and disappeared among the growth below, Black Heart would run, limping badly now, along the edge of the rim-rock the better to watch him at his work. He knew the scent of him, and many times he got it down the wind, lifting his head, sniffing long and silently, his eyes half closed and baffling.

And then came the day when they met, face to face, without warning.

The wind was behind Black Heart—and Buck had not his gift of smell—and a vast wind of March was roaring in the pine-tops, so that neither heard the other's step, soft as they both were.

Around a boulder where the moss grew they met, two feet apart.

For one second Buck took him for a bear, and the gun in his hand flew up, so that once again Black Heart looked down the barrel of the fire-stick which he feared and hated. The shock stiffened his breast, lifted his tail straight out and tense, opened his jaws.

The slightest sound, click of the lock, scrape of a hand on steel, would have launched him, but there was no sound. Buck Hardy smiled and looked steadily into the wild, gold eyes. For a long moment—an immeasurable moment—the tension held.

THEN Black Heart's lifted tail went down, and Buck lowered the rifle.

"Hello, old boy!" he said in the low tones he had used beside the fallen pine. Instantly the animal whirled and was gone, but Buck felt a strange thrill at his heart, a vague, dim knowledge of something remarkable, as if a secret strug had struck and sung between them.

It had done so, indeed, for after that meeting Black Heart made it his business to know more and more about the man. He followed him, at a distance and parallel, sniffed his scent with lifted head, listened with pricked ears to his whistle ringing in the wilderness.

There was something about that whistle which troubled Black Heart with an inward ache, awoke in him prehistoric memories as it were. When Buck slid whistling, down the slopes on his skis at the end of day Black Heart trotted swiftly after, hidden behind his screen of growth, always hidden, but drawn as by a magnet. He even followed far enough to sit on the last sharp slant of the mountain above the river-flat and look upon the cabin squatted there. He knew the smell of its smoke, and that brought back the night under the dead pine with keen poignancy.

The two were one—wood-smoke and carcase from agony—heaven after hell. And a third was one with them—the man who dripped the warm broth down his throat.

OF a surety there was something between Buck and Black Heart now, something vague and intangible but sharp in the consciousness of both.

Sometimes Buck, catching sight of him would put his fingers to his lips and send a call cutting the silence that shook Black Heart's soul, a call that bent his legs toward it, that pulled at him with strange insistence. But always he resisted. The turmoil within him was dim and vague, the ways of his wild life fierce and natural.

But Buck began to covet Black Heart. He visioned him beside him in the lonely land, a kingly companion; he desired his friendship. He pictured the night form of midnight fur crouched upon the hearth. "And he would love a man," Buck reflected; "once won, he'd be with forever."

March passed, mild and soft with thousand airs of promise, and April brought them to pass—suns warm and early Summer and melting winds.

The snows had run to water on the

*Continued on Page 59*

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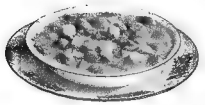
# four simple facts about a staple food



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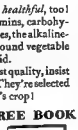


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about to die. A sadness assailed him at the thought, a letting down, a loss of something fine and glorious, and, getting himself to unsteady feet, he made his way to the cabin on the distant flat below.

Here he made himself a pot of scalding tea, ate prodigiously of flapjacks and venison, and sat in the sun, working out a hide which he was tanning. It was not until night that he took the trouble to remove his clothes, and once again the vast thrill shook him.

As he peeled his flannel shirt over his head a twinge of pain caught him in the left arm just below the shoulder. Gingerly he pulled up his undersleeve and looked. There on the white flesh was proof positive of his vision—fang-marks deep and purple, so wide and monstrous in their grip as to make him think of the dead hunter's throat—Black Heart's sign and seal beyond a peradventure!

Into Buck Hardy's eyes there came a sting of tears.

"Big black devil!" he said profanely, "paid me his debt of life! Darned if he didn't!"

And at that moment, as if invoked by his thought, out of the moonlit night there came a deep, long howl that mourned among the pines on the near shoulder of the hill. Buck listened a moment, then leaped for the door and out. He had had no light in the cabin but the fire upon the hearth, and his keen eyes read the dim world swiftly, so that he saw him instantly—a great black creature sitting on his plumy tail on the bold jut of the slope, his wolf-dog muzzle pointed to the stars.

A wild and plaintive wail it was, baffling in its cadences, sad with longing, savage with the stern restraint of nature.

Long and loud did Black Heart mourn above the fat—four short yelps and the deep, high howl—while the man stood listening with the skin creeping on his shoulders. And then, suddenly, in a moment's silence he put his fingers to his lips and whistled. High and keen in the still Spring night the call arose to Black Heart. Once—twice—thrice—the trapper called and waited.

Silence, dead and heavy.

Once—twice—and once again—the piercing whistle, calling, coaxing, commanding—the ancient master calling to the ancient slave.

Black Heart, bred of a hundred strains—mastiff, husky, their forebears, and wolf—rose on his four feet, head outthrust.

His yellow eyes burned and flamed with a thousand passing fires.

There was in them longing and a dim, age-old desire to crawl upon his belly, hunger for the touch of a hand which he had never known.

There was in them a wavering, a melting. Far out he leaned toward the moonlit flat. His legs twitched beneath him, as if he were about to leap out and down. If Buck had called once more—who knows?

But at that moment there came from high on the slopes of Panther Mountain, far and faint in the night, the scream of a big cat hunting—the sharp and savage war-cry of the wild.

Black Heart's head went up with a jerk. His rattle eyes turned coldly blue as fox-fire. His drooping tail came stiffly up, and with one whirling leap he turned and was lost in the shadows of the pines behind.

Buck Hardy flung up a hand, snapped his fingers.

"Wasn't to be," he muttered; "just wasn't to be. It was there between us, all right—too much—but not enough. Good-by, black devil, for this is the end. Good-by an'—good luck."

And the man raised a hand to his temple in salute, turned to his cabin and its lonely hearth, where he had had wild visions of Black Heart's great black body stretched in friendliness.

He was right in his prophecy, for never again was Black Heart seen upon the slopes of Panther Mountain.

## THE CHILD

*Continued from Page 23*

think, for I remember only the few sentences at the end that meant so much. Alison said finally:

"I'm afraid we must go, Gerald."

"Oh, not yet, Alison. Not just yet." We sat quiet again until the lighthouse on the point sent a warning finger out over the deepening blue of the water.

"There is the light. We must go. This child, Gerald. Her mother——"

"Alison, if you would listen to me——"

"Don't Gerald."

GERALD stretched out his hand to my sleepy head in Alison's lap.

"How they must love her, Alison! A child of their own——"

Their eyes met for a long moment. Suddenly Alison leaned over me and took me in her arms. She crushed my small body to her, her cheek on my hair. When she let me go her eyes were wet, but they were large and dark and soft, and somehow I knew she was happy by the rising tide of my own joy.

I sat beside Alison in the stern of the boat while Gerald rowed swiftly across the deepening blue of the water. The lights of the hotel wavered crookedly in the ripples of the bay, and the trees threw black shadows on the white stones of the beach. Voices came to us above the wash of the water and the steady rhythm of the oars; here and there the whir of wings or the plop of a fish deepened the mystery of the night. Then the grinding bump of the boat against the piles, Gerald holding it close to the pier and father carrying me to the long, lighted windows of the hotel.

I remember the things of the following day. It was one of those overcast, thunderous days when the air presses down and the low clouds gather and dissolve, when the sun seems gone forever, and the lightest breeze is chill. Then Mr. Morton had come. He was a big, square man with a thick neck that folded over his collar and lifted the edge of his hair until it stood out like a tiny ruff. His voice surprizingly enough, was high and shrill, almost peevish, and his eyes were small and sharp.

Alison was very pale and quiet, and she scarcely touched food. Her face looked worn, and the black peak of her hair stood out against its whiteness. Suddenly every one was occupied, and I was forgotten. Alison had vanished; mother, hoping soon to leave, was busy with packing; and the men were submerged now with the business of the point. I wandered about, tired, for once, of the lake. Its new excitement had made the old adventures savorless. My pail and shovel seemed the toys of another age. I hung about the garden and the veranda, bored and neglected.

Two days of this, mother fretting to get away. Then Gerald told us all goodby. It seemed nothing was left to do except the final signatures which were to be concluded in the morning before a notary, and he was no longer needed. He came to me last, and beneath his gentle raillery, his promise to be true to me, I knew quite surely of what he was thinking.

The business was finished just too late for the rest of us to leave that day. There was still a long tag-end of an afternoon left. The only train now on which the Mortons could get away wandered in over the single spur of track some time after sundown. Father had telegraphed for our carriage, but we would not be leaving until early morning. Even I was ready to go. I couldn't have said why, but the lake had lost its happy charm.

AFTER Gerald's departure we gathered for luncheon, and at the table it was quite clear that the events of the morning had put Mr. Morton into an excellent humor. He was casting about for a way to spend the afternoon with the least effort and in the most agreeable fashion. In this amiable mood his attention centered on me for the first time.

"How'd you like to go rowing, eh, Vera?" he asked in his high, thin voice.

*Continued on Page 95*


**FREE** A BABY CHART FOR THE GUIDANCE OF MOTHERS

*Nursery Chart on Baby Care*

Learn to care for your baby's body scientifically—learn what to do and when to do it—learn how to prevent "ammonia diaper." This chart is free to mothers.

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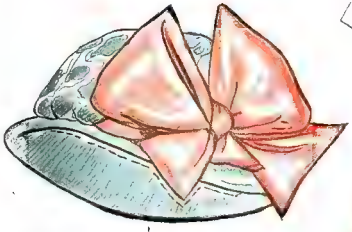
# DOLLY DINGLE AS BRIDESMAID

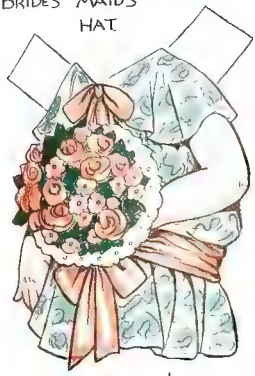
*By Grace G. Drayton*



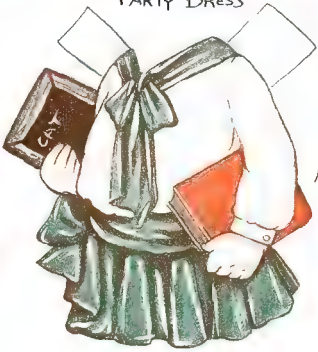
BRIDES MAID'S HAT

PARTY DRESS

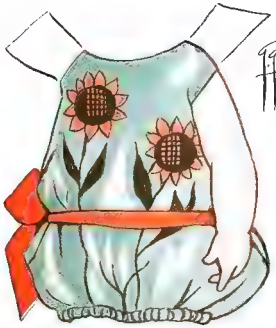
NANNY



BRIDES MAID'S DRESS




SCHOOL DRESS



SUNFLOWER COSTUME FOR FANCY-DRESS

STREET SUIT

BERET FOR STREET SUIT

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Conducted by MARION LAMBERT

# JUST AMONG OURSELVES

RECENTLY I have been getting a good many letters similar to this one:

*Dear Marion Lambert: I have a very important question to ask you. If I write it all out in a letter will you promise me not to let any one know about it? I do so want help, but I dare not take a chance on my secret being known. I am sending an envelop for your promise.*

*Blue Eyes.*

All letters sent to me are treated as strictly confidential, Blue Eyes. No confidence is ever betrayed; no real names are ever printed. The letters you see on the page have been used with the permission of the writers. So send along your problem and don't worry.

Do you remember Anne, the young wife and mother who was so uncertain about whether she should serve cocktails at her dinner-parties? I have forwarded to her a large number of letters which came in from all sections of the country. I can print only two on this page, but they represent the general trend of this advice:

*Dear Anne: I wish to say for the Middle West that I have been a doctor's wife for many years in the capital of the State of Ohio. I belong to a very good literary club, to the College and University Women's Clubs, and to the Players' Club. I have associated with prosperous business men, doctors, lawyers, educators, and other professional men, and I can truly say that very rarely is one offered cocktails or wine even at a private gathering.*

*Of course there are still many good people in our city who consider it harmless and pleasant to drink alcoholic liquors, but never here would you be ostracized or dropped by our best society because you did not serve cocktails. You could move in the very best circles of the Middle West without being criticized for dispensing with cocktails at your dinner. You must use your own best judgment, and think of the habits you are helping your children to form.* *Mrs. R. M. L.*

*Dear Mrs. Anne: I am a traveling salesman with a territory that covers several States. I want to tell you that you surely have a better class of people in your town than those that drink. If you haven't, you had better move, or start doing some missionary work among the natives. You just haven't found the right ones yet. The really good class, the genuine folks, are always a little slower to take you up, but they'll come when they see what you are.*

*Don't fool yourself with the idea that you have to follow anybody in order to get popularity for yourself or success for your husband. For years and years it was customary for Government officials to serve strong drinks to diplomats from other nations, but along came William Jennings Bryan and served grape-juice. Be yourself! Above all, be what you want your kids to be!*

*A few things I'd like to ask you, since you speak of hubby's success: How many men have you known to lose their jobs or be sold out by the sheriff because they were teetotalers? How many children have you known to be born blind because their parents never drank anything? How many automobile accidents have you heard of that were caused by the drivers being sober? How many boys and girls have you seen quitting school at fourteen years of age because their dads didn't spend any money on books? Think it over.* *T. M. R.*

A mother has sent me a letter which she received from her daughter, who is in college. Daughter had been home for a week-end to meet her only brother's new wife. "I think this letter may help other mothers," writes this mother, and I agree with her.

*Dearest Mother: I am awfully glad I could come home last week-end, and I think Vivian is absolutely lovely. If you can only get to know her I'm sure you'll love her. There's loads to her, and I am sure she will make Harold a wonderful wife. She is crazy about him and is capable of understanding him perfectly. However, I think it is going to be hard for you to understand her. She's been through college, she's been out and around, and she knows life from an entirely different angle from what you know it. That's why I wish it were so you could get out more.*

## EDITOR'S NOTE

*Do you ever have a problem or a trouble which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert. It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.*

*This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it. Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's real name is never printed.*

*If you need immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.*

*Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.*

*Vivian is just as fine a girl as one who has been brought up at home with the idea of baking bread, milking cows, doing all the cooking and the sewing, using no make-up, etc. Do try to look at things from her view-point, mother dear, and remember that our generation is as different from yours as yours was from grandma's. Didn't you think yours was better than grandma's? And we think ours is as good as yours!*

*As a matter of fact I think the wives of to-day know and understand their husbands better than women ever have before. At any rate they should, because they do more things together and have more common interests. Vivian will learn all the necessary things because she loves Harold and wants to help him.*

*You are in a difficult position, and I know how hard it is for you, but Vivian too is in an extremely hard position. So do try to get to know her.*

*You're a pretty wonderful mother anyway, honey, and don't take things too seriously. Your loving daughter,*

*Eleanor.*

So many of the letters which come to me are about money. Recently there has been a perfect storm of letters from women who say that they can not manage their households on the incomes their husbands receive. The surprizing thing is that these incomes vary so widely, yet the problem seems the same in all cases.

One woman writes that she can not save anything because her husband earns only twenty-four dollars a week and they have two children. Another woman says they can not afford a baby because they have only sixty-five dollars a week.

One thing I notice, however, is that where the wife handles the money for the household there is much greater success in meeting the expense of living and in saving money. Somehow or other if a woman knows just what she has to spend, if she has in her own hands the money which can be used for family needs, she manages to stretch it through the week's expenses, and it is rarely that she does not save at least a dime or two for the dime-bank.

Almost all these cases of financial trouble may be traced to the lack of real understanding and co-operation between husband and wife. This one, for instance:

*We have been married ten years and have three children. We live in a rented apartment in a very large city. My husband gets an average of a hundred and fifty dollars a month, but he seems to be afraid to trust me with a dollar of it. I don't care for finery; all I want is to dress decently and to get suitable school-clothes for the children. When I ask for a little money it is, "What do you want it for?" and then, "You can make out without that."*

*He buys the groceries and the meat and everything. A man doesn't know how to plan and do as a woman does. I could save on food if I could choose and buy instead of just having to use what he brings home. Sometimes I sit and plan on paper just what I would do if I could have twenty dollars a week for all the groceries and meat and for our clothes. I could make out fine. My sister does it, and she and her children look like other people, where we look like tramps.*

*Please, please, can't you or some of the readers tell me how to make my husband see that it ought to be my job to run the house? If he would just let me try!* *Daisy.*

Now, I wonder just what one could do with a man like that! To tell the truth, I thought that "what-did-you-do-with-the-dollar-I-gave-you-last-week" husband went out with hoop-skirts and brick ovens. I thought all men nowadays knew that a woman could run a house better than a man who is at business all day. And yet it seems to be these men who talk of the beauty and sacredness of home-making who are mad if a woman wants to make a real, businesslike job of the home. At least that is the way a lot of my letters sound.

Tell me, you women who have overcome this difficulty, how did you do it? How did you make hubby see the light and give you a reasonable share in the household finance? Or is it possible that none of you have done it? Can a man like this be changed, or can't he?

If men and women would settle this question of finances *before* the wedding, so much trouble would be avoided. It does not dim the romance of marriage nor take away any of the glamour of courtship to make sane, intelligent plans for the future family's finances. It is great fun to do it—to plan the budget, to decide what can be spent for this and that, and what can be saved toward a trip to Europe, a radio, or a first payment on the bungalow.

From Florida comes this helpful letter for mothers who, like Mary Lee, wish to keep step with their children:

*Our club is composed of young mothers. Just now most of our children are in the preschool age, but when we start them in school we'll take on school problems and school subjects ourselves and let up on some of the babyhood subjects. We have two meetings a month. One is an afternoon meeting, primarily for the children. We try to show them how to play together in harmony and how to "take turns," and be courteous. As they grow older we will add games and stories.*

*The other is a night meeting without the children. The president calls the roll, and each member responds to her name with an idea which may be helpful to others, or sometimes she asks a question which will stimulate helpful debate for a few moments.*

*We have a program chairman, and have programs on child-training and book-reviews. A while ago we invited a graduate nurse to a meeting and bombarded her with questions. It's such a happy, helpful club that I wish all young mothers could know about it.* *C. W. F.*

There has been a great demand for the popularity letter written by the girl who, as she says, "changed from a girl who never was invited to anything but the Sunday-school picnic to one who has all the dates any reasonable person could want"; but we still have a copy for any one who cares to send a stamped envelop addressed to oneself.

*At 25 Rue Ste. Gudule, is the salon de beauté of Fontaine, proud possessor of warrants from the Queen of the Belgians and other titled women of distinction.*

# FONTAINE *of Brussels*

## *Beauty Specialist by Appointment to Her Majesty, the Queen of the Belgians*

## advocates this twice a day treatment to keep skin lovely

*"The one way of ensuring that the skin is thoroughly cleansed of all impurities in the pores is the regular use twice daily of a really good soap—and in my experience the soap to use is Palmolive."*

25 Rue Ste. Gudule, Brussels

*Monsieur Fontaine giving a facial treatment in his salon. Fontaine believes in the twice-a-day use of "le savon Palmolive," which, he says, is used with great success for facial massage in his establishment.*

VISITORS to the beautiful city of Brussels often stop before a certain shop window, opposite the stately Cathedral, to note with interest several distinguished crests—one the seal of Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians. In this shop Fontaine has acted as beauty adviser to lovely women of the European aristocracy. Here he has received, with pride, warrants from the Queen and from such dignitaries as Madame la Princesse Napoleon . . . proclaiming him official "coiffeur-masseur," as was his father, since the year 1866. This season Monsieur Fontaine is attracting much attention from Continental women of fashion because of a brilliantly unusual metallic coiffure of his own design.

### *"The first step in beauty care"*

One of Fontaine's specialties is a facial massage which he employs "le savon Palmolive qui donne à la peau la velouté" (Palmolive Soap, which makes the skin as smooth and soft as velvet).

"The first care of a beauty specialist," says M. Fontaine, "is to see that the skin is in a condition to respond to treatment in the Salon. Many complexions begin to lose their freshness and youthful suppleness long before their time because the skin is never allowed to breathe. For skins do breathe—through the pores. If the pores are allowed to remain clogged up indefinitely with powder, rouge, fine dust, etc., the delicate tissues must suffer and lose all their vitality.

"The one way of ensuring that the skin is thoroughly cleansed of all impurities in the pores, is the regular use twice daily of a good soap . . . Palmolive.

"The value of palm and olive oils is well known—and it is a mistake to suppose that the same thorough cleansing can be got by other means.

### *Therefore—Palmolive!*

"That is why I always insist that before my own preparations are applied, the skin must first be cleansed with Palmolive."

What Fontaine advocates, in *Brussels*, is recommended in *London*, by such authorities as Madame Bertha Jacobson; in *Paris*, by Cavalieri, Payot, Massé, Vincent, Delord et Bion; in *Vienna*, by Pessl; in *Berlin*, by Elise Bock. In fact, every authority of consequence, all over the world, gives this same advice on the care of the skin: wash for beauty with Palmolive Soap. Massage the skin for 2 minutes with Palmolive lather; rinse with warm water, then cold. That's all. Its simplicity is one reason why this is the world's most popular facial treatment.

*Retail Price*
10c

**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time, 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.



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# Fifteen Years of Popularity among Housewives of America

FIFTEEN years ago, the Corn Products Refining Company—one of the World's Largest Producers of Pure Foods—introduced an absolutely pure Vegetable Salad and Cooking Oil—MAZOLA.

And for fifteen years, Mazola has been enjoying an ever increasing popularity among housewives everywhere.

Mazola is pressed from the hearts of full ripened corn kernels. To the thousands of housewives who have served it for these many years, Mazola is equal in appetite appeal to the finest imported oils—yet the cost is only about half as much.

Mazola is truly an American product—produced by modern American methods of sanitation and economy—for the American housewife.

Try these recipes for French dressing and convince yourself that regardless of price, the world affords no finer salad oil than Mazola.

PLAIN FRENCH DRESSING

⅓ cup Mazola
3 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper

Beat thoroughly and use with any vegetable, meat or fish salad. If a sweeter dressing is desired add 1 teaspoon Karo, Red Label.

PIQUANT FRENCH DRESSING

⅓ cup Mazola
1 teaspoon Karo, Blue Label
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons chow-chow
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika

Beat well and serve with any vegetable, fish or cheese salad.

FRENCH DRESSING FOR FRUIT SALADS

⅓ cup Mazola
1 tablespoon Karo, Red Label
3 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika

Beat until thoroughly blended and use with any fruit salad.

FRENCH DRESSING IN QUANTITY

Any of the preceding French dressings may be made in quantity. Put in a preserve jar and shake before using.

***These recipes are taken from IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S New Book "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" (page 37). Chock-full of recipes, illustrations, helpful hints, and valuable household suggestions, this book is highly appreciated by modern women everywhere. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for your copy to: Corn Products Refining Company, Dept. P-8, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City.***

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*Continued from Page 36*

sweet natural voice calling after him, "Terry!"

"Yes!" He had paused, his hand on the knob.

"What in the world are you doing here—like this?"

"I had to do something. It's the only part I can play——"

"Bunk!" He thought she said that, but wasn't sure, for she was hurrying down the hall.

So he went in and closed the door softly. She surprised him as a servant. She who had played her first part in his company, had visualized his future. And now—a bad thought swept over him, a hot flush. And he had promised that Sir Basil would be out presently. People were going home, she said—

IT PAYS to keep the public waiting. That was proved by the applause which surged against the velvet curtains after their first fall. It was in response to the tragic scene from "Golden Mountain" where the bearded, love-maddened *Hengist* follows *Nedra* into the gates of hell. Sir Basil never took encores, so he was not delayed in changing his costume to reappear in a still heavier beard as the peasant-magician of "Les Étoiles." He stumbled once in his lines, but Martha Orlen's quickness mended the gap.

Mrs. Millibank, seated with very important people among the gilt chairs, took it out in repetitious cries of, "Isn't he wonderful!" Her tone was possessive. In reflected glory she was getting her ten thousand back. And the persons who had subscribed for tickets were not regretting the supertax. Only the critics sat stony-faced; but one of them who had taken keen-eyed notice of the great man's behavior at dinner, marveled at a great man's recuperative power.

Not until after his bit from "The Amiable Baron," which proclaimed the spirit of high but subtle comedy, did the eminent actor consent to take a curtain-call. He stood at the footlights, gracefully bowing, delicate fingers caressing a false mustache.

"I am so grateful to you!" he said. "I feel quite—er—unworthy. I have arranged this little program in order to show myself —er—in a variety of parts. The last number I have left open—ah—left open because I wished to experiment with a somewhat riotous American farce which appeared here in 1917 and was interrupted by your entrance into the War. Not an ambitious work, but I found it amusing. It is called 'His Lordship's Socks.' And let me express my appreciation of Miss Martha Orlen and—ah—the wonderful support she has given me. Miss Orlen!" But the stage was empty.

At the top of the stairs, as he rushed to his room, he encountered the runaway Miss Orlen. Perhaps it was the width of her hoop-skirts which barred the way; the beauty of her proud, dark head above her lacy shawl embarrassed, frightened him.

"Terry," she asked softly, "why are you doing this?"

"Somebody's got to." He tried to brush by her.

"You mean, Basil's——"

"He's resting." Under the drooping mustache there was a grim mouth. Then, to soften it for her, he added, "He wasn't well. I put him to bed."

"They don't know it out in front—" she spoke rapidly, and under her grease-paint he thought she flushed. "I never saw anything like it. And your memory—"

"Yes. I've got that, anyhow."

"Terry! Now's your chance. Knock 'em in the eye, boy! I'll borrow a maid's costume—I think the girl I have will fit. Where shall we begin?"

"That bit in the third act where you're teaching me to waltz." Almost choking in his excitement.

"I know. You're taking the socks out of the jewel-cabinet. My cue is, 'At last they're together.' Now, don't be all night."

So she went dancing down the hall. Inside Sir Basil's dressing-room, even as he tore off his costume, Terry could hear the peaceful cadence of his rival's snores.

IT WAS slightly after ten when the knight clicked dry lips, sat up in bed, and blinked at the unfriendly morning sun. He was wearing his pink-silk pajamas—somebody must have forced him into them.

"I have tea for you, sir," said Nyle, the butler.

"Then why the devil don't you give it to me?"

"Thank you, sir."

Sir Basil drained a cup, hot, clear, and strong.

"That tea is always vile here," he declared, and settled back with a sigh. Then, after a spell of miserable coma, "Terry, what am I going to do now?"

"You might take a bath, sir——"

"Oh, shut up! That comedy stuff! I mean to say I'm in the devil's own fix. The opening of my season, all New York here—and, gosh, the critics! There I was, completely blotto. What did Isobel do? Poor old thing! Did she send them home?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Can't you talk like a human being?"

"Well, then, Bazz." Abandoning his part, Terry helped himself to a cigaret. "You walked away with the show. I never saw such a hand. Laurels, my boy. Care to see the press?" Presenting three papers, Nyle pointed at appropriate columns.

"I say, this is tomfoolery. Rank nonsense—" Sir Basil was beginning to read. The famous blue eyes were standing out of his head as he mumbled scattered praise: "Fifty dollars a seat was not too much—several famous rôles, acted with such spontaneity . . . Sir Basil showed a warmth and vitality seldom revealed in his public performances . . . the subtlimity of 'Amiable Monsieur,' the deftness of his 'Amiable Baron'. . . ."

The great man reclined on his pillows, half-read eulogies crumpling under his hand. And now, thought Terry, is my time. He ticked me out like a hungry dog. I could take him down to where he belongs just by a word. And the temptation grew keener when a vacant smile crept over the haughty face.

"It goes to show that the artist has a reserve within himself. I act instinctively. Just think of that, Terry!" He sat up again. "Last night is a complete blank to me. But my spirit was with me, telling me how to act——"

"Here's something rather good," suggested Terry, and pointed out the column.

". . . Sir Basil put into howling American farce the distinction he shows in his grander portrayals. With an impertinent bravado he threw at his audience the unrestrained hilarity . . ."

"Terry!" gasped Sir Basil. By now his feet were out of the covers. "Terry, they say I acted a scene from 'His Lordship's Socks'! They say it was a knockout!"

"It was the big hit of the evening," admitted Terry.

"My boy! I've only seen the silly thing once."

"But your spirit wasn't asleep."

"My gracious! Could I have been drunk as that?"

THE truth, apparently, had not penetrated the thickness of that egotism. Oh, well. Let it go, thought Mrs. Millibank's butler, and set to tidying up the room.

"I think I'll take a tub," declared Bazz. So Nyle bathed and clothed his master with the greatest care. Sir Basil would have his breakfast in the dressing-room. And had Mrs. Millibank asked after him? Yes, she had asked twice. And was she pleased with the performance? Tickled pink.

This set the knight to whistling pretty tunes, his headache, last night's disgrace, quite forgotten. It couldn't be possible, thought Nyle, clearing a table for his master's breakfast. Yet vanity is a blinding mania. The great actor had fed so long on adulation he could believe anything, if it was in his own favor.

Presently Mrs. Millibank knocked cautiously on the dressing-room door. Bazz himself, beautiful in a sapphire-velvet lounging-robe, appeared and took his hostess heartily by both hands.

"It was a triumph, Basil!" she cried, and laid an impulsive kiss on his cheek. "I wanted so to tell you last night. People waited around for hours, hoping you'd be able to come down."

"I was mad to see them all—and you especially, Isobel." Lightly and with a look of pain he touched his heart. "But I have to take such care of myself. I'm emotionally exhausted after—after putting all I have into a performance."

"I should think you would be. You dear. Sit down. Here comes your breakfast." A maid set a tray for him on the table. But it was Mrs. Millibank who poured his coffee, a libation. "I thought my heart would stop. I really did. It was so tremendous. Basil, there's no one in the world like you. And do you know what I loved the best?"

"That butler part." Rather dryly.

Mrs. Millibank lowered her voice; but Nyle, packing away Sir Basil's wardrobe, could hear. "I didn't think a butler could be so funny. Usually they're rather stupid, you know."

"Any part, however small, can be made distinguished, my dear Mrs. Millibank—" Nyle heard this characteristic explanation and grinned his own secretive grin. Could it be possible, he asked himself, that Bazz had an inkling, was placidly absorbing the credit? "You must remember this," the beautiful voice was intoning, "it is always the artist speaking through the character. Now this play, 'His Lordship's Socks,' is, in its way, the very crudest sort of farce. But it has the *naïveté* of the primitive——"

"MAY I come in?" Everybody glanced at the open door and saw Martha Orlen's flaming eyes and brilliant smile. Her little red hat gave her a rebel look.

"Oh, do, do, Miss Orlen!" the hostess invited. Sir Basil came to his feet. For the first time he seemed ill at ease. Mrs. Millibank, who had much, much more to say, was politely annoyed at the interruption. "You're not going so soon?"

"Pretty soon," dimpled Miss Orlen. "Your maid's been awfully clever in packing my wardrobe."

"You were so good to come," said Mrs. Millibank, presenting a patronizing hand. "I don't know how to thank you—and you must be proud of Sir Basil this morning." Nyle, in his obscure corner, marked her jealous intonation.

"Oh, very proud indeed." Martha made no move to go.

"Sir Basil was just telling me how he acts by inspiration." Flattering eyes were upon her adored one.

"Inspiration carries us far," agreed Miss Orlen, and stood her ground. For Nyle it was a nervous moment. One of the women would have to go, or there would be war. But just as Mrs. Millibank coughed throatily, preparing for another sortie, a maid appeared.

Mrs. Welton was on the telephone; this Mrs. Welton must be seen, apparently, for Mrs. Millibank waddled away, chirping over her shoulder, "I'll be back with good news presently. Kate Welton's planning a perfectly huge theater-party for your play."

So there they were, the three of them, each with a load of mischief. Martha Orlen, used to doing things for herself, promptly closed the door. Then she went over and perched on an edge of Sir Basil's open trunk. "I hope you're enjoying your breakfast," she said, for again he was dabbling with an egg.

"Oh, very much, Martha. Won't you have a cup of coffee?"

"No, thank you. I've had mine. Let's talk about last night." Annoyingly pleasant her challenge.

He gave her the smoothest look in his repertoire and said, "Went rather well, didn't it?"

"Rather well." She glanced at the palm of her glove, as if for a cue. Then, sweetly, "Too bad you couldn't see it."

Now his features betrayed the shadow of a cloud. "Maybe I was a bit far gone. Maybe——"

"Sir Basil, I've been reading the press-notices."

"Splendid press, wasn't it?"

"They say last night's performance brought you to—what did they call it?—the peak of your career."

"Nonsense." Was it mere modesty that caused his brows to hang so heavily? "I've had press-notices before."

"I'll say so." Like a little panther she sprang up and crouched over his table. "Are you going right on thieving another man's reputation—taking credit for a performance you couldn't act because you were drunk?"

This was horrible. The great actor's mouth had fallen open. Terry Nyle, jumping in to intervene, heard his own vague protests, "Now, Martha—Martha——"

*Continued on Page 68*

## YOU MAY NOT KNOW

**these interesting and helpful facts about 20 Mule Team Borax. They are well worth reading.**

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MRS. MORGAN BELMONT

a popular member of New York's exclusive younger set, says of her Simmons equipment. "My new Simmons bed"—she chose Bed No. 1569—"fits into my room perfectly. It is beautifully executed. And my new Beautyrest Mattress is unique! The superb comfort of this mattress and of the Ace Box Spring makes it possible to equip a bed that is luxurious and in good taste in every detail."

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

leader in many important movements for women, says, "I have covered my demure little Simmons beds"—she chose Model No. 1595—"with spreads of unbleached homespun, cross-stitched in green with designs of fir trees. Under them are the most marvelous mattresses in the world, also by Simmons. Really I've never known such comfort. Once you've tried them you will never use any others."

MRS. JOSEPH LEITER

a favorite leader of Washington society, says, "My Simmons beds"—she selected No. 1581—"with their charming curved headboards and slender posts, have a delicacy of line and color that goes exquisitely with the blue brocaded walls and old blue satin hangings of my favorite guest room. And the marvelously comfortable Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs are as smart as one could wish!"

MRS. ROBERT R. MCCORMICK

a charming hostess and member of the well-known Chicago family, says, "Everything that furnishes the bedroom must be carefully chosen to give an effect of charm and restfulness—beds of individual appeal, springs and mattresses that give the utmost in comfort! My Simmons equipment is splendid on all counts. The buoyant Beautyrests and Ace Box Springs are the last word in comfort."

# Among America's Distinguished Women who for their

WOMEN all over the country, whose homes are expressive of the American tradition of comfort coupled with beauty, have chosen sleeping equipment by the world's largest makers of fine beds, springs, and mattresses.

In their famous products the Simmons Company have embodied the latest discoveries in comfort, yet they have not sacrificed the smart lines and good looks which the fastidious modern woman demands. Indeed they have given her smartness and beauty she never dreamed of!

The Beautyrest Mattress with its heart of finely tempered coils gives nights of deep, revitalizing rest. And its neatly tailored finish and smart damask covering, which comes in a choice of two patterns and six pastel shades, make it an asset to the most perfectly decorated bedroom.

Simmons Ace Springs—both open coil and boxed types—are wonderfully resilient, giving proper support to the body when relaxed.

Simmons Beds come in a wide variety of beautiful designs to harmonize with your favorite style of bedroom deco-

*Bedroom in the Chicago home of Mrs. Robert R. McCormick reflecting the elegance of the French manner, decorated in tones of rose and green. Simmons Bed, No. 1581, with pleasingly curved headboards and slender little posts, is painted a soft blue green; spread of old rose taffeta.*

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MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER III

whose keen judgement is typical of the family whose distinguished name she bears, says, "With my old mahogany, my Simmons Windsor bed is most harmonious. Its dignity is characteristic of the furniture of Colonial days. And I never knew real comfort until I got my Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring. Their damask covers are the final touch of perfection."

MRS. VANDERBILT CHURCH

of the gay younger set, says of her delightful Newport home, "Dudley Place demands the simplicity of Early American furniture. So I selected Simmons 'spool' beds"—she has No. 1850. "They harmonize with the old pieces perfectly, and are exceedingly comfortable. I'm enthusiastic about the Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs and I was glad to find them covered in damask."

MRS. JOHN SARGENT PILLSBURY

whose beauty and charm make her a leading favorite in smart circles, has Simmons equipment in both her Palm Beach and Minneapolis homes. Of her Simmons Bed, No. 1581, she says, "My Simmons bed is amazingly comfortable! The buoyant Beautyrest is exactly right with the resilient Ace Box Spring. For thoroughly restful nights there is no equipment like Simmons."

MISS ANNE MORGAN

who has Simmons equipment in her own home, applauded the choice of Simmons Beds, Springs and Mattresses for the American Woman's Association Clubhouse, New York. Miss Morgan, speaking as President of the A. W. A., says, "Simmons beds, springs and mattresses have been used throughout the Club-house and since I use them myself, I know of their comfort and reliability."

# ...have chosen Simmons Sleeping Equipment ...Homes

*For this bedroom in her home just outside of Philadelphia, Mrs. John Wanamaker III chose Simmons Windsor Bed No. 1590 and Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring in rose damask. This design also in light blue, lilac; medallion pattern in sea-foam green, beige, Venetian blue.*

ration, from the studied simplicity of the Modern back to the charming elaboration of classic French styles, and the naïveté of Early American.

Handsomely burnished, Simmons Beds come finished to match the grain of natural wood, or painted in gay colors, charmingly decorated.

You will find them at all better furniture and department stores. Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring $19.75; Beds $10 to $60. The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

SEND 10¢ to the Simmons Company, Dept. B 2,666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., for "Bringing Beauty and Comfort to the Bedroom," a book with beautiful photographs of bedrooms of distinguished women, and delightful ideas for home decoration.

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# Every pound of OVERWEIGHT adds *drudgery* to your *Heart's work!*

IF you are definitely over your weight limit lose no time getting back to normal. Every excess pound means a strain upon the heart, a tax on vitality and decreased efficiency.

Overweight is associated with diabetes, "high blood pressure," and other serious conditions; in fact, authorities are suggesting it may even be the cause! Insurance companies warn people to reduce because they find direct connection between obesity and dreaded diseases.

More common results of obesity include mental and physical sluggishness, lack of endurance and an unattractive appearance. And, following obesity often comes "faddy" reducing diets causing a serious type of Acidosis due to incomplete burning of body fat as one loses weight.

If weight is to be reduced, Acidosis must also be reckoned with. The proper method of reducing, therefore, is of first importance because the heart may become weakened and Acidosis so aggravated as to expose the system to any one of many minor maladies, forerunners of graver consequences.

You have it on eminent authority that "a reducing diet must not violate the principles of a normal diet, one of the most important of which is the liberal use of sugar-containing foods, preferably fruits and vegetables, to completely burn the fats." The only change is to reduce fats in the diet to a minimum *and draw upon excess body fat to supply additional energy not obtainable from diet.*

Citrus fruits such as Oranges and Lemons — free from fat and low in caloric value — help to supply sugar to burn fat; help supply needed minerals; help to meet vitamin requirements of the diet; help prevent constipation; help preserve the necessary acid-base balance of the diet and help supply fluids.

Those desiring to reduce safely should also note the helpfulness of Orange or other fresh fruit salads, fruit for dessert, *fresh* Orange Juice, *fresh* Lemon Ade and other natural fruit juice drinks between meals and *fruit* salad-dressings instead of mayonnaise.

Safe Reducing diets prepared by the authority noted above—and in constant use in the successful treatment of patients—are presented in detail in the booklet "Telling Fortunes with Foods." Under these directions you may reduce in safety, free from dangers of weakening the heart and with not only ample and delightful food, but with the added assurance that the scientifically *balanced* diets will correct or prevent Acidosis conditions.

* * *

"Telling Fortunes with Foods" discusses Acidosis in its many forms and tells you that Oranges and Lemons are among the most potent correctives and preventives of the malady known to Medical Science. These fruits, though acid to the taste, *have an alkaline-reaction in the body*, especially valuable in preventing the more common acid-ash type of Acidosis. Their value to every-day health cannot be over-estimated. You should know what Acidosis may mean to *your* health and what Oranges and Lemons will do to protect you through drinking two or three glasses of fresh Orange Juice or fresh Lemon Ade daily.

This booklet is sent free. Fill out and mail the coupon below as you finish reading this message. "Telling Fortunes with Foods" should be in every home. Acidosis is no respecter of age.

California Sunkist Oranges have the richest juice and finest flavor. They are uniform in quality and in market every month in the year. Look for the trade-mark "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper of oranges; on the wrapper of lemons. © 1926 C.F.G.E.

DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT., California Fruit Growers Exchange, Div. 410, Box 530, Station "C", Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes With Foods.*

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*Continued from Page 65*

"Shut up, Terry! I'm not going to let people walk on you any more. Why the devil didn't you tell him you'd saved his skin? Always so deuced kind—that's the trouble with you. You understudied him last night, got away with it——"

"Understudy!" Sir Basil, his knees weakening, breathed like a typhoon.

"Yes, and you know it." It was dreadful to see how she melted this idol, caused him to flop back on his pedestal.

"I hadn't the remotest—" He covered his face. This wasn't acting. His narcotic vanity had let him dream on, as he had dreamed last night on the four-poster bed. "My goodness, Martha!" He clutched a hairy plume above his brow. "How did I know?"

"Don't you know whether you're asleep or acting? I've seen this coming—last Thursday you went on so tight the whole company had a case of nerves. You're so conceited you think you can get away with murder. Well, you can't. Look at last night. There you lay plastered—plastered flat. And poor Terry here, when he came down in your costume, just said, 'Somebody's got to.'"

Basil had folded his arms, a picture of tragedy. And to Terry it was the world's seventh wonder. A celebrated actor-manager being called down by a member of his company.

"Terry here might have pulled off his wig and his whiskers," she continued, "and let the world know what had happened. But he wouldn't do that. He's too dumb and too decent. Trouble with Terry is he's a gentleman."

"Mrs. Millibank's coming back in a minute," said Sir Basil with a touch of his old arrogance. "Couldn't we rehearse this nasty scene somewhere else?"

But Martha Orlen went right on. "You saw what the critics said about 'His Lordship's Socks.' I suppose you think you did that too—a farce you don't know a line of."

TERRY could not restrain a snicker, recalling what Sir Basil had said about his hovering spirit, working miracles.

"The critics were too kind," said Bazz dolefully.

"Those were the best reviews you've ever had. They even said your butler act was much better than Terry's back in '17. That's a laugh too."

"Easy with the whip, my dear." Sir Basil was trying to be severe. "Remember, you belong to my company."

"Does that mean I'm fired? Well, then, I've had two good offers this season. I can find a manager to-morrow who'll be anxious to revive 'His Lordship's Socks' and let me costar with any man I choose. I can put this boy back where he belongs. And if I like I can tell the world what happened here last night. It would make the best press-story that ever was."

"Listen, Martha." It was Terry's first chance to get in a word. "We needn't get Bazz in so dutch——"

"This is going to be the biggest blessing he ever had." She laid her hand on Terry's arm. "In the first place, he's got to promise to sober up."

"That's quite all right." Basil's eye was nervously on the door where Isobel might be entering. "I've been going it a bit wild with your dreadful American liquor. I'm off it."

"Now, about Terry here." Still she was holding his arm. "You know his ability. The critics have made it plain. He's always been too darned modest to tell the world about himself." Her cheeks flamed as she decided, "Sir Basil Rainor will be an ideal person to do the telling."

"Telling?" The knightly brows went up.

"I think it would be a good plan to put 'His Lordship's Socks' into rehearsal right away. This morning's reviews have given it just the right send-off."

"But, my dear——"

"Terry could take his old part, and I could step into the team, just where I used to be. You could make money in this, Sir Basil. That's more than you've been doing this season."

"You mean I can't act in my own company?" Bazz was beginning to swell.

"Oh, yes, you could. You'd do *His Lordship* to perfection. It's a short part, but you give distinction to everything you do. I've heard that so often."

Sir Basil was silent, so they left him alone in his glory.

"TERRY," said Martha when they were out in the hall. "I refuse to lunch with you in those comedy clothes."

"I make a wonderfully quick change," he explained. Then, on second thought, "But I'm playing an engagement here."

"No, you're not. Mrs. Millibank's going to fire you."

"Me?"

"I fixed it. Last night I thought you over and decided you were about done with this place. At breakfast I told Mrs. Millibank you were so tight last night you interfered with Sir Basil's work. She doesn't like butlers who drink. So you're out."

"Catherine de Medici!" Terry Nyle grinned down at her.

"If you want to make a living on Broadway," she grinned back, "you get that way naturally." Then, growing prim, as she could, "I'll be at the Algonquin at one."

He was moving away. Not knowing whether her voice called him, or just her fine spirit, he turned and caught the softness of her smile.

"Terry." A small, constrained whisper. "What happens to the chamber-maid at the end of the second act?"

"The butler kisses her, I think."

Mrs. Millibank, waddling down the hall, interrupted a rehearsal at its vital point.

Altho the plot was not made clear to her, she saw enough to convince her that Nyle was a dangerous man to have in the house.

# DO WOMEN DRESS TO PLEASE OR TEASE?

*Continued from Page 4*

comes to a woman when she knows that she has successfully aroused envy and dismay in the hearts of other women is such a sensation as Hannibal must have felt when he successfully crossed the Alps, or as Daniel felt when the lions cringed before him.

Incidentally of course these triumphs affect men, because under this emotional stimulus a woman becomes so charming and attractive that a man on the way home from the dinner will say, "I never realized before what a witty and attractive person Madge is. She is really fascinating."

His wife most likely will remain silent for a moment; then she will say in a small, impersonal, little voice, "Did you like her dress?"

"Her dress—I don't know; I didn't notice it—pink, wasn't it?"

"No, it was yellow."

"Oh, was it? Well, it looked well on her, whatever it was. It seemed a nice plain little dress."

Here his wife will most probably give a snort. "Plain! You are really stupid, John. That was an original model, and she had on shoes from Perugia, and that pin at her shoulder was from Mauboussin and was worth a pot of money, and——"

"Oh," her husband will interrupt, "don't tell me any more. How on earth would I know all that and, besides, it wasn't the way she was dressed I was talking about—it was Madge herself, and I am sure that if she had had on a dress bought at a county fair she would have looked equally well."

But this kind-hearted and simple man was wrong, as men usually are in discussions of this sort.

*Continued on Page 70*

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COSMETIQUES
LESQUENDIEU

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*Continued from Page 68*

There are, of course, some women who dress entirely for themselves, who revel in the possession of exquisite silks and rare laces, who preen themselves before their mirrors, and who do not care in the least what the rest of the world may think about them. But they are in a small and exotic minority and need not be reckoned with. These women may be beautiful and picturesque, but they are scorned by other women, and even men regard them as lovely but rather freakish, for they are never smart.

American men, altho they may not know, in fact do not know, what smartness consists of, demand it from the women they are fond of. Even tho a man may feel that the woman who is his wife is the most beautiful and alluring creature in the world, subconsciously he will feel that there must be something wrong when other women look at her with contempt or laughter in their eyes.

She may be as lovely as an Italian Primitive, her oval face crowned with a mass of Titian hair, her rounded body swathed in mellow silks, but when she sweeps into a room filled with bobbed-haired ladies in scanty chiffon dresses, no matter how lovely a picture she may be she will look ridiculous, and some slab-sided lady in a chemise dress will get the laurels of the evening. For to be really smart one must never be different; one must be just a little bit smarter than any one else.

There are some women who are extremely smart but who have no elegance. They are the women who are always up-to-date with the latest fashion in haircuts and bracelets and handkerchiefs, who are sartorially perfect, but who lack that indefinable and subtle quality which is real distinction. The woman of distinction is just as chic and up-to-date as her less distinctive friends, in fact she may be dressed almost exactly like them, but she gives her clothes a *cachet* of her own. There may be two other blue dresses in the room just like hers, but hers will be the one people will notice. Even other women will be forced to admit to themselves that here is something which they can not compete against.

But they do not really need to compete, for, strangely enough, a distinguished woman—and by that I do not mean the wife of an ambassador, but simply a woman dressed with rare taste and elegant simplicity—a woman with such qualities in dress is again lost on the American man, and only serves as a thorn in the flesh to his wife.

IT SEEMS extraordinary perhaps that in a country where more money is spent by women on clothes than in any other country in the world, in a nation that is noted for its spoiled women and lavish husbands, the men notice so little where their money goes.

American men start working younger and work much later in life than Europeans. During the best years of their lives they keep their noses right to the grindstone, slaving day after day, year after year, coming home at night so exhausted and nervous that they are unable to do more than read the paper, or play a rubber of bridge, or go to the theater to some ineffectual revue which proudly advertises itself as being just the thing for the tired business man. Their lives are spent in feverish speculation, and all because Mary has a pony car and wants a beaver, or Anne has a mink coat and wants a sable one.

Mary will say, "Oh, John, I went over to Alice's this afternoon and she showed me the most beautiful new evening cape she has just gotten. She is going to wear it on Wednesday, and I feel so ashamed to go in that horrible old thing of mine. It's all falling to pieces." Or Anne will say, "George has just given Lilly the most magnificent bracelet for an anniversary present—an emerald one. I hid my poor little diamond bracelet under my sleeve when she was showing it to me because it looked so pathetic by comparison."

AND the next day John will ask for a raise and Ted will buy more stock on margin, and eventually Mary will have her new evening coat and Anne her bracelet; but John and Ted, coming home tired from their offices, will not notice the difference between the new coat or bracelet and the old ones. It will be Alice and Lilly who will see and suffer, and it will be their turn to goad their husbands on to greater efforts. "Keeping up with Mrs. Jones is a very serious business."

In Europe a man helps his wife choose her dresses. They consult together as to cut and color and price, and he is as interested as she is. He knows what he thinks she will look well in and he also knows exactly how much he will let her spend on herself. Here in America a man is seldom consulted as to the dress or its price. The dress is what his wife likes, even if it be a color which he detests and the price is more than he can afford.

Another detail is that all men, I think, both European and American, prefer plump women to emaciated ones, and in Europe women understand this and have retained their rounded feminine figures; but American women in this, as in all matters pertaining to themselves, prefer to bow to the taste of other women. They exercise and starve themselves and grow drawn and haggard so that they may have the absolutely straight, flat figure so much admired by the modern stylists.

What difference does it make if their faces look tired and old? Women never notice faces. Men may repeat over and over that they don't like thin women, but it will fall on deaf ears. Europeans are apt to say that the only pretty thing about an American woman's figure is her legs, for American legs are conceded everywhere as being the finest in modern times. But legs are always noticed by women, especially since the era of the very short skirt, and so legs have been allowed to remain as nature intended them to be—neatly rounded with a small, trim ankle. They alone have escaped the blighting influence of the fashion-plates.

No! I am convinced that the American woman's interest in her clothes is not because she wishes to enhance her femininity in order to delight her husband, but, rather, she does not care if she is feminine, or even if she looks pretty, so long as she is smart and is able to arouse a slightly vexed feeling in the bosoms of other members of the fair sex.


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# Fashion your own floors

*Have what you've always wanted . . . floors of individual design expressly created for your own home . . . . . The newest effects in Armstrong's Linoleum Floors . . . Armstrong's Linosets and Linostrips . . . now make this exclusive floor style available to all*

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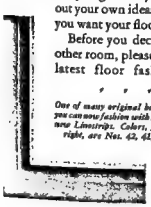
This new freedom in floor style has been made possible by the latest contribution of Armstrong artists—the new Linosets and Linostrips. Just a word about them. Linosets are special figured inserts—stars, ships, shields, and heraldry effects—that can be quickly laid at your order in any linoleum floor. Linostrips are feature borders of plain linoleum, made in a number of colors and widths, to be combined at your will.

Just as the Armstrong Floor in the dining-room illustrated has been created expressly for that one room, so can you have in your home floors of individual design. Here a five point star Linoset has been centered on a plain terra cotta field. Framing it in delightful color contrast is a three-toned Linostrip border.

You can create this same effect in entirely different colors, or plan a floor that is totally different in design as well as color. The field can be plain or patterned, selected from any of the scores of standard effects in Armstrong's Linoleum. You can make the border narrow or wide, single strip or many strips, as you will. Even the Linosets, themselves of totally new design, may be inserted in many original ways to carry out your own ideas of what you want your floors to be.

Before you decorate another room, please see this latest floor fashion in Armstrong's Linoleum that decorators and architects are enthusiastically using in the country's finest homes. Local linoleum, department, or furniture store merchants will gladly help you fashion your own floors. Or, if you wish, write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration. You will receive, free of charge, expert suggestions for making your floors a distinctive part of each room picture.



*One of many original border effects you can now fashion with Armstrong's new Linostrips. Colors, from left to right, are Nos. 42, 44, and 47.*

*Originality in this dining-room is due largely to the distinctive design of the floor. Field is terra cotta No. 25; star, special Linoset; feature border, a combination of three Linostrips, colors 45, 40, and 43. This floor has been designed for this particular room, just as you may now fashion individual floors for your own home.*

*Two of many different insert designs that are now available in Armstrong's Linoleum. Right—Fleur-de-lis Linoset. Left—Eight point star Linoset.*

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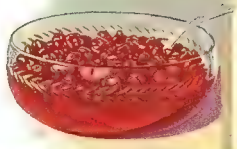
# Eatmor Cranberries

BY stocking your pantry with jars of Ten-Minute Cranberry Sauce and Cranberry Jelly your family can enjoy many wholesome and healthful desserts long after the cranberry season is over. Don't forget, a saucerful of Ten-Minute Cranberry Sauce with dinner adds the fruit balance essential to a meat diet.



## Ten-Minute Cranberry Sauce

**All you *need:*** 1 quart (4 cups) cranberries, 2 cups water, 1½ to 2 cups sugar.

**All you *need to do:*** Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes; add cranberries and boil without stirring (5 minutes is usually sufficient) until all the skins pop open. Remove from the fire when the popping stops.

For a thinner sauce, just bring water and sugar to a boil—then add berries and let them cook until they stop popping.

## Cranberry Jelly

Cook cranberries until soft—with 3 cups water for each 8 cups berries. Strain the juice through a jelly bag. Measure juice and heat to boiling point. Add one cup sugar for each 2 cups juice; stir until sugar is dissolved; boil briskly for 5 minutes. Pour into glass tumblers, porcelain or crockery molds and cover with paraffin.

*Cranberry Jelly is very similar to Currant Jelly and is delicious when served with game or as a spread for bread or toast.*

## Cranberry Meringue Pie

1¾ cups granulated sugar
¾ cup cold water
4 cups cranberries
2 tablespoons flour
4 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
4 tablespoons powdered sugar

Cook sugar and water to a syrup; add cranberries. Cook until they stop popping; cool a little. Mix the flour, salt and yolks of eggs until smooth; stir in 3 tablespoons of the juice of the cooked cranberries; then add to the berries and simmer for 3 minutes. Stir in butter and vanilla; and set aside to cool. Turn filling into deep pie crust shell previously baked; cover with meringue made from stiffly beaten whites of eggs and powdered sugar. Place in cool oven to set and slightly brown the meringue.

## Cranberry Mold

4 cups cranberries
2 cups water
2 cups granulated sugar

Boil cranberries with water until berries stop popping. Strain through fine sieve; add sugar and stir; then boil rapidly for 8 to 10 minutes or until a drop jells on a cold plate. Turn at once into a wet mold; and cool.

*This is not a jelly, but is jellied cranberry sauce. Note the difference by comparing this recipe with the regular jelly recipe.*

## Steamed Cranberry Pudding

1 cup flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup bread crumbs
½ cup brown sugar
⅔ cup finely chopped suet
1 cup chopped cranberries
1 egg
⅓ cup milk or water

Mix the ingredients in the order given; turn into a well greased mold; cover with wax paper and steam two hours, never allowing the water to come more than two-thirds of the way up the sides of the mold. Turn out; serve with Hard or Foamy Sauce.

## Criss-Cross Cranberry Pie

Pie Crust
4 cups cranberries
1½ to 2 cups sugar
2 tablespoons flour
3 tablespoons water
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon melted butter

Line a pie plate with pie crust. Chop cranberries; mix with other ingredients; and fill pastry shell with this mixture. Place strips of pie crust over the top and bake in a moderate oven 25 to 35 minutes.

## Cranberry Shortcake

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2½ tablespoons shortening
1 cup milk or water
Ten Minute Cranberry Sauce
1 to 2 tablespoons melted butter

Sift flour, salt and baking powder together; cut in shortening with knife; add liquid. Roll on slightly floured board; cut to make two layers for cake pans or individual portions. Place one layer in pan, spread with melted butter; cover with other layer and bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Separate. While hot, place Ten-Minute Cranberry Sauce between and on top. Serve hot with either plain or whipped cream.

## Cranberries for future use

A supply of cranberries on the pantry shelf comes in handy many times during the year.

Cranberries aid digestion and contain necessary mineral salts for toning up the system.

Put up Ten-Minute Cranberry Sauce in sterilized jars pouring the sauce *hot* into the jars and sealing tightly. Keep in a dark, cool place.

MAY we send you, without cost, our recipe book, "Tasty Ways to Serve the Tonic Fruit," containing many selected recipes for Eatmor Cranberries? Address Dept. C.

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*Continued from Page 72*

Edward, she's gained a half pound, and they most always lose the first week. . . . Edward, she's still as red as a beet, but pretty—first time I ever saw a pretty, new-born baby. Roddy was a mess."

"Pretty, eh? Thought you said she looked like me."

"She does. More than ever."

He was silent. A few days later he said: "Couldn't you manage to bring her over here?"

For almost the first time in their twenty-four years together he saw anger in Ella's face.

"Bring that poor little mite eighty miles on a jolty road because you're too proud to make it up with Roddy? I should say not!"

SOME time later Ella, returning from one of her pilgrimages, said:

"What do you suppose they're up to now?"

"I don't know and I——"

"Don't say it. You *do* care. It's about Roddy's work. Edward, he's going into business for himself, and he's all ready to start."

Merson looked at her inquiringly.

"Yes, and the bank's helping him."

"Humph! If he's fooling around with a bank's money he'd better watch out. I built up my place on my own money." And only when it was plain from the line of Ella's back that the subject was closed did he add:

"Well, what's he up to?"

She eyed him grimly.

"D'you really want to know?"

"Shouldn't have asked if I didn't."

"Well, then, you know that State road that runs over Kings Mountain?"

"Of course."

"One car out of every ten that comes down that road burns out its brakes. And there isn't a garage within miles. Roddy's going to set up a big garage right at the bottom of Kings Mountain."

So that was what the bankers thought a good idea! Roddy had brought it to him three years ago!

Ella continued, somewhat breathlessly: "Funny thing is, even his name for speeding's helped him. He's got it fixed up with the police to drive as fast as he likes when a car's in trouble and he's on his way to fix it."

"More likely he's fixed up for jail!"

"He's going to have three or four young fellows from here to help him, all fast drivers too, and three work-cars, painted blue with greased lightning along their bodies——"

"Yes?"

"And he's going to call it *The Greased Lightning Garage.*"

Merson scratched his chin. More than once he had heard the motorists grumble about the slowness of the local garagemen. Then there was Duffy Elmer, financing the thing with no security. Duffy was no slouch when it came to spotting what would pay and what wouldn't. Especially what wouldn't. It was before he was beginning to see signs that his business was falling off that Duffy had warmed him.

He looked at Ella, trying to hide his own bitter chagrin.

"Nobody can ever say I won't be glad if Roddy succeeds."

"Edward."

"Yes?"

"Don't you think—that—you might forgive Roddy now that he's doing so well and has got a baby of his own? Beryl's a real girl. She is, really. And the baby. Just think. Your own little granddaughter that you've never seen!"

Her voice broke as his lips shut into the line she knew so well. She did not know that he was thinking of that talk with Duffy Elmer. As he picked up his paper without answering her, his hand trembled a little. She turned away with tears in her eyes.

"It's so lonely! So lonely! So sort of —old!"

He buried himself in his paper.

UP TO the present, Merson had always kept a horse. On Sundays he and Ella would go driving, avoiding, so far as possible, the main highways with their roaring freight of motor-cars. Lately, however, the motor-roads had spread out to such an extent that it seemed impossible to escape them, and one Sunday, Merson, glaring after a car that had barely missed them, exclaimed:

"Ella, I'm going to sell this rig and get a flivver."

Ella, inwardly delighted, looked at him, surprized.

"I thought you hated them."

"I do, but this is too much. If you want to go out at all, you've just got to have a car in self-defense."

When he bought the flivver, Ella used it more than he did. Roddy had moved to the foot of Kings Mountain, and the bus did not run over there. So Ella learned to drive in a stately but uncertain manner that awoke the drivers, who were always trying to pass her, to anger, despair, amusement. But Merson himself never accompanied her on these trips. He kept strictly to the lower roads, sedulously avoiding even the foot-hills of Kings Mountain.

The face of the granddaughter he had never seen kept appearing to Merson, especially when he saw the blue outline of Kings Mountain on the horizon. But the features were always indistinct. Since Ella's refusal to bring over the baby, there was a tacit understanding that she was to bring him bulletins. Occasionally, too, he heard of the baby from unexpected sources.

"Roddy can fix a car quick as a flash. The kid's a wonder! He was on the job ten minutes after I phoned, and it was all of seven miles to his garage."

"Did you see the garage?" asked Merson.

"Yep. It's well equipped. He's got a nice home there, too, Fine wife and baby. But, say, you ought to know. You're his father, aren't you?"

"Yes. I'm his father. How did you like the baby?"

"Don't like 'em as a rule. They'd oughta keep 'em outa sight. But I sure liked this one!"

The granddaughter he had never seen! That baby face! What was it like? It kept appearing to Merson, even over the daily sales-record, which scarcely filled one of the sheets that used to be brought to him stapled together in threes, fours, and fives. Duffy Elmer had talked to him seriously about the import of that shortened sales-record, punctuating his remarks with writhing blue commas from one of his interminable Porto-Rican stogies.

"You've made a clean, honorable record, Ed, but you'd better quit now."

"I won't quit!"

"Far better than to run at a loss the way you're doing. Another year or two and you won't even be able to sell."

"Don't expect to sell."

"But, man alive, you're losing money every day!"

"Guess I've got enough to keep Ella and me and stay out of bankruptcy. You can give us a cheap funeral, Duffy."

That evening he took a spin in the flivver with Ella beside him. Her eyes grew wistful, but she didn't say a word when he took the fork that led away from the Kings Mountain Road. Only when they were passing through a still pine-grove she touched his arm.

"Look, Edward."

Nailed to one of the trees was a blue-and-yellow sign.

"Greased Lightning Garage. Phone quick and we'll come quick."

Below were directions for reaching the nearest phone.

"Isn't that smart?" said Ella. "Telling the people where to go to telephone?"

Merson swallowed hard and his mouth snapped shut.

"Think so?" he asked harshly.

She said no more.

THE face, the baby face of the granddaughter he had never seen! Back of the high brick wall that faced the rear of the Merson hardware-store was the grammar-school. On warm days in the Spring, when his windows were open, Merson could hear the shrilling of the children during their recess. Occasionally the yard would be given over wholly to the kindergarten. Then there would be singing and marching.

One day, when he heard that singing, he went up-stairs into his storeroom, and leaned out of the window that overlooked the school-yard. There they were, the little tads, marching solemnly around under the eye of their teacher! Some of


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Original from

"WHILE PREPARING DINNER I splashed hot fat all over my right hand," a woman writes. "My whole hand was a mass of burns. My husband applied Unguentine liberally, at once. Today my hand is entirely well."

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Even slight burns, neglected, can lead to deadliest infections. Be prepared. Unguentine is the standard antiseptic dressing for burns and cuts in 8 out of 10 hospitals.

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Another woman writes "My little niece's face was terribly scalded when a chafing dish overturned. But thanks to Unguentine it didn't leave a scar."

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An appalling number of children are terribly burned every year in homes just as safe as yours. Don't let *your* child pay a penalty of life-long disfigurement! Keep Unguentine on hand. Its soothing oils sink deep into the burned tissues. The pain stops. Rapid, normal healing starts at once. Almost always no ugly scar is left.

Unguentine comes in a generous sized tube. 50¢ at your druggist's. Send for free first aid booklet by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canada, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

*Now . . . Unguentine Soap, too. Bland and soothing, it rapidly clears up the blemished complexion — particularly when burns, cuts or bruises have left the skin irritated or sensitive.*

Norwich

# Unguentine

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them carried flags and some carried flowers. It was pretty.

And only a short time now before the granddaughter he had never seen would be there also, marching with the other children, two by two! If he happened to go up-stairs again, and look into the yard, how could he pick her out? If her voice floated over the wall, how could he tell it?

Just then he caught the eye of the teacher, who smiled at him. When she saw his expression the smile faded.

As business grew steadily less, Merson spent more time in his flivver. He had grown into the habit of taking solitary rides, and now he went everywhere except in the direction of Kings Mountain. But wherever he went he came upon the little arrow-shaped darts with the zigzag of lightning across them and the words: "Greased Lightning Garage."

AFTER passing one of those signs at dusk on a chill Spring day, Merson jammed on his brakes. He had gone by unconsciously and was on the Kings Mountain Road.

Dead ahead was the rugged purple shoulder of the mountain with the ribbon of highway winding over it. In the valley on the other side was the Greased Lightning Garage.

He sat for some minutes, thinking. There were other things in that valley which seemed to lie directly under the salmon-gold strip of sunset. There was, oh, most emphatically there was—the granddaughter he had never seen!

Suddenly he released his brakes and went on. It would be dark when he got there, and Roddy would never know who he was if he passed by in the dark. If he broke down on the road he'd repair his own car, just as he'd run his own business. If Roddy or any one else should offer to help him he'd send him packing.

What was the harm in taking a look at the place? For two years now he'd been hearing of it, and, more than that, his curiosity had been goaded, like a bull beneath the picador's sting, by those little, arrow-shaped signs.

Maybe the shades would be up and she would be playing inside. Or maybe she would be in the yard, or even at the edge of the road, where he could speak to her.

He advanced the spark and the gas. The road was level and deserted. He flew. Then the wheels of his flivver tilted sharply upward on the early slope of the mountain. Lucky that flivvers were good climbers! Lucky too that the road was dry, for he'd forgotten his chains! Luckier still that Ella always came the other way round!

As the engine commenced to labor, there came to his nostrils smells he had not smelled for years. No, by George, not since he and Ella had driven over there with Roddy in the back seat of the buggy, wriggling with excitement and asking about bears! Smell of blue spruce and birch and fir and pine and balm of Gilead! Good! Very good! And here he was again, old and unsuccessful and alone, with those same smells about him and the dark, still woods!

How steep it was getting and how high! He'd most forgotten how sharp-pitched it was, and how he'd had to lead his horse. They'd graded it since then, but, even so, it was almost enough to make a man lose his nerve. How did the car do it? It seemed almost as if it would slide down backward, with locked wheels. He was almost at the top, tho. He'd go on a little farther and cool his engine where he could see if there were any lights in the valley.

THE little, sick slide that the flivver made, backward, before the brakes caught, gave him a turn. He hadn't been able to make the top. Had to cool off where he was. If ever a car got up momentum there on that dizzy slope there'd be no stopping it.

He got out and put stones back of the rear wheels. He was almost on top of the mountain's shoulder now. It rose above him black and inscrutable with the sound of splashing brooklets and the creaking of trees. Now he could go on. He released the brakes. Whup—that was a close one! But there were the lights! An electric sign. By George, Roddy was a slick one! If he were younger he could read it from there, but he knew what it said—"Greased Lightning Garage."

His flash of interest was followed by bitter thoughts. Imagine driving past like a thief in the night, while the baby was somewhere behind those lights! That is, if he ever got down at all.

If it had been dizzy coming up, it was terrifying going down. There was a sense of sheer, black depth about that road. He could see it tapering away toward the lights in the valley until it pinched out in the blackness. Yes, it just petered out in the dark beneath him, somewhat the way his own life was doing.

And then he pushed the brakes home, for there came to his nostrils the smell of something burning.

Again he stopped and made an examination with an electric torch. The car was in bad shape. There was the creaking of heated metal, the boiling of water in the radiator, the stench of burning brakes. He'd had to leave it and walk. And he'd be stopped, most likely, when he passed the garage. Always, nowadays, he seemed to fail. Always! He'd failed to bring up Roddy right. He'd failed with Ella. He knew well enough that she wanted to be with Roddy and the baby. If it weren't for her sense of duty to him—

His eyes snapped with the sudden thought that leaped into his mind. He was half-way down, and the pitch in places was terrible, he might make it if he coasted. And suppose he were smashed up! What difference, what possible difference, could it make?

The cool night air fanned his face as he felt for something which he had carried in his pocket for weeks. He took it out and wrapped his handkerchief about it and put it back again. Then he deliberately released the emergency-brake and eased back the foot-brake.

The stillness of the night became a wind. It whipped his face and whistled in his ears. It lashed his eyes, which were hot. He gripped the steering-wheel and tried to keep his eyes on that ribbon of road. Was he flying? He couldn't tell Trees, clouds, stars, lights, all were whirling around him, toward him, away from him, toward him. It must be the flivver, rocking.

Terrible jolts drove thoughts into his brain. Ella would live with Roddy and the baby now. She would be happy. He was failing—

And Roddy in the garage threw back his head at the sound of the crash.

EDWARD MERSON was dreaming. And through his dream he saw a baby face with plump cheeks and golden hair, and he recognized it. It had deep-set eyes and somehow it looked like him, and yet it was pretty.

He was dreaming again, and people were talking about him. He couldn't see them, but they were talking, just the same. Roddy and Ella and others.

"He ought to be dead . . . a miracle . . . not badly hurt . . . beyond belief . . ."

Then he opened his eyes.

On the level of his pillow the baby face was looking at him. He recognized it for the face in his dream. Summoning all his strength, he reached out and touched it. Yes, it was real. There was a tiny, baby chuckle.

"Edward!" It was Ella, bending over him.

"Hang it all, Ella, leave me be!"

But she persisted gently for hours, it seemed, and finally as he looked up at her:

"When are you going to see Roddy?"

With his muscles tightening beneath his bandages, he tried to sit up.

"Who says that I'll see Roddy?"

Ella only smiled.

"But, Edward—you were planning to come here before you got hurt! You were!"

"What in thunder d'you mean? Who says that I was?"

"Nobody. But we found this in your pocket, wrapped up in your handkerchief."

"Found—what?"

Standing at the edge of the bed, Ella held it out. Merson looked, then averted his eyes.

In Ella's hand was the thing he had carried in his pocket for weeks, for months—a battered, broken doll.

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

# "What is fashion without fashionable toiletries?"

## *Lucretia Vanderbilt answers this important question for the women of America*

Fashion in toiletries is as essential as fashion in dress. And my modern creations, known as Lucretia Vanderbilt Toiletries, are fully in keeping with the mode of today and tomorrow.

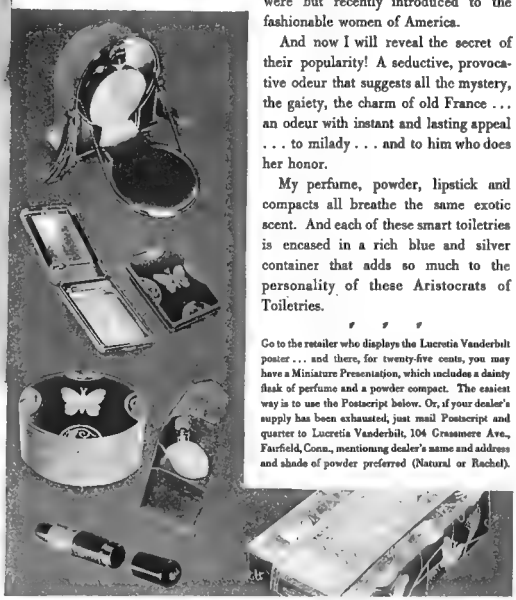
Originally compounded for my personal use, these Aristocrats of Toiletries were but recently introduced to the fashionable women of America.

And now I will reveal the secret of their popularity! A seductive, provocative odeur that suggests all the mystery, the gaiety, the charm of old France . . . an odeur with instant and lasting appeal . . . to milady . . . and to him who does her honor.

My perfume, powder, lipstick and compacts all breathe the same exotic scent. And each of these smart toiletries is encased in a rich blue and silver container that adds so much to the personality of these Aristocrats of Toiletries.

* * *

Go to the retailer who displays the Lucretia Vanderbilt poster . . . and there, for twenty-five cents, you may have a Miniature Presentation, which includes a dainty flask of perfume and a powder compact. The easiest way is to use the Postscript below. Or, if your dealer's supply has been exhausted, just mail Postscript and quarter to Lucretia Vanderbilt, 104 Grassmere Ave., Fairfield, Conn., mentioning dealer's name and address and shade of powder preferred (Natural or Rachel).



**PERFUME:** The smartest of perfumes. Sensually oriental. Comes in a gorgeous blue Parisian crystal flask with silvered base, in fabergeaut satin receptacle. Read in silver. In two sizes: $7.50 and $10. Refills: $4 and $6.

**FACE POWDER:** In White, Oakespink, Rachel and Natural. Scented with Lucretia Vanderbilt Perfume. The downy velour puff is fastened in and kept separate from the powder. Price, $3. Refills with puff, $1.50.

**DOUBLE COMPACT:** Contains powder, Natural or Rachel, and rouge in Medium, Crimson or Vivid. When opened, the thin metal case reveals powder, rouge and mirror, a handy and time-saving feature. Price, with metal interior and two puffs of downy wool, in oliospikin case, $2.50. Refills of each item, 50¢.

**TRIPLE COMPACT:** Identical with my Double Compact, except that a dainty Lucretia Vanderbilt Lipstick is included. Price, $3. Refills of each item, 50¢.

**LIPSTICK:** Four shades: Light, Medium, Dark, and Sunbrite. The latter, when applied, changes from an orange tint to vivid red, according to skin texture. The stick comes in and out, pencil fashion. Price, $1. Refills, 50¢.

**PERFUME.** *Purse Size:* My seductive perfume, in a dainty flask for the purse. Encased in soft leather of rich blue . . . quite the smartest and most intimate of beauty accessories. Price $2.50.

Lucretia Vanderbilt

**POSTSCRIPT TO RETAILER:**

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THE name of Elizabeth Arden is a symbol of loveliness to more than ten million women. But Elizabeth Arden is so much more than a name. She is a real women, an exciting personality, whose enthusiasm for Beauty has placed the priceless gift of charm within reach of every woman.

Miss Arden understands the exquisite care of the skin, and knows that faces do not just stay in shape, but must be held in shape by good strong muscles and firm healthy tissues. This means regular care and exercise—to strengthen the muscles and quicken the circulation so that the blood comes dancing to the cheeks to invigorate the tissues and clear the skin.

Elizabeth Arden's Treatments and Preparations keep muscles vigorous, tissues toned up, and your skin smooth and tight so that your face simply does not get a chance to droop. Ask for Elizabeth Arden's book, "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home.

*Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops all over the world.*

VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT
For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin. $2.25, $4.

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL
A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles. $1, $2.50, $4.

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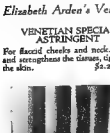
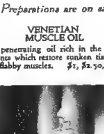
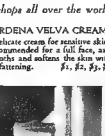
A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face, as it smooths and softens the skin without fattening. $1, $2, $3, $6.



VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM
Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6.



VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC
Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. $2, $3, $3.75, $5.



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# A WOMAN OF SCANDINAVIA

*Continued from Page 6*

his mind a definite thought to do, and before he spoke I was walking with it. Rarely, ah, but yes—rarely did I do the scene over. For a long, long time I was like some one living inside another's brain."

She suggests a woman who has sought to wipe certain tragic experiences completely off her memory. Her countenance wraps itself up in that shutter-like look and becomes mysteriously withdrawn when events even remotely touch those early days, and yet were she to unfold the pattern of them, it could be easily understood it was those very steps that had wrought the present design.

This man was Maurice Stiller. They say that in death his features reminded one of the massive figures carved on the portals of the Cathedral of Cologne and of the giants of the ancient sagas, something grandiose and primitive, strengthened in this period of nothingness by some profound inner sweetness. As he lay in death, so he was in life, vast and intensely gentle.

He was tremendous in structure and moved within himself like a stranger in a clumsy house, but everything that was in the world of compassion and understanding and tenderness was in his heart and flooded over into his voice. I have yet to hear another one like Maurice Stiller's—thick and warm and very, very sweet.

All that there is of beauty was seen through the tonic of his senses; all that has been given to man through the keen edge of his spirit—his poetry, his pictures, his marbles—came into significance for her, colored through his eyes until there was constructed between them some fine and unbreakable thread. One would not dismiss this bond, which had in it a great deal that is fine in human living because of its coupled achievement, if one could. For her, I believe she has no wish to.

They both belonged to what Arnold Bennett calls "the passionate few." These people in the theater of life who feel deeply. Everything about them translated itself into terms of personal heat, which is a far different thing than personal passion, that scourge that lashes the body. It is the immortal brand in human beings that enables them to lift the spirit of the crowd.

It is the white-hot glow that set Paul aflame on the top of Mars Hill; the burning force in a tiny man out of Corsica that caused a heroic army to hurl itself at his feet. It is the torch that flared in Henri Bernstein, the playwright in the French House of Deputies, that never-to-be-erased hour when he answered Joseph Caillaux, on trial for betrayal of his country, who protested he was being persecuted by the Jews.

Masterly, magnificent, the finest defense of a race since *Shylock* gushed forth on a stream of personal heat. So the shining trail goes on. Heat! Heat! That fire of the soul that holds within its radiance all the things of the universe. Impenetrable as this woman seems—who walks with such deliberate indifference—this is what she has.

WHEN life is dominated by some big purpose, it is apt to be blind to little things. It is absorbed by a single aim and closes its eyes to everything without it. Here in these two careers of unceasing and crowded movement, where every day is broken into a hundred different fragments, something laid its mark. It crept in on stealthy feet, and before the destruction of its presence could be felt Maurice Stiller died.

The world has made a certain pretense of tearing the curtains apart that have linked her definitely with his art, so definitely that her technique is called the Stiller technique; but secret, remote in her giant reticence where this period is concerned, there is something inexorable, cold, and strong.

His death came in the middle of her last picture. She has never drawn the curtain aside, and if she did it now in a short pause—the pauses of this pale girl are strung into more powerful sentences than a velocity of words—it was but a momentary and fleeting glimpse.

She does not have to mention his name to know of whom she is speaking. He threads her talk like the motif of a Wagner score.

"That picture of an American woman—you thought it fine? For me it was a time that was very black. Something happened. I can not speak of it—not even to myself. I could not carry on the spirit of the picture. I was a person that could not sleep, or eat, or walk, and I wished much to go back to my home in Sweden. But they shook their heads and said, 'You must be faithful to us and to your work.' They would not let me go.

"I said to them, 'You will have something dead on the screen. It will have no life.' Now you say it is beautiful? I do not see how that can be unless there is beauty in grief. Perhaps I do not know."

What survives for her is something she can not forget, for it puts flights into her face and makes it soar, which is a very fine thing to see in a human countenance.

The small class of cultured Continentals in the *milieu* in which her work is cast meet her but rarely, and when they do she is no addition to their gathering.

One night in an intimate circle the conversation veered around to the much-talked-of autobiography of a celebrated dancer and the indulgences that had caused her to fall into a decadence.

Inarticulate and still, she had been there all evening as tho she had made a circle about her, and was sitting undisturbed within it, complete unto herself. Only once she opened her lips to speak, and those who heard her will not soon forget it.

"Perhaps," she said, her voice coming without passion or emphasis, "she was forgetting for a little while the pain of being a human being."

When she was reminded of this bitter and broken observation, she quietly went to a table on which lay a few books.

"When I was to play *Anna Karenina*, I read everything this man wrote. He is a very great person, and his name is Leo Tolstoy. For these words I have much love."

SHE read them in German. The lines came from her throat rich, like the feel of brushing one's hand over velvet, as pure German should come. No wonder they burned into her mind. For tragic loneliness and confusion they have no equal. Here they are:

"If I know the way home, and if I go along it drunk and staggering from side to side, does that prove that the road is not the right one? If I stagger and wander, come to my help and support me and guide me in the right path. Do not yourselves confuse and mislead me, and then rejoice over it and cry:

"Look at him! He says he is going home, and he is floundering in the mud!'

"You are also human beings, and you are also going home. My heart is breaking with despair because we have all lost the road, and while I struggle with all my strength to find it and keep it, you, instead of pitying me when I go astray, cry triumphantly:

"'See, he is in the swamp with us!'"

Her own private life is detached from the hours in which she works. It is fed on long and silent walks in many solitary hours. It is lived in an obscure hotel on the ocean outside of the crowded places. Whatever she gives on the screen of vividness, or suffering, or rapture, or poetry, is nourished on these silences. In this isolation is also the unrest of a human being who irritably resents every intrusion.

"It is not that I am not to be approached. Oh, no, I am most simple. But for me I find it a very lonely thing to be much with people. They are so tragic and so sad because they are like this—so small. So I live by myself all day and for many days, and I go there" (pointing to the Santa Monica hills) "alone, and I swim alone.

"When I am so, a great relief comes to me, as tho doors opened somewhere to let some madness escape. When I am in the world, always I have a great fear—what of, I do not know—but to be alone

*Continued on Page 80*

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

*From luscious ripe grapes comes the Cream of Tartar in Royal. Remember that baking powder is not made with Cream of Tartar unless the label says so.*

# ROYAL *isn't just a different brand of baking powder—it's a different kind—it's Cream of Tartar baking powder*

ROYAL IS THE ONLY NATIONALLY DISTRIBUTED BAKING POWDER THAT IS MADE WITH CREAM OF TARTAR

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*"If you want cup cakes like mine, use Cream of Tartar baking powder,"*
*says* IDA BAILEY ALLEN

*Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen—internationally known food authority, whose talks on cooking are broadcast from New York over the Columbia Broadcasting System.*

"HUMPS are vastly becoming to camels, but did you ever try to ice a *cup cake* with a hump?" Mrs. Allen raised merry eyes from the heavy morning mail just received at her model kitchen. "This puzzled young woman writes, 'Why are my cup cakes knobby on top, coarse-textured, and full of holes?'

"There are several contributing reasons. But the *main* factor is the baking powder. It is important to use the kind that acts evenly and steadily until the baking is finished—Cream of Tartar baking powder. I have been teaching cooking for over twenty years, and I know from experience that cup cakes made with Royal invariably rise evenly. They are always light and even-grained—their texture velvety perfection.

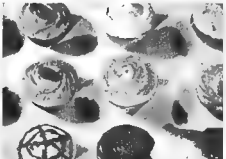
"I often serve cup cakes plain, without icing, and my family are especially critical of flavor. The Cream of Tartar in Royal protects the flavor of my cakes from any bitterness. I wouldn't risk using any other baking powder.

"From the health point of view, too, I prefer Royal. Doctors and dietitians, you know, say that Cream of Tartar is the most wholesome ingredient from which baking powder can be made."

Here is an exceptionally good master recipe for cup cakes, with four enticing ways to vary it:

CUP CAKES. Cream thoroughly ½ cup butter; add 1 cup sugar, a little at a time, beating well. Add yolks of 2 eggs and beat well. Sift 2 cups flour with 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add to first mixture 1 cup milk a little at a time alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Bake in greased cup cake tins or in paper baking cups in moderate oven at 375° F. for 25 minutes.

PLAIN CUP CAKES WITH CHOCOLATE FROSTING. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla extract to cup cake batter just before adding the egg whites. Cover tops only with a thick, fluffy Chocolate Seven-Minute Frosting.



*One master recipe made this attractive variety of cup cakes. But you will want to serve some warm from the oven, lightly sprinkled with powdered sugar. The frosting recipes are in the new Royal Cook Book.*

ORANGE CUP CAKES. Add to cup cake batter ½ teaspoon orange extract and grated rind of 1 orange. Cover with orange frosting and sprinkle with grated orange rind, before frosting sets.

CHOCOLATE CUP CAKES. Omit ½ cup flour in the cup cake recipe and sift with the dry ingredients ½ cup cocoa. Cover with a coffee frosting and garnish each with a half pecan nut.

SPICED CUP CAKES. Sift ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon cloves and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg with the dry ingredients. Flour 1 cup raisins. After the batter has been put into greased cup cake tins, drop a few raisins into each. Cover with a fluffy white boiled frosting which may be colored a delicate pink if desired. Decorate with a fine cobweb design in chocolate icing.

**Free—New Royal Cook Book,** with 125 entirely new recipes for cakes, cookies, shortcakes, hot breads and salads. 360 tested recipes in all, with complete up-to-date directions and correct cooking temperatures, delightful luncheon and supper menus, suggestions for appetizing sandwich fillings, and other new features.

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CLEANSING TISSUES

**. . . now in clever, handy box that gives 2 sheets at a time**

NOW the safe way to remove cold cream is the quick, easy way! A new box makes Kleenex the daintiest dressing table accessory imaginable . . . and the handiest.

Tear away a narrow perforated strip—and you'll find two sheets all ready. None wasted. The rest remain inside, clean, fresh, safe from dirt and dust.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues are the soft, hygienic tissues that beauty experts recommend for all cold cream removal. Towels, harsh cloths, irritate the skin and rub grease and dirt *further down* into the pores, to harbor germs and cause skin infections and eruptions.

Kleenex is so highly absorbent that it simply blots away the grease and dirt. It leaves the skin really clean.

Your favorite toilet goods counter has the new Kleenex. The cost is negligible . . . much cheaper than soiling and ruining towels. Use the coupon if you'd like to try this delightful toilet accessory without investment.

**NEW! IN COLORS!**
Flesh Pink Sea Green
Canary Yellow
as well as White

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

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*City*..... *State*.....

**Kleenex**
*Cleansing Tissues*


*Continued from Page 78*

sets the spirit free. It is not because I want to make what you call the 'impressive gesture.' For what must I impress them? For art's sake? That is the way fools speak. I do not consider I have an art. I have a work—yes. I work honestly, and in hard work there is much—how does one say it?—much bigness."

"Dignity?"

"Ah, yes, that is a fine word. In Swedish we say '*verdighest*.' So I work hard, and when I want to play, down there on the sands are many lovely children and nice dogs who are my very good friends. They think me only a splendid comrade in shabby corduroy trousers and an old felt hat. They do not ask me about love and whether I am ex-ex-exotic. These questions of small people with thoughts like little insects—they have a sickness in their minds.

"You have often been to a place where many animals are gathered. Yes—yes—a zoo. Have you watched them—these majestic creatures — staring — staring somewhere—so—unregarding? I can not bear the look in their eyes. They are so —so—so dignified and so honest with all the crumpled, greedy crowd rushing upon them wondering—poking with little sticks.

"They talk and talk of the leopard's spots, and what brought them there; the stripes of the tiger, and what made him so; and the colors on the strange wild birds—how came they there. It is like questioning God, do you not think? So me, I go somewhere away from those things that hurt too much.

"As for love, what can I say to them about love? If I talked to them all day and all night, it would be like throwing a ball between walls, bounding back and forth—a lot of words touching nothing; unless I fastened it to something of my own, and through the eyes of that I could make them see what love meant, then, perhaps, I might speak of it—but that I will not do.

"But I will tell *you*. It does not come to serve this—this—" and the long white hands touch lightly the long white body. "Oh, no, not at all. It is high—outside of you and outside of me. I saw it once through an action so big—so immense—so glorious, that I was blessed of God in that moment. I can not speak of it—it is part of a long chain—but that I was permitted to see it makes me happy to rest a little longer where men do things like that."

THE heroic figure of the Norwegian saga! The carved effigy on the portal of the Cathedral at Cologne! One caught a glimpse on her face of those lines from the "Blessed Damozel," "The wonder was not quite gone from that still look of hers." There you have her. This tall, white, Scandinavian woman, who marches to some unstruck music, inscrutable, authentic, and sure.

## THROUGH SEVEN CAMPUS GATES

*Continued from Page 2*

is no longer a potpourri resulting in a mere undigestible smatter.

Now each student, under advice, and usually at the end of her sophomore year, is required to choose a major course. At its completion she is given one comprehensive examination on her entire subject. Finally, students desirous and capable of taking up special work, independent of regular classes, are now allowed to do so. "Honor students," as they are called, are handled to-day almost exactly as were candidates for a master's degree twenty years ago.

COURSES of study have expanded. A new emphasis on the fine arts has brought into college life an esthetic quality which was greatly needed. One of its practical manifestations is an organized drive against faults of speech and voice which have always made America seem to other nations a defective child of culture. Now each college requires a course in spoken English.

To introduce such innovations and increase individual attention given students is very expensive. It means both that faculties have to be increased and that salaries must be high enough to attract professors adequate to these demands. Because rewards are not sufficient these colleges are always in danger of losing their best instructors. Yet the amazing thing is that charges to students have not increased in proportion to overhead. Altho four of the colleges have a sliding scale of prices according to the room selected, not one in the group but makes it possible for a girl to obtain both tuition and living for a thousand dollars. Not one but offers many scholarships to those who can not afford such a sum.

It would almost seem as if a year at college with all its diverse advantages to mind and body were the one bargain left in the world. When one remembers that these institutions are doing work parallel with men's colleges, it is hard to believe how far from commercialized are their endowments. The entire group is in sore need of greater general understanding of an achievement which in so brief a period of effort is nothing short of stupendous.

Such are the common factors of this group of seven colleges. Nevertheless, within that frame of likenesses each of them preserves an individuality absolutely distinct. Inherent differences of tradition and location, differences of academic slant, diversity of special courses set apart each college and give it an atmosphere as unique as are the personalities of the seven presidents. Therefore, until the whole story is told of what each college offers, parents can not fairly answer either of the two questions with which they are confronted, "Shall I send my daughter to college? If so, which shall it be?"

OF ALL seven colleges Bryn Mawr has changed the least. In the first place, it was not opened until the beginning of mental sophistication in the United States. Advanced education was an old story in 1885. With women making their mark in professions and in business it was a foregone conclusion that adequate training must be provided for them. Women novelists and artists, women scientists were rapidly pushing their way out of the old sphere of domestic limitations. True, it wasn't exactly the fashion to possess a college degree, but to do so no longer subjected a woman to comment.

In the second place, founded as it was in the Quaker tradition, Bryn Mawr was quite free both of piety and of the Puritanism which cemented the very bricks of Mount Holyoke and Wellesley. Personal liberty has always existed there. Thanks to the vision of its great leader, Miss M. Carey Thomas, the college possessed even in its early history a government by students almost as potent as it is to-day. From the first it was assumed that students came to learn as much as possible and could therefore be trusted to mind their own business.

Quite undramatically, as family customs relaxed, the change was reflected in the college. Smoking, for example, raised only the question of fire prevention. From Saturday noon on, the halls of residence hold but a handful of voluntary hermits, for week-end leaves are uncurtailed. A girl has only to report where she is going. As a consequence the student body has always consisted of mature, self-sufficient young women, and no marked transformation in type has taken place.

There is another reason why Bryn Mawr was consistently the Hekka of this once exceptional adolescent. That is the existence within its gates of a graduate-school. It is readily seen that when one-fifth of the student body is working for higher degrees the accent on learning is greatly stressed. Also, faculty members of high distinction are attracted and held by the opportunity to give advanced courses which offer full scope to their scholarship.

Long before other colleges began to talk about "honor girls" this type of student was to be found at Bryn Mawr.

*Continued on Page 82*

# Troubles that come with middle age

## *– are often caused by inferior toilet tissue*

A PROMINENT SPECIALIST estimates that 65 per cent of all men and women over 40 years of age are suffering from some form of rectal trouble.

An appalling condition! Yet not surprising in view of the gross indifference of most people to the quality of toilet tissue used in their homes.

Not until recently has the importance of bathroom tissue to health been fully realized.

Today, however, millions of housewives are insisting upon the tissues that physicians and hospitals have thoroughly approved—Scot-Tissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf.

These three health-protecting tissues are made from specially processed fibres—"*thirsty fibres.*" Crumple a sheet in your hand. Feel its unusual softness . . . its linen-like texture.

Treat a sheet of ordinary, glazed tissue this same way. You can actually feel its cutting edges—frequently sharp enough to cause a seriously inflamed condition.

Thirsty fibres are extremely absorbent—yet tough and strong. Without this absorbent quality thorough hygiene is impossible. This is why Scott Tissues are so much safer to use than harsh, glazed toilet tissue.

Scott Tissues are chemically pure—neither acid nor alkaline. The sheets tear easily and squarely at the perforations. And the rolls are closely wrapped to fit the built-in fixtures.

Never take chances again. Always be sure of safety by asking for either ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

**Scott Tissues**

Waldorf *3 for 20¢* — Sani-Tissue *3 for 25¢* — ScotTissue *2 for 25¢* (Prices for U.S. only)

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NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world . . . Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty-fibre* qualities.

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# *At Last!* A True JET BLACK For Home Dyeing

***The First Yet Discovered for Home Use***

***Not* "GREY BLACK" "GREEN BLACK" *or* FADED BLACK, *but the True* JET *That Marks the Most Expensive Professional Work!***

AFTER years of research, the world's leading maker of home dyes now announces a true JET BLACK for home dyeing. The same TRUE BLACK heretofore found only in the most expensive materials—or in articles dyed by the most expensive dyers.

Try it on that faded but cherished dress you have been thinking of discarding. Transform it into a smart lustrous black dress—chic as any of the Parisian importations. Then contrast it with any other so-called black material you have. The difference will amaze you.

### *The Hardest Dye for Women to Find*

Every woman who has ever attempted to dye things black at home knows how impossible it has been to find a true JET BLACK. We worked years to perfect one. Then without advertising, put it on the market. Said nothing to women about it; told them nothing. Just let them find out themselves.

Soon we received scores of letters. Women told us that never before had they seen so wonderful a black. Without advertising its use spread from one end of America to the other. We call it BLACK RIT*. And there is no other black like it. Compared with rival blacks, it shows TRUE BLACK against the discouraging "green Blacks", "blue Blacks" and faded-appearing blacks of old ways in dyeing. Please try it.

It is quick, simple and easy to use; no extra process, no bother. Get a package of BLACK RIT today. It costs but a few cents at any good drug or department store and we believe it will change your previous ideas on home tinting and dyeing. RIT Products Corp., 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address, 468 W. King St., Toronto.

**RIT also comes in all the season's latest and smartest Parisian colors for home tinting and dyeing hosiery, lingerie, curtains, etc. At all drug and department stores.*

**WHITE RIT** *167*

*Removes dyes from colored fabrics and takes out stains and spots from white goods. HARMLESS as plain boiling water. For professional results in home tinting or dyeing always remove old color first with* WHITE RIT.

NEW IMPROVED **RIT**

**Tints or Fast Dyes All Fabrics**

*Never Say "Dye"—Say RIT*


*Continued from Page 80*

It has always been easy there for a girl to achieve individual distinction of any kind, for this is the smallest college in the group. The entire undergraduate membership of four hundred wouldn't fill freshman quarters at Smith.

With all these facts in mind, one can scarcely wonder that Bryn Mawr has had the reputation for being a bit "superior" to her sisters. In the slang of the nineties, "she was little, but oh my!" And Miss M. Carey Thomas, president for all but fifteen years of its existence, did everything possible to give this impression a factual basis. She was a woman whose tremendous force of personality and conviction swept feminism up to new heights. She accepted no limitations whatsoever for her sex, but asserted that women could attain any goal they had the courage to attempt. As an outstanding leader in women's education she determined to create a school which should be on a par with the finest institution of learning available to men.

Without doubt the model she selected was Oxford. Certainly there have always been on the faculty graduates from that cultural center. And then there was the Bryn Mawr accent carefully instilled until even girls from Salt Lake City or Dixie or Vermont struck their mothers as being completely Anglicized.

Moreover, every physical detail contributed to the same impression. Graystone, ivy-covered buildings all of English Gothic style, the library cloisters, smooth lawns of velvety green, arched gateways, fine old trees! Here, indeed, set down in our midst is a bit of England in a perfection of sequestered atmosphere. Here, if anywhere, can youth be imbued with the joys and rewards of the intellectual life.

INTO this setting, when she was made president five years ago, stepped Miss Marion Park. Her association with the college could hardly have been closer. A graduate and postgraduate of Bryn Mawr, she had also served there as dean. On the other hand, years of foreign study, of teaching at a Western college and acting as dean in two Eastern colleges besides her own had given her wide experience and diverse contact.

Probably her main interest is scholarship. Certainly her own is proved by her possession, among other trophies, of four degrees. But her chief contribution to Bryn Mawr has been more essential to it than emphasis on intellectual acquisitions. What she has done is to humanize it, give to its atmosphere those ingredients of humility and of aspiration which are far nobler than the most justifiable arrogance.

Never was the essence of a personality more luminously revealed in manner and expression. With Miss Park it is as if such attributes as stature, feature, and coloring had been endued the better to disclose the presence of a high-souled spirit. One can not talk with her five minutes without realizing both her force and her capacity for selfless imagination for others. There is a gaiety and sweetness about Miss Park which draws her close to youth. She knows all the girls by name. Last year when a brilliant but penniless student from the Far West was taken ill the president brought her into her own charming house for convalescence.

Due to its system of unequally priced rooms which sets a maximum annual expenditure at more than two thousand dollars, Bryn Mawr has often been accused of snobbery. For this reason it is good to sound the sturdy democracy of President Park. She is desirous of getting a larger percentage of high-school students. She believes in coeducation.

To all intercollegiate enterprises she gives eager support. In her opinion there is great educational value in the Model League of Nations, which meets every year in some college within a certain district, and students of both sexes participate. Two members from each college in the group represent a specified nation and, according to a carefully prepared agenda, discuss the very issues current at Geneva. "There is no doubt," says Miss Park, "that these meetings, together with a recent effort to stimulate undergraduates to study at Geneva in the Summer, have offered great impetus to student interest in international peace."

Likewise intercollegiate debates and

Original from

work for the National Federation of Students are regarded by the president as satisfying indications of a new spirit of co-operation which has drawn Bryn Mawr more closely than ever before into association with other colleges. Why, this Spring Princeton students took the men's parts in a play given at Bryn Mawr and were actually entertained beforehand at a tea-dance!

IT HAD never happened before. But such a break with Quaker traditions of sobriety seems to promise more than it does. Asked if they would like to repeat the experiment, the girls were casually vague. "At any rate," they asserted, "we have no intention of giving formal 'proms' here. We get enough dancing at home and at the men's colleges without going in for it ourselves. It isn't worth the bother."

Indeed, aside from teas, entertainment of the incoming freshmen and a few special ceremonies, such as the picturesque "Lantern Night," there is only one occasion which *is* "worth the bother." That is the superb May-day celebration held every fourth year. In this the entire college takes part. To it flock visitors by thousands. Shakespearian plays, Elizabethan dances, jousting-matches, and tumbling, preceded by a magnificent pageant, with every one in costume and presented in that incomparable setting—such are the component parts of a fête-well worth, as an educational feature, the enormous amount of time and labor expended upon it.

With this exception, however, college activities are comparatively few. The Dramatic Association gives a play or two, and the Glee Club a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. The *News* is issued weekly, and the literary *Lantern* every month. The governing body and the Undergraduate Association keep their committees busy. There is always a goodly number on the tennis-courts and in the athletic field. But the casual pilgrim who sets foot within the precincts of Bryn Mawr finds that what is going on there is study.

The library with its individual stalls and reading-lamps is peculiarly designed for personal seclusion. On a warm day its cloisters will show a frieze of girls conning their books with bare, brown legs dangling over the low parapet. The picture is significant. For what with the smallness of the college, where business is easily handled, and the slim program of events, it follows that here in a special way young women are engaged in mastering "learning's crabbed text."

Partly is one impressed with this because Bryn Mawr makes little attempt to include the application of theory. There is a play-writing course so popular that if the professor cuts, the girls are furious. But these plays are not performed. The music department has no major course, and gives no credit either for instrumental practise or for work in the Glee Club. Likewise, art students wishing to give tangible expression to their interest are obliged to hire their own instructor and to volunteer time in the studio, with nothing gained toward a degree.

Science lectures are, of course, supplemented by laboratory work. Students in the education department visit as observers that delightful open-air school of progressive type called "The Phœbe Anna Thorne School," which backs its pagoda-like buildings into a corner of the campus. Nevertheless it remains true that here the principle of undergraduate work is an exclusive concentration on acquiring information and on the development of processes which are purely mental.

Faithful to English tradition, Bryn Mawr stands for the humanities. Unlike others in this group, it concedes as a ticket of entrance no substitute for Latin except Greek. Furthermore, one year's college work in either of these ancient tongues is demanded for a B. A. degree. The sentence is probably endured with so good a grace because here the classics vibrate with something of the color and life of the present. This is due to the close relation between these courses and archeology.

That department, which has contributed much luster to the college, has

*Continued on Page 85*

# *Well Bred*

Horsemen have a saying that "blood will tell," and the same principle applies to most of the good things of life . . . good clothes, good manners, good society, and good tobacco. . . . For the essence of all fine breeding lies in a capacity for selection. And the delicacy and mellow fragrance which are so characteristic of Camel Cigarettes are the result of one of the most painstaking processes of selection in the world.

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# WHITTALL RUGS

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*The present-day tendency toward wall to wall carpeting welcomes the beautiful colors and textures of Whittall Carpets*

**M. J. WHITTALL ASSOCIATES, LTD., WORCESTER, MASS.**

*Continued from Page 82*

always maintained direct contact with the American School of Classic Studies at Athens. The thrill of new discoveries which throw light on Greek and Roman civilization is felt instantaneously within the ivy-covered walls of Bryn Mawr. Graduate students and professors are always coming back from the Mediterranean ready to impart fresh zest to young tyros. This stimulus and the influence of like-trained heads of the college are potent. Thirteen per cent. of 1930's senior class have chosen to major in the classics.

Modern tongues, however, are given a more generally important place on the schedule. No girl can graduate without a reading knowledge of French and German. They are taught for the most part by those born and bred in the language, and students must park all English vocables outside the classroom door. The same is true of Italian and Spanish. Fluency and proper accent are first principles, succeeded by a study of the indigenous literature and civilization. No young woman released from this environment will be able to think of Paris only in terms of *couture*, nor of Rome as the place where one consumes *pasta* and *Frascati* to the plash of fountains.

But, Heavens above, we haven't said a word yet about the English courses! It is all the more belated because alumnæ who have missed Miss Park's inoculation of modesty assure us that one who has majored in English at Bryn Mawr has a unique guaranty of erudition. An even more basic tribute, however, was offered the department by an undergraduate. "It's through our English work that we first really learn how to study," she declared: "It's a perfect blend of method, information, and a technique which makes us long to master lucid and discriminating expression."

The compliment was returned by one of the instructors, an Englishwoman of literary forebears. Said she, "I'd rather teach American than English girls. These youngsters are rather awful, you know, as to faults. But they realize it. They don't think writing is merely a trick, and are not always laying on purple patches."

First aid in correcting this awfulness comes from every quarter. Blithely one of the history professors offered his cruel-kind process of tying up his work with English instruction. "At the third misspelled word, at the second tangled sentence, I read no further in a girl's paper. If she can't set down her information properly there is no use her knowing all the kings of France nor the dynastic ambitions of the Tudors."

Girls who don't yet know that they must think logically in order to write clearly, girls who have a passion in them for learning, are *personæ non gratæ* with Bryn Mawr professors. Some of the youngest and most austere amongst the latter say frankly that only "honor students" should come to college. But such severity is dismissed by President Park with a smile which gathers benignly into its curve both those autocrats and the subjects of their criticism.

"THE average girl," asserts Miss Park serenely, "certainly takes away something from college which helps to lift the general intelligence and usually she contributes something. Perhaps she is a good executive. She may be good at sports. Often a girl who responds coldly to the lure of French verbs or to physics may be awakened by music."

The music department, indeed, is an effective means of arousing the appreciation of beauty. Often as a prelude to one of the specially interesting concerts given by the Philadelphia Orchestra the class will discuss and analyze both structure and meaning of all the compositions on the program. The ensuing performance, which all students may attend without formality of chaperon or special permission, is thus bound to be heard creatively. Lectures in the music-room of the beautiful Goodhart Hall are always crowded, and the head of the department said approvingly, "Often girls will spend hours playing phonograph records in order to memorize certain musical forms."

Much the same interest, moreover, is displayed in pictorial art. This department, expertly organized and adequately equipped with reproductions of a world of masterpieces, contributes that sympathetic understanding of by-gone eras which springs from a union of the mind with emotions stirred through beauty.

From a purely surface view-point, however, science work at this college has not the advantages offered elsewhere. Not here will you find the superb buildings, the elaborate modern devices, the spacious quarters, and the exhibits and collections possessed by other women's colleges. But good pedagogy, even in science, is not entirely dependent on external aids, and these at least are adequate here.

Botany is not taught. Yet apparently the work accomplished in chemistry, biology, geology, and physics is of a standard to reconcile the most ardent disciples with this lack. Bryn Mawr's long reputation for excellence in science work is amply justified by the graduate research for which it is a preparation. Theses which summarize such investigations have found their way into the most advanced scientific journals.

Nevertheless, Bryn Mawr students conform to the general rule which makes science an exceptional interest among women. Here as elsewhere they are far more apt to major in English, history, languages, or economics. True, this is one of the few colleges which seems to have mathematics on its mind. But neither in that subject nor even in psychology do many girls choose to specialize.

THE cause of this selective bias probably lies deep in early educational environment. Little girls are still supposed always to prefer dolls to engines, pumps, and aeroplanes. On the other hand, in the case of psychology above all, one can not help suspecting that the initial stages of the subject may be too abstract and technical to capture and lead on the imagination.

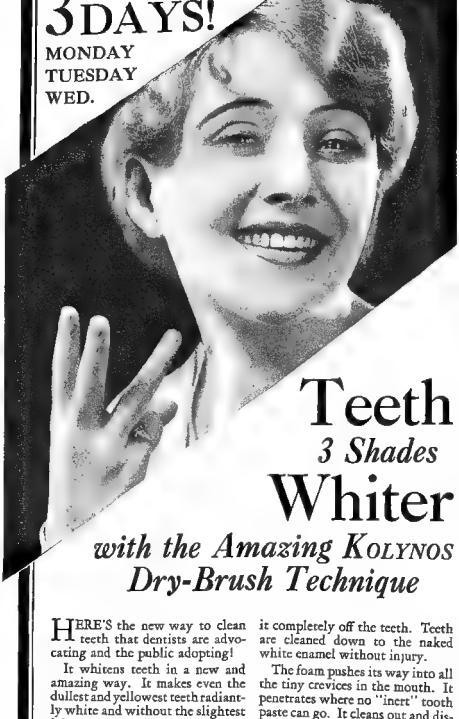
One Bryn Mawr senior said reminiscently, "Yes, I learned in 'baby psych' the theory of the emotions and the will and a lot about the nervous system. But it certainly didn't throw any light on human motives or on human behavior. I think, if it had, I'd have gone on with it." The comment is general among college girls, and to a mere layman it does seem a pity that such is the case. Half a year of psychology represents the only contact with this subject received by the vast number of students everywhere. One can not help wondering to what extent it is inevitable that they should find this vital study so dry and remote from experience.

Perhaps the Bryn Mawr curriculum committee will take this matter up. That group represents the latest adventure of students who feel that they are ready for more responsibility. To educate the freshmen in rules, regulations, how to judge and penalize infringements of privilege, to manage athletic and dramatic enterprises, and to engage Sunday evening speakers—all this is merely the good, familiar routine of running the college. The new interest is partly the result of a recent shock to Bryn Mawr's traditional sense of leadership.

Not Miss Park—for, after all, she was dean of Radcliffe for a year—but certainly the daughters of alumnæ have been amazed to perceive that students in other colleges are putting away childish things and are taking their place with men and bring them abreast, if not actually ahead, of Bryn Mawr students. "Honors work," for example, is developed further in other places. So is the plan of enrolling specially qualified juniors to France. Realization of this astounding situation has proved a great provocation.

In her farewell article, published in the *News*, the outgoing president of the Undergraduate Association indicates what the next step in student responsibility must be. Her command is, "Take an active part in your own education. The initiative must come from you. The curriculum committee has been revised, and the faculty has shown great willingness to allow it to co-operate. You have taken the first steps. Do not let the habit of a spoon-fed education creep in again. Know what you want from your education and get it!"

The challenge is definitely to the student body. The writer will leave the progressive faculty to own the power up. Bryn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It whitens teeth in a new and amazing way. It makes even the dullest and yellowest teeth radiantly white and without the slightest injury to the enamel!

It is called the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique and consists of the use of a half-inch of Kolynos Dental Cream on a dry tooth brush.

The use of a dry tooth brush means that you use Kolynos, a highly concentrated dental cream, *full strength;* also that the brush bristles then remain stiff enough to scrub the tooth surfaces properly and penetrate the crevices between the teeth, and the pits and the fissures in the grinding surfaces.

You can use Kolynos on a dry tooth brush because it foams profusely in the mouth—the only tooth paste that does!

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This foam is active and antiseptic. It works on the mucin coating on the teeth like millions of busy fingers, breaking it up and washing it completely off the teeth. Teeth are cleaned down to the naked white enamel without injury.

The foam pushes its way into all the tiny crevices in the mouth. It penetrates where no "inert" tooth paste can go. It cleans out and disinfects all those places where food particles lodge and cause decay.

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Try Kolynos and discover how white your teeth can be, how clean your mouth can feel. Give this dentifrice a fair trial. Get a tube from your druggist or mail the coupon for a free tube. Scrub teeth and gums, morning and night, for just 3 days. Then, what a change! Teeth look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums look pinker, healthier. Your mouth feels cleaner. No wonder Kolynos is winning thousands of new users every day! Fill in and mail the coupon—now.

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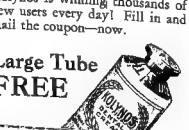


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Mawr girls are very proud of having a faculty almost evenly divided between men and women and one possessed of an unusually large percentage of young professors. Nor that students fail to discriminate between age and years. They never do. One of the juniors expressed the matter thus, "A professor isn't an old dodo just because of white hair and wrinkles. Some of our most brilliant and exciting teachers are more than old enough to have taught our mothers. A dodo is one who has such an absolutely static style of presenting a subject that you're certain in advance just what the class is going to be like. Fixed ideas, unvaried methods, even stale jokes—that's the dodo's repertoire."

Every college, of course, has its prize collection of these specimens. They irritate everybody. But they are none the less heart-breaking. They have given their all to the institution. Long ago they entered it with the consecration once offered to the state of marriage and have never forsworn their vow to love, honor, and obey. For this reason the problem of divorcing them, as Miss Park says, "one of the great tragedies which face any college president." Fortunately for so sympathetic a being, her proportion of potential divorce cases is especially small.

Indeed, what with its Carola Woerishofer Graduate School of Social Research, its non-resident lecturers, and members from across the seas, this faculty has ever been free from academic narrowness. Miss Park attributes this partially to the influence of a dean who is the daughter of an ex-president of the United States. "Mrs. Helen Taft Manning," said she, "can always be counted on to hold before us the great issues of the day and to balance any ingrowing tendency by cosmopolitan contacts."

There is no doubt that such contacts are profoundly desired by students themselves. They reveal this eagerness by a growing interest in international politics and by exchanging ideas with other colleges. They reveal it, also, in the type of speaker they invite to address, not the Liberal Club only as in former days, but the entire student body. You may be sure that some of these speakers are there to discuss religious questions.

For, inarticulate as it may be and impatient of old forms and of a conventionality in conflict with modern loyalty to science and to independent thought, religious interest does exist. If girls go to chapel mainly to hear announcements of college events, they often pack the students' room to detain a great and thoughtful preacher with innumerable questions.

Still another instance of this amplitude of relationships must be cited. No smallest sketch of Bryn Mawr would be complete without a word concerning its Summer School for Women Workers in Industry. It is supported entirely by private subscriptions. For six weeks every year the college is turned over to a hundred manual workers selected by their own groups. From South, West, and East they come, these young women from mills and factories, to share for once the environment of their more fortunate sisters.

They live in the halls. They go to classes every day, taught by a faculty equal in every respect to the regular faculty of the college. They learn sports and take constructive exercises—also, nearly all of them need these! Such is their joy in it all, such is their passionate thirst for learning, that, as one professor put it, "They are the most exhausting and the most inspiring of students!"

A single stipulation was made by the first members of the Summer School. That was that no bells should sound for dismissal of classes. "We have to answer bells all our working lives," they said, "so couldn't we just be told when to move on?" Never was Miss M. Carey Thomas truer to her gift for spacious vision than in following her inspiration to found in 1922 this school for industrial workers. It was her last creative act before resigning the presidency.

HERE, indeed, is outward proof of the ideal to which Bryn Mawr is dedicated. For, altho it is so sheltered and serene, altho it is absorbed in learning for learning's sake and devoted to the highest possible development of the individual, yet the purpose of this college is quite other than a mere aggrandizement of the personal ego. Its true expression involves the spirit of *noblesse oblige* which is, perhaps, education's greatest contribution to a materialistic era.

## WINGS OF THE WIND

*Continued from Page 26*

way through college, went into business, made a little money, came South to work for a chain of drug stores. And here I am. Does all that help anything?"

"Yes, for the purposes of general conversation. I don't care, really. I prefer to think of you as Pan or Neptune—or——"

"Or Noah," he suggested brightly. "I do need a shave."

She laughed. "I wish you'd send out a dove or something to find out whether there's any land anywhere."

As tho in answer to her question she heard a faint humming through the open window.

"An aeroplane!"

SHE rushed to the door and looked out. It was in the northern skies. Instinctively her fingers went into his, and she looked into his eyes. "We can't stay here," was all she said.

But the aviator made a great circle, flying high, and sailed away back toward the Mississippi in the direction from which he had come.

"He'll probably send a boat," said Hepburn quietly.

"Are you glad?" she asked.

"The chickens won't last forever," he said. "I'm going to kill some now. Won't you help me?"

"No, thank you. I'd rather wash dishes."

When Hepburn had hung two chickens to a hook on the cellar stair, he climbed through the window of the stranded house next door and examined the contents of the cupboard, emerging with a package of crackers, a large piece of corn bread, and a tin of coffee.

"Manna in the wilderness," he said, placing his discoveries on the kitchen table. "We have only to wait and all things that we desire will come to us."

But no rescue-boat arrived that day. And Hepburn did nothing toward the building of a raft. He spent his time setting things to rights and making secure the supports of the house. Then he sat around the kitchen, helping her prepare the meals. It was only toward night that she reproved him mildly.

"You don't really want to go," she said.

"I've been needing a vacation for ten years. If there were only more chickens——"

"And more clothes," she sighed. "You may not mind looking like a sportive undertaker, but I've got a little vanity."

"I don't think I'd recognize you in anything but denim."

She laughed at that.

"You don't know the real me at all. I'm quite nice-looking when I'm dressed up."

"Oh, well, I think you're nice-looking the way you are. I don't like dressed-up girls."

"Why not?"

"Too obvious. I never much cared for that sort."

"What sort did you care for?"

"Not for any sort."

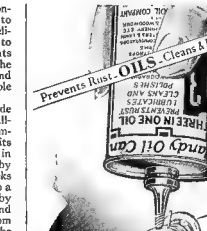
She turned toward him with a queer twist of her lips.

"And you've only had time for me because you couldn't help yourself. Isn't that it? I haven't given you a chance, have I? I threw myself at you. To catch me was the only sporting thing to do. Perhaps you're sorry."

He put his arms around her.

"D-don't, please," she gasped.

*Continued on Page 88*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# 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen *are cared for with* LUX Toilet Soap

Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

MARY BRIAN, Paramount star, in the strikingly beautiful bathroom which is one of the finest built in Hollywood....

She says: "So many stars guard the smoothness of their skin with LUX Toilet Soap. It certainly keeps 'studio skin' in perfect condition."

*Mary Brian*

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

JOAN CRAWFORD, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, uses LUX Toilet Soap in this charming Hollywood bathroom. She says, "Never have I found anything like this fragrant white soap for keeping my skin fresh and smooth."

Photo by C. Hewitt, Hollywood

LOIS MORAN, Fox star, says: "Even the finest French soap could not leave my skin more wonderfully smooth than LUX Toilet Soap does. It's a delightful soap."

GRETA NISSEN says, "LUX Toilet Soap makes my skin wonderfully soft and smooth."

*Luxury hitherto found only in French soaps*

*at 50¢ or $1.00 a cake . . now*

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## *"Lovely Skin is the most appealing charm a girl can have," say 39 leading Hollywood directors*

IT ATTRACTS you instantly whenever you see it—a skin that is exquisitely smooth and lovely.

In Hollywood, where loveliness and magnetism mean success, they know this. "I don't know a single case where a girl without really beautiful skin has been able to win enough popularity to become a star," says William Beaudine, director for Fox, voicing the experience of leading Hollywood directors.

"The charm of a perfect skin is a social asset to any woman, but to a star it is a business necessity," says Mary Brian. For with the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights pouring down on a star's skin, when a close-up is being taken, flawlessly beautiful skin is essential.

Mary Brian keeps her skin always lovely with LUX Toilet Soap. In fact, *9 out of 10 screen stars use LUX Toilet Soap.*

Notice the exquisite texture of Mary Brian's skin the next time you see her—or Joan Crawford's, Lois Moran's or Greta Nissen's. Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 use this soap.

All the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

Buy several cakes of this white, fragrant soap—today. You will find that it keeps your skin wonderfully smooth.

Unless a star's skin shows flawlessly smooth under the glare of the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights used for a close-up, she cannot hope to stir the hearts of her public.

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# Bring Them "back Home" . . . by Telephone

*A Bell System Advertisement*

HOLIDAYS over . . . children on their way back to school . . . friends scattered . . . grown sons and daughters off to the city again. . . .

But there is one sure way of bringing them "back home" all through the year. *By telephone!*

Talking to them is next best to seeing them. And out of town calls are so easy to make these days, so clear and inexpensive. Nineteen million telephones in this country alone are linked to your own in one great System—and you can call any of them, anywhere, any time you wish.

Telephones should be one of the great conveniences in your home. With them you can make nearly all of your social engagements. You can "voice visit" with friends, no matter where they are. You can keep family ties alive. You can widen your circle of activity and companionship.

Telephone Hour is one way many households keep in touch with friends who live in other cities, and members of the family who are away. Regularly they place calls to them. It takes but a few minutes and is thoroughly reasonable in cost; yet it pays large returns in appreciation and affection. Why not have a Telephone Hour this week and every week thereafter?

# ARE YOU A BLONDE? ...*do this!*

GET Blondex, the special shampoo for blondes only. Try it just once and see how much prettier your hair is—softer, silkier, *brighter*, with a lovely golden radiance. Blondex prevents darkening—lightens dull, faded hair *safely*. No dyes or harsh chemicals. A million users. At all good drug and dept. stores.

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**Toothbrush Holder**

With this smart little kitten to hold the brush, children find good fun in brushing their teeth. Boxed in dainty gift fashion.

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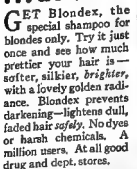
# Hotels Need Trained Women



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MANAGERS, assistant managers, floor clerks, housemen, etc., wanted for hotels, clubs, institutions, etc., owned by industry, operating in America's foremost cities. Hundreds of new establishments now opening. Thousands calling for trained executives. Chicago needs Lewis Graduate Employment Bureau receiving daily calls for executives to fill important positions. You can prepare at home during spare time. Thousands have done it. Thousands have done it today! Start full details. Write today!

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS Washington, D. C.

Room BS-2374 *The Original and Only School of its Kind in the World*


*Continued from Page 86*

He kissed her on the lips. She yielded a little and then moved away from him.

"For a man who knows nothing about women you have a facility——"

"I only want to know about one woman——"

"I think you know quite enough about me for the present."

He took her by the shoulders and looked into her eyes.

"I've got to shoulder you for your faith in me. It's a kind of faith that goes back to first principles."

Then he helped her with her work. After it was done they sat on the small strip of grass that remained to them and watched the rising moon. The distorted trees threw a mantle of spectral shadow over them. They were both content.

"Look!" she said suddenly with a gesture toward the two houses looming against the stars, "aren't they fantastic in the moonlight? Our fairy castle in the land of dreams. I wish there was no other world than this."

"When the rescue-boats come we can still hide in the garret, if you like," he suggested.

"I think we'd better," she whispered close to his lips. "But we must be practical. I'm sure this is an island of illusion and that I'll wake up to find it's all a dream. I must tell you my name and how——"

"Why?" he asked. "Did it make any difference when I told you mine?"

"But have you no curiosity?"

"None. All my wishes are gratified in you. I need nothing more."

"All the beautiful speeches of all the nicest men in the world rolled into one! But curiosity! Have you no curiosity?"

"I'm afraid to break the spell."

"But we must break the spell, Phil. I have a feeling that we must. My name is Lucretia Perot——"

He straightened and stared at her.

"Perot!" he said.

"Yes. I live with my mother on the Mercier Plantation beyond Gibsonville. My father is dead——"

"Not William Perot of New Orleans!"

"Why, yes." She turned toward him. "Judge Perot they called him in Red Water Parish."

"Oh, yes. Of course."

His voice had a sudden dulness and he drew his hand away from hers.

"What is it, Phil? You knew my father?"

"No." He smiled. "I've only been in this part of the world a few months."

"What's the matter then?"

"Nothing." He took her fingers to reassure her. But she could see that something had disturbed him.

"Won't you tell me what it is bothering you?"

"No," he said cheerfully. "There's nothing to tell except that it's getting late and that to-morrow is probably the day of your rescue. You must go to bed at once."

She glanced at him again, and then, without a word, preceded him into the house. The magic spell of the island of illusion had been broken—the world had already come between them.

THE man who arouses the curiosity of a woman plays a mischievous imp which will never rest until that curiosity is gratified. Rita was wounded by Phil Hepburn's evasions, and entered the house, determined to ask him no questions, and to wait in patience until he chose to confide in her. But as the moments passed and he said nothing, she too became reserved, and only offered her cheek for his cool good-night caress.

She chose, at his suggestion, the boy's room up-stairs, leaving Hepburn to sleep upon the sofa in the kitchen. Thus the conventions, completely routed by the storm, were restored. But she continued to wonder why Phil had reacted so peculiarly to her father's name. What could Judge Perot mean to Phil Hepburn? She could not understand why the name of Perot should have cast a shadow over their understanding. Finally she wrapped her blanket around her resolutely and composed her mind to sleep.

She awoke to another day of sunshine. Then she remembered Phil's change of attitude.

When she went down-stairs to prepare breakfast, her fears, it seemed, had been justified. Something had come between them; his averted glance and the soberness of his demeanor were significant. The change in him was emphasized by the fact that he wore his own clothing and not the somber garments of the "undertaker."

AS SOON as breakfast was over she caught him by the hand and drew him to the sofa beside her.

"Phil," she insisted, "something has come between us. What is it?"

He was silent for a moment, then he said:

"You have been away from home, haven't you?"

"Yes, for almost two months visiting in Kentucky. I only reached Hobartville the morning of the flood. But what has that to do with you and me?"

"I don't know just yet, but it's going to be up to you."

"To me?"

He caught her by the shoulders and turned her face toward him, making her look deep into his eyes.

"Would you still believe in me, still love me, no matter what could come between us?" he asked her.

"Yes, yes. Always. No matter what. But is it fair, Phil, to ask me such questions when I don't know what it is all about?"

"Did you love your father very much?" he asked.

"I adored him! He was a splendid man."

"Oh, I see," he said, "I understand."

But his understanding did not seem to make him any happier.

"Won't you speak, Phil? Tell me what bothers you."

He was silent for a moment, and then he said, "Let the world separate us if it can. It will come to us soon enough."

"You frighten me, Phil. What have you done? What have I done——"

"You've done nothing. Neither have I. It is just something that has happened—that's all. So let's not talk about it any longer."

Then he went up-stairs to bring down the hens, and she gave herself up to the reflections of the night before. Her name—her father's name—her love for her father. Could it mean that Phil was connected in some way with the lawsuit that had cast a shadow across her youth? Was it possible?

When Phil came down the stairs, two chickens in each hand, she was waiting for him.

"I must know, Phil—I can't stand it another moment. After all that's happened—it's my right to know——"

He released the chickens, and they ran squawking away.

"Yes," he said somberly. "It is your right."

She waited anxiously for him to speak.

"To begin with," he said, "much has happened since you left New Orleans. I am the grandson of General Joshua Wainwright, whose estate claims the ownership of your Acadian lands. Some time ago I retained, in my mother's interest and my own, the services of Alexander King of New Orleans."

"Lawyer King represents you?" she cried.

He nodded his head.

"But there must be some mistake," she said, bewildered. "Lawyer King has accused my father of forging the deeds that gave my family the ownership of the Acadian lands——"

Rita put her face into her hands.

"Rita!" Phil said brokenly.

"Phil, this is the only thing that could have come between us. Tell me it's a mistake and I'll believe you. Won't you explain?"

"God help me, I can't."

A moment of shocked silence and then, "You mean that you have attacked the integrity of my father—accused him of forgery? How dreadful of you!"

"I am sorry. I know it's cruel——"

"Sorry! That's a poor word. You mean that you believe that my father—? You make me hate the hour that brought us together. And I hope that I'll never see you again!"

She rushed out of the house and away. Phil Hepburn took out his pipe and put into it the last crums of his tobacco.

"Poor kid!" he said.

*Continued on Page 90*

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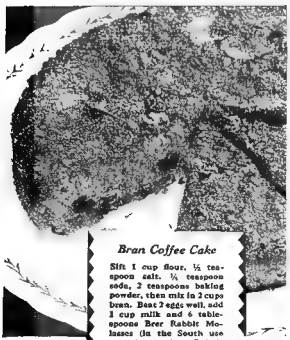
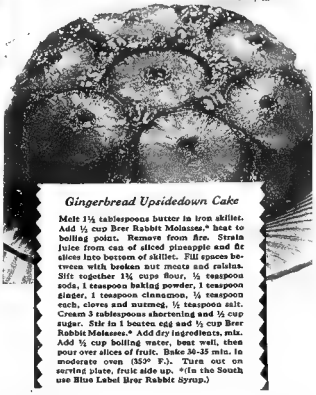
# Have YOU Molasses Recipes as good as these?



*Bran Coffee Cake*

Sift 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder, then mix in 2 cups bran. Beat 2 eggs well, add 1 cup milk and 6 tablespoons Brer Rabbit Molasses (in the South use Blue Label Brer Rabbit Syrup). Combine the two mixtures. Add 3 tablespoons melted shortening and ¾ cup raisins. Pour into greased shallow pan. Sprinkle top with cinnamon and sugar mixed. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). If served warm tear apart gently with forks.



*Gingerbread Upsidedown Cake*

Melt 1½ tablespoons butter in iron skillet. Add ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses,* heat to boiling point. Remove from fire. Strain juice from can of sliced pineapple and fit slices into bottom of skillet. Fill spaces between with broken nut meats and raisins. Sift together 1¾ cups flour, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon each, cloves and nutmeg, ½ teaspoon salt. Cream 3 tablespoons shortening and ½ cup sugar. Stir in 1 beaten egg and ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses.* Add dry ingredients, mix. Add ½ cup boiling water, beat well, then pour over slices of fruit. Bake 30–35 min. in moderate oven (350° F.). Turn out on serving plate, fruit side up. *(In the South use Blue Label Brer Rabbit Syrup.)

*Molasses-Raisin Nut Bars*

First sift 2 cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon soda, 1½ teaspoons baking powder. Cream ½ cup butter, add ½ cup sugar; beat until light. Add 1 beaten egg, mix well, then add ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses (in the South use Blue Label Brer Rabbit Syrup.) To this mixture add alternately the sifted dry ingredients and ½ cup milk. Add 1 cup chopped nuts and 1 cup chopped raisins or dates. Spread very thinly in shallow pan. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Cut in bars 3 inches long and 1½ inches wide. Makes 4 dozen.

## READ THESE SIMPLE RULES CAREFULLY

1. Send as many recipes as you wish. Where the recipe is an old one give its history, if possible.
2. Write each recipe on a separate sheet of paper. Print your name and address in the upper right hand corner of each sheet.
3. Write in ink or use a typewriter. Write on one side of the paper only.
4. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.
5. It costs nothing to enter this contest. Just send in the label from the can of molasses you generally use.
6. Contest closes December 1, 1929. Letters postmarked after 12 midnight, December 1st, will not be considered.
7. Prize winners will be announced early in March. Every woman competing will receive a list of the winners by mail. Local newspapers will publish the prize recipes together with the names of the women who sent them in.
8. Address all entries to Recipe Editor, Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., New Orleans, La.

*Good old-fashioned New Orleans Molasses in two grades*

Tantalizing New Orleans Molasses with that old-time plantation flavor—that's Brer Rabbit! It comes packed in two grades: Gold Label—the highest quality light molasses. Green Label—a rich, full-flavored dark molasses just right for gingerbread and general baking purposes. Both grades are packed by the best modern methods. They are specially tested for uniform quality and fine natural flavor.

# $500 FOR RECIPES

## *Send yours . . 39 chances to win!*

**$150 First Prize; $100 Second Prize**
**$50 Third Prize; $25 Fourth Prize**
**35 Prizes of $5 Each**

OF course you have at least *one* molasses favorite among your pet recipes—perhaps you have several! Send them in! You have just as good a chance as anyone to win one of these prizes!

Here's a contest you'll love to take part in. A chance for good cooks everywhere to share their favorite molasses dishes with others . . . and win a prize at the same time!

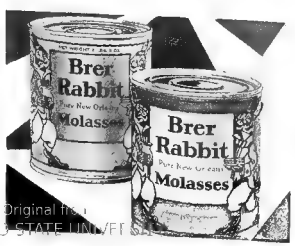
*What to Send:* There's nothing complicated about this contest. You can send in any sort of recipe you please provided it is for a tempting *molasses* dish that is *practical* and *economical* to prepare. Cookies, cakes, pies, puddings, breads, muffins, candies—any and all of the tantalizingly good foods molasses helps to make! *Brand new* and *original* recipes you have worked out yourself . . . old-fashioned favorites your family has treasured for years! (Many of these *old* recipes are popular today because they never have been bettered.) Send them in—new—old—or both!

*How the Prizes will be Awarded:* All the recipes will be selected by the following committee of cooking experts: Katharine A. Fisher, Director Good Housekeeping Institute; Alice Bradley, Principal Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Cooking Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Director McCall's Department of Food and Household Management.

Prizes will be given for the recipes which best fill these five points: 1. Originality. 2. Flavor. 3. Ease in making. 4. Economy. 5. Attractiveness.

The recipes will be judged entirely on their own merits. Just send with your recipes the *label* from the can of molasses you always use.

*Send in your recipes early:* December 1st, 1929, is the closing date. Read the simple rules on the left and get your recipes in *early*. Remember, it costs you nothing to take part . . . and you have 39 chances to win a cash prize! Address Recipe Editor, Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., New Orleans, La.

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Dorothy Mackaill
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GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream is a creamy precipitate many times finer than powder. When applied to the skin these particles are so small and fit so closely together they present an even, smooth, unbroken surface. That is why the appearance rendered blends naturally with your skin without that "made up look." Just think, no streaking, rubbing off, spotting or powdery edges, but a beautiful soft, smooth, even, pearly skin that commands instant admiration.

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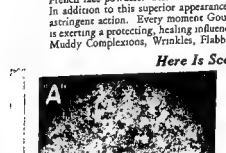
***Here Is Scientific Proof***

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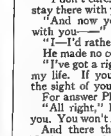


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*Continued from Page 88*

Rita's last wish, uttered so violently, was not to be granted. He was there close by; she could not help seeing him again. She would see him, of course, many times. Since less than an acre and a half of ground sustained them, she could not escape him. Her only hope lay in immediate rescue. She scanned impatiently the distant horizon. There was no sign of life except a patch of factory smoke toward Gibsonville. Where were the air forces? She regretted now that she had not tried to attract the attention of the aviator who had flown over them. And her Uncle George! He had known that she was driving over to Gibsonville. Why had he done nothing? Was he searching for her now?

To remain longer on this island with Phil Hepburn was impossible. Every moment spent in his company created an agony of self-reproach. For she had given herself mentally, spiritually to this man, this monster who had defamed the character of her father. His kisses! She felt them on her lips. She buried her head in her hands. The fact that he had saved her life was nothing. His confession of the attack on her father had wiped her slate clean. She owed him nothing now. She moved toward the submerged sheds —seeking escape. By the garage was a beam from the wood-shed, a series of rafters bolted together, timber he had collected for a raft.

If she could only get that beam afloat she could drift away on it. She did not care about the danger of cold, of hunger, of being drowned.

She gave a glance toward the house, then picked up one of the two-by-fours, using it as a lever, finding that she could move the beam slowly at first, and then more rapidly when she took a run. As she neared the edge of the water she dropped the lever and bent over, putting her whole strength into the effort to float the beam. Up to her waist in water, she succeeded at last in pushing off from the shore. But she threw a small timber away from her as she went astride her craft, and struck a curious rooster that had followed her down to the shore. The bird squawked wildly, which set up a tremendous screeching among the nervous hens.

Phil Hepburn poked his head out of the door.

She saw his astonishment as he discovered her astride of the beam, moving away from shore and out into the current. Then she saw him run to the front porch and pick up the old rubber tube and plunge into the water after her.

THE chase was not long. In less than five minutes, breathless, he was hanging on to an end of her improvised craft.

She glared down at him, struggling in his grasp.

"Let me go!" she cried.

"Don't, Rita, please don't. I had to come after you. You don't know the danger you're in. This log of wood may drift all day and all night miles from shore. I can't swim much."

"I don't care. I would rather die than stay there with you. And now——"

"And now you'll die if I don't stay with you!"

"I—I'd rather die," she gasped.

He made no comment. She went on.

"I've got a right to do as I please with my life. If you only knew how I hate the sight of you, you would let me be."

For answer Phil climbed upon the log.

"All right," he said, "I'll sit behind you. You won't have to look at me now."

And now a pillory, he sat behind her. Hepburn watched her closely as he set to work to inflate the tube, which had lost some of its air.

The water was not unpleasant, for the sun was still warm upon their backs. But how would it feel after the sun went down? Hepburn did not like to think of it. The drift of the current, moving at least four miles an hour, was to the southward. Here and there a tree stuck its head above water, but no solid land, no hillock even that offered anything like the sanctuary they were leaving. He had had no idea of the extent of water that covered the parish. The patches of smoke that had stained the sky above Gibsonville had vanished to the westward. There was no sign of life, not even a bird —only the yellow water, and occasionally a house all under water except its shingle roof.

A dreary prospect. He made no further attempt to speak to Rita, preferring to wait until the chill of the flood had quenched her fury. By her constant shifts he knew that she was already experiencing some discomforts, but she made no sound.

As he looked past her along their course he saw no reason to hope that nightfall would bring them nearer to any safe landing-place. In a little while the sun went under a cloud, and a breeze penetrated their thin clothing. He saw that she was trembling, so he took off his coat and laid it around her shoulders. She would have thrown it away, but he held her firmly, and managed finally to get her arms into the sleeves.

"BRUTE!" she contented herself with saying.

"But won't you at least let me say I'm sorry, Rita? I'll do what I can to atone. I don't care anything about the lawsuit. I don't want to prosecute you or anybody. I'll have the case taken out of court—anything to regain your trust. I never knew your father, Rita. It was not spite nor hatred——"

"Nor even justice," she broke in. "And nothing that you can say will p-possibly make any d-difference to me. My f-father could not have been dishonest. He was the s-soul of honor. And only one utterly b-base could have accused him of theft. You have f-forced yourself on me. You are stronger than I am. But I hope that you will never touch or s-speak to me again."

The situation would have been amusing if it had not been so serious. She asked him not to speak to her again or to touch her when in order to save her life he would, of course, be obliged to do both of those things. But for the present he determined to pay no attention to her.

And so they sat astride their beam drifting into the darkness, hungry and thirsty. The wind cut through Phil's wet shirt like a knife and his teeth chattered.

He knew that Rita suffered, too, and once when she cupped her hand to drink the flood-water he warned her of the possibility of typhoid germs. Night crept upon them slowly, a night of clouds with an occasional patter of rain. And in front of him her figure drooped with weariness.

From time to time Phil moved his arms in an attempt to restore his circulation, and twice he lowered himself into the water and swam, pushing the beam before him. But he found when he crawled out of the water that the wind cut into his very bones. The girl made no comments. She sat, bent forward, her two hands in front of her on the log, her head drooping upon her chest. Once she seemed to have dropped asleep, for her elbows gave way, and she would have fallen into the water if he had not caught her.

Thus night found them, a starless night, with clouds lowering upon the hor zon. The castaways seemed to be poised in space. Only their log and the flood were substantial. From time to time dark shapes appeared and passed in spectral procession—trees they floated past. And after a while Phil saw a light. He called to her, and she raised her head and looked. A light out here meant a chance of rescue—a boat or a house, food, people, warmth. He could set Rita ashore in safety, bring her into the hands of her friends.

He searched the gloom. A pine-tree to his left showed, to his dismay, that their log was no longer drifting toward the light. So he immediately lowered himself into the water and, still clinging to his automobile-tube, attempted to swing their craft across the sluggish current to the left. It was too unwieldy. But the light was not diminished. In some way he must keep it in sight. In some way he must reach it with Rita. He swam alongside of his companion.

"Come," he said. "We must swim toward the light."

"I—I can't," she gasped.

"You must. It's your only chance. We're drifting away from it now. Come."

She seemed unable to move.

"My legs are numb —"

"I'm going to put you in the auto-

*Continued on Page 92*

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# A Find in Switzerland

## —that may make your child over

*A Swiss Discovery in Child Development That Has Spread Over 54 Different Nations. Not a Medicine, but a Super-Delicious Food-Drink.*

**_Accept 3-Day Supply_—Watch Your Child's Weight Go Up a Pound or More a Week; See Nervousness Lessen Day by Day**

Here is another unique development in child health from Switzerland; the nation which has done so many wonderful things in child health.

The discovery of a scientist of world-note, it has spread over 54 different nations—the delicious food-drink Ovaltine. Now in America, over 20,000 doctors are advising this utterly new-type health beverage.

It will mean much to your child. For it marks one of the most important scientific discoveries of years. Weight *increases*—nervousness *decreases* quickly and noticeably.

### *What It Is*

It is called Ovaltine; a food-drink that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food-concentrate not remotely to be confused with powdered chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 37 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, practically every single vital food element necessary to life.

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

### *How It Acts*

Some of those elements in Ovaltine such as iron, lime and phosphorus, build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh, and thus constantly increase weight—as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Others foster richer blood, and thus combat conditions of anemia. Important vitamins are supplied also to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.*

### *Digests Starches*

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of *all* starch food your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or send coupon for 3-day test. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what Ovaltine means to you and yours. Give at breakfast always. Give at meals and between meals to increase the effectiveness of ordinary diet. Results will surprise you. Delicious as a cold shakeup drink.

*NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. They take it hot at night, too, to insure restful sleep. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for sweaid soldiers of all nations.*

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Some weeks ago my children suffered from colds and tonsilitis. They lost considerable weight and were naturally very much run down after their sickness, so we determined to give Ovaltine a trial. We were amazed at the results. The kiddies picked up at once, put on weight and seemed to have once again their old-time pep and energy. Now we give them a cup of Ovaltine each day after school and again at bedtime.—Thomas J. Dunnford, 518 S. 6th Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

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(One package to a person)

**OVALTINE**

THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK 530

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ONCE she had been a companion to her husband in everything. But now she was finding it impossible to be the comrade she used to be. He could not understand why. Neither could she.

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*Continued from Page 90*

mobile-tube, and all you'll have to do will be to hold on——"

"I can't——"

"You must."

She seemed to feel the need of obedience, and at last slid down into the water. Then he put the tube over her head and pushed off from the log that had supported them.

The light. He saw it again, and they struck out for it. He swam beside her, and they moved across the current.

How far away the light might be—a mile, half a mile—he could not know. But as he swam it seemed to get no larger. The water was colder now, but what bothered him was the pain in his head and back. His muscles ached so that he found great difficulty in moving his arms. He had a strange illusion of trying to push a great weight up a hill from whose top great balls of fire rained down upon him. They burned his shoulders and his arms and seared his eyes and blinded him. And yet he knew that he would never get rid of the flame until he swam into the midst of the ball of fire and overcame it.

He did not know how long he had been swimming when disaster overtook them. Something happened to the rubber tube that supported his burden. It must have come in contact with a thorn, or a barb of a wire, and suddenly it collapsed.

He felt her weight as he put her arm over his shoulder. Then he swam furiously, the muscles in his arms burning as tho they would burst through their skin. But he did not sink, and the burden that he carried made fitful efforts to help him. All night, it seemed, he swam, hours upon hours, while the light grew and he swam into the very midst of it. He swam until his feet struck something, and he floundered forward, bearing his burden still toward the light. Then he fell, groveling in the mud.

IT WAS Rita who first revived, and managed with difficulty to haul Phil's prostrate body clear of the water. They were, it seemed, at the end of a meadow, and the light came from the window of a house near by. She crawled to her feet and staggered up the incline. She must have presented a strange appearance as she burst in at the door of Sophie Tremaine's kitchen—a small figure, in a boy's overalls, wearing a man's coat four sizes too large for her.

She stood there at the door, swaying and pointing out into the darkness.

"Come, he's there—foot of the slope," she gasped.

They followed her out, and Will Tremaine and one of his sons carried Phil up to the house and laid him on the haircloth sofa. Then Tremaine phoned for the doctor. Rita lay huddled in a blanket on the hearth. They gave her food and a warm drink, and by the time the doctor arrived she was able to give an account of their adventures. The doctor's face was grave when he straightened from the man on the sofa.

"Exhaustion brought on by overexertion—and chill; fever; complications; probably pneumonia. Ought to be moved to the hospital at Gibsonville—but tonight—warmth and rest." As for Rita, massage, heat, food, and a good night's sleep would make a cure.

On the following morning Rita awoke without even a cold in the head as a result of her adventure. In the afternoon the telephone brought her uncle George Perot by motor to the farm, which lay on the edge of the flood district, in touch by road with the high lands to the south.

He listened to Rita's story and then arranged to take the sick man to the hospital.

But it was not until later, while Phil still lay dangerously ill, that George Perot connected the name of Hepburn with the famous case of Wainwright vs. Perot. Many things had happened recently to disturb the old man's equanimity. Strange bits of evidence had turned up, which gave truth to the preposterous statements of Lawyer King.

A deed had been tampered with in the offices of Perot & Perot. George Perot had evidence of it. He had found evidence too of extraordinary expenditures on the part of his brother. George had never understood how the Acadian property had been bought, and all these discoveries had been very alarming. During Rita's absence in Kentucky he had conferred with Lawyer King in order to effect some compromise to the suit. But Lawyer King had been obdurate, and had threatened to ruin the Perot name.

The situation was desperate. There was but one thing to be done—to tell the whole truth to Rita and ask her to use her influence with the sick man to settle the case out of court. It was the most distasteful job he had ever undertaken, but he determined to go to Gibsonville for a week-end with his niece and put an end to it all. So, after dinner, having fortified himself by some excellent stimulant, he opened the subject.

"Rita," he began, "I must tell you about certain things that have happened in your absence in Kentucky—certain evidence that makes Lawyer King's position in this suit very strong. Suppose he won it in spite of your possession and my legal efforts?"

"What things? What facts?" she asked him.

"Enough," he said quietly, "to convince any jury in the State of the culpability of your father."

"You mean," she faltered, "you mean to say that—that circumstantial evidence makes it seem as if——"

"I mean," her uncle said firmly, "that I have every reason to believe your father was placed in a difficult position and——"

"Oh, I can't believe it," she cried, rising quickly. "I won't believe it. What you say is impossible."

"I would not tell you that I believed these things if I had not exhausted every effort to prove them false. I had to tell you, my dear. I need your help. We must bring this suit to an end out of court. I don't know what can be done unless Phil Hepburn——"

"Don't, Uncle George," she said. "Don't!

"Rita, there is only one way to bring the Wainwright-Perot case to a satisfactory conclusion to everybody. Phil Hepburn loves you——"

"No! Not that."

"Yes, it is the only thing to save your name from being dragged in the dust."

She sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands.

"But don't you see, Uncle George," she gasped, "that it would be impossible for me to go to Phil Hepburn now—after all that has happened——"

"All the more reason. He will understand. He loves——"

"No, no. I can't take advantage of that. Please say no more about it. I can't listen."

PEROT saw Rita go up the stairs. There was a bad night ahead for her, a night in which the idol of a lifetime was to go crumbling into dust. And yet she would survive it. Youth does not die of a broken heart.

The next morning, by permission of the doctor, he had an interview with the sick man. He explained that he was acting as an ambassador of good-will, acting without consent. He told Phil that he was sure that Rita loved him.

"Do you think so, sir?" Phil asked.

George Perot nodded. "I'm sure of it. Write her a note and ask her to come to see you."

That night Rita received a penciled scrawl.

Forgive me. I would rather die than let you suffer through any act of mine. Won't you come to me and tell me that you forgive me?

PHIL

He still asked forgiveness of her, knowing as he did that she occupied only on his sufferance his house and lands. She put on her hat and coat and drove to the hospital.

They admitted her to his room. How frail he looked! Shocked at his appearance, she stood in the doorway.

"Rita. Bless you for coming——"

The nurse left the room. Rita hesitated a moment, and then threw herself on her knees beside the bed.

"Oh, Phil!" she cried. "Phil! Can you ever forgive me for what I've done?"

"That's the easiest thing in the world," he said with a grin.

And thus was ended the famous case of Wainwright vs. Perot.

THE END

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# *Guardians of Sleep*

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1¼ cups sifted confectioner's sugar
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From this Basic Fondant make Cream Mints . . Nut Bonbons . . French Fruit Slices . . Stuffed Dates . . Stuffed Prunes . . Coconut Patties . . Maple Wafers . . and many others.

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*(Basic Recipe)*

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1½ cups Eagle Brand Condensed Milk

*Melt chocolate in double boiler, having lower part ¾ full of boiling water. Add Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water 3 minutes until mixture thickens—that is, until spoon marks remain.*

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Edward Katzinger Co., 1949 N. Cicero Avenue, Chicago, Ill.


*Continued from Page 60*

"I used to be the stroke on the crew at college," he went on, not waiting for an answer from me. "Haven't forgotten how to handle a boat. Get your hat, Alison. What about it, Mrs. Horne? Trust her to us, will you? We know a thing or two about kids, even if we haven't any of our own, eh, Alison?"

Alison was silent, giving him no help. Her eyes were shadowed, and she kept them, for the most part, on her plate.

Mother hesitated. "Vera should have a nap." But Mr. Morton seemed not to hear her objections, and I found myself climbing into the little boat that we had set out in so happily with Gerald on that golden day that now seemed so long ago.

Who is it that says that events, situations, can not be repeated? In mood, in spirit, no, but in outward circumstance, yes, with a likeness that may be ironic in its suggestion of the vanished happiness that had colored the previous experience. Here we were duplicating our excursion of the earlier day, except that my small black mate turned on Mr. Morton, bending his heavy body to the oars instead of Gerald Shore, and Alison's soft, coral mouth was drooping at the corners and her eyes were somber. She said very little except when Mr. Morton addressed her, and I said nothing.

There are advantages in childhood, its traditions and technique. I took refuge in the old saving. I could not well avoid being seen, altho I made myself very small, drawing my bare legs under my scrap of a skirt, and hunching my tiny shoulders under the drooping brim of my wide hat; but I could, by all the ethics of childhood, imposed by a world of elders, avoid speech, and I did so with a silence that should have been significant.

When we reached the lily-pads with their scattered waxen cups I almost shuddered as I slid my little arm under the water to reach for the stems, and I could not look at their pallid loveliness lying between Alison and me without a longing which my childish heart could feel but could not define.

Alison must have been suffering, too, for she finally cut it short by asking Mr. Morton to land us all on the bay side of the point. We left the little boat there and walked across the sands to the lake. By an odd chance Mr. Morton chose the same sheltered cove to throw himself down for a rest, and there beside him sat Alison, with a face that frightened me. The sun kept coming out and creeping away again, as if it didn't care for the world it saw beneath it.

I tried to play, but I could not escape those two silent figures on the beach where so much happiness had been enthroned only a day or two before. Nothing went as it should. There were no more shells, and the stones that had shone with gold and a thousand rainbow-colors before were dull and cold to-day. I crept back to Alison, but she did not notice me. She was sitting white and dumb as I had left her.

After a glance at her face Mr. Morton made clumsy attempts to amuse me. He built a fort of sand and filled it with shell guns and pebble soldiers. He whittled a tiny boat from a piece of driftwood and fashioned Alison's handkerchief into a sail. Gradually I responded to his awkward efforts and entered into the play. His big hands blundered among the tiny shells and pebbles; his breath came panting from his huge body as he bent to my level; our voices were lowered for some reason that escaped me, altho I was completely aware of it.

Once or twice my childish laughter rang out, and I stopped it with a hand over my mouth, glancing at Mr. Morton fearfully, lest he might be displeased. But instead he laughed too, a little, high, thin laugh like his voice, a laugh that I felt he did not often use.

PRESENTLY Alison looked out across the lake and rose. It was getting cold, and the wind was rising. The sand blew in little dancing whirligigs, and the waves were topped with white foam.

"We must go, Geoffrey," she said. Almost regretfully he demolished the little fort, and detached her scrap of a handkerchief from the upturned boat. He rose and held it out to her, and she took it from him carefully, without touching his hand. He flushed and stepped nearer to her, a question look in his little eyes.

"It would all come right, Alison, if we had a child like this one," he said. "By Heaven, it's worth trying."

The shock of it. He was "pretending" too. But I couldn't bear it. I began to cry, quietly at first, then more and more wildly and passionately. I turned to Alison for comfort, and at once I forgot myself in my terror at the change that had come over her. Her face was pinched and old, and her eyes, that had been so full of light and love and laughter on that other day, were as dead and cold as the hard, gray pebbles under my feet. She was looking at me with frozen horror and a loathing that quieted my sobbing and dried the tears on my cheeks.

Suddenly I wanted my mother and father, and all the simple things of home and warmth and love. I began to run toward the little boat. They followed slowly. Mr. Morton ahead, his great shoulders bent, and Alison drifting along behind at an even distance, as if she were chained by the wrist. And when she reached the boat she would have none of me. She seemed not able even to bear the sight of me.

Her eyes never lost the strange, dead look of the little gray stones, and as soon as I was placed in the boat, behind Mr. Morton this time, she forgot me. I was cold and forlorn and frightened. The way across the dark water seemed endless. I trembled and shivered, but I did not cry. It would have been like crying alone. I knew no one would hear me.

# CONJUH

*Continued from Page 21*

brown eyes nearly black with imploration and concern.

"*Mademoiselle, je répète*——"

THERE she turned on him, all-let-go, her blurred French blurrier than ever with the ecstasy of her revolt. "You repeat, you repeat, you repeat. I'm to stop all working, go away from Paris, eat this, drink that, sleep so and so. Or else I will to be grave sick and die. But can you not hear me when *I* repeat, that it is equal to me, and that, the devil, what do I care? The devil! who is there that cares?"

"But your world, Mademoiselle Manigault! Your art, your public, your Paris!"

But now she twisted quickly from him.

"Look, Doctor! No, down there! There, where I point. It goes there."

And now, in the queer way of dreams, it seemed that for a long while she had been doing nothing but point at a thing below her in the current of the Champs Élysées that she could see, yet dared not see. Like some vast silver-spots that race out of the corner of vision and return to re-escape and are never done with it, time after time this dread-spot in her dream ran past beneath her and away up the river of holiday cars bound out toward the races, the woods, and all the trysting-places of happiness.

"Look where I'm pointing, Foster!" (For, by a dream-trick, he was no longer the doctor's face beside her, but somehow the face of Foster Lake, the manager.)

"Look, for Heaven's sake, Jacques!" (It was somehow Jacques Monck of *Le Matin*.)

Her voice rose to a thready scream: "*Look, Édouard!*"

For now it was Édouard Lebrun himself, there at her shoulder, an unwonted flush on his olive cheeks, his eyes queer, his full mouth tightened and oddly twisted. But when she would have grasped his arm with one hand to make him see where the other was pointing, she grasped at nothing but a thing that dissolved and left emptiness and sudden mockery.

And as suddenly, as if her pursuing finger had been given power, the thing


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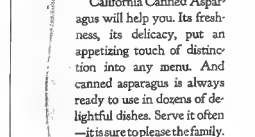

**Asparagus on Toast with Cheese Sauce**—Turn California Canned Asparagus and liquid into shallow pan. Heat over low fire until thoroughly hot. Drain. Arrange asparagus on slices of buttered toast. For Cheese Sauce:—melt 2 tablespoons butter in double boiler, add ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons flour. Stir to a smooth paste. Add very gradually 1¾ cups milk. Cook until thickened. Then add ¾ cup grated American cheese, heating until cheese is melted.

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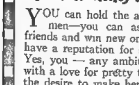

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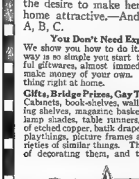

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that fled was pinned down, and she saw it. An open car (for the day was sunny), mahogany and nickel and crimson leather, and Edouard Lebrun there in it, his face averted from this building, and by his side, snow and gold and happy, Olga Pedesen, the Norse girl, of the Folies Bergères.

DELIA laid hold of the curly iron of the balustrade to twist it and shiver it. But that too dissolved under her touch, and so did the floor of the balcony, and the floor of Paris, and where she fell in a heap she lay and gnawed at her lips and sobbed. And sobbing, she awoke, and saw darkness bending over her, with grayness around its edges.

"Dey, dey, dey, Chile; dey, dey, dey, my baby."

Reality. The land-air was still blowing, heavy with tangled fragrances— myrtle and bay, honeysuckle and dogwood, cows and pigs, raccoon and deer, woodsmoke and harness-sweat and axle-grease. Birdsong on and on around the cabin chinks like the shadow of a baton across invisible reeds and violins. There were other stirrings, husky laughter, pad of bare soles. Reality, generations fixed. After the fantasm of a moment's sleep.

Bloom left the bedside and went to the door; around her the gray light warmed.

"Dayclean," she said. "Time de man duh git on de crop, befoh de crow duh git on-um. Mawnin', Haklus. I do lubb see you wid a hoe 'pon-top yoh shoulder. Mawnin', Madlun." At sound of Delia squeaking up and dropping her feet to the floor, the maternal and the maternal in Bloom closed in momentary struggle. But the mother conquered. "You lay quiet, Delia chile. To-mornuh you feel more hettuh; mebby we find some work in de crop fuh you work. But you ain' had yuh rest yet. Lay quiet 'pon-top yuh back to-day."

Delia started to cry, "No, I'm all right; I had all the rest I want—"; then, startled by the violence of that speech in this place, she did as she had done yesterday and slid back into the Gullah in haste. "I wanta gwine out, work in de crop, be'ry mawnin'."

"We ain't nebb no crop uh we-own dis Sunmuh, Delia, neiduh-so no mule, neiduh-so no cow foh work. But *of* you do *do* wanta work I binna habb a comperSation with Brum Tollum las' night, an' Brum he gots a hebby potato-field dis Summuh, an' he lubb habb a help."

"I don' cyare who-wid I gwine, Maamy, I *dah* gwine, an' I duh gwine now."

If there seemed reality inside, there seemed a deeper and more vivid reality out between sky and land. This illusion of reality held Delia prisoner. As she walked behind Bram's head back along the cart-track, through the light of morning, through the myrtle-thickets, through the little pine-woods, it seemed that weariness and fright of death had been stripped from her like a winding-sheet left in the tomb in the garden, never to be put on again. It was less a feeling of well-being than a feeling of no feeling at all—resurrection morning, her sins forgiven and buried in Christ.

Nothing weighed. She felt only a kind of Elysian levity when Bram, turning suddenly in the half-light of the pinewoods, asked her to give him a kiss.

"Me gibb you a kiss!" She stood and tittered. "A oagly black 'rangatang luh *you!*" She hadn't to search for them; immemorial epithets fit for such dealings ran off her tongue. "You stand foo-much lukkuh elephunt an' a alligatuh an' a 'rangatang, all t'ree, an' I is a puhticulah lady. Niggah, an' you cyan't specify."

But when, come to the foot of his field, heavy with her taunts and his three-day widowerhood, he renewed his suit, his face contorted and the huge wedges of his chest-muscles tensed with his vehemence. Delia felt a chill of misgiving and a thrill of rage.

"What I come here foh, hoe weed an' crabgrass, or listen to field-niggah sweetmout' all mawnin'?"

"I ain't talk sweetmout'. My todduh woman, 'e dead; I lubb habb you fuh my woman."

Delia's lips curled back. "*Va-t'en!*" There was spittle in it. She threatened him with her heavy hoe, then, wheeling, walked out into the potato-field and began, at hazard, to knock out the roots of jimson-weed with its dull blade.

All around Bram's patch the woods made a wall. Heat poured into it as the sun mounted, like fluid into a bowl. Delia's hoe lagged. Swiftly the illusion of well-being was dissipated. The flame of the sun, added to the flame of the fever, burned her. The field and the green wall around it swam with the swimming of her eyes. Her knees bent double and let her down on the earth between the potato-rows.

This was the end, she thought. But now she considered it without terror, only dully. Bram was nowhere about. He had gone back toward the "yard," for a drink of liquor perhaps. But it would not have mattered one way or the other; Delia had forgotten about Bram.

She lay on an elbow in the furrow, her head hanging, her eyes blank on the earth. In her fingers alone was there activity. They crept in, wriggled, dug in under the powdery crust, blind as worms or as roots, nosing down through the dead part to where the earth was damp and alive, to try to get a grip of it.

Soil and sun and a low veil of leaves.

A potato-leaf, cut by some gnawer, fell down to the dust before Delia's eyes. It lay there, green on white. Fever played with it, and of a sudden it was white on green, white of newsprint on the green of a table in a restaurant in the Bois de Vincennes.

A clipping from a paper. *Le Matin.* Jacques Monck's column. Jacques Monck's words:

*. . . Strauss, Stravinsky, Honegger, yea, gionic, molding and naming for yourselves a musical age. Agreed. One stands before you with bowed head. I mean it, reverently.*

*But what of you others, concerning whom there is no question of reverence, but only of laughter, pulse,* diableries? *A new beating of old drums in the antique dark. What of you, Johnnie Bell, with your jungle-remembering banjo: what of you two, Blaize Watterson of Harlem, Honeyboy Zipp in London, with your witch-doctor tom-tom and your enduring "blues"; what of you, Delia Manigault, who, nightly, on the stage of Paris, with the sufsuddy subtle rhythmic of your dark limbs and the intricate and simple inclement of your jeweled, whispering feet, create and continually recreate the measure of the morrow's dancing of a hundred millions feet?*

*What of you others, I say? Would it not be a thing of irony, then, if looking back one day upon this minute jumble decade, the historians, not alone of music, but of letters, of sociology, of politics and religion, should find the name of you others, you children of the jungle, of the slave-market?*

Soil and sun and a low veil of leaves. And a Gullah girl, come out from the cabin in the "nigger-house yard" to till the earth in her generation, lying there, her lost, stilling it with nothing but her fingers now.

A shadow, come and gone. Was that Bram? No, it was more fearful than the shadow of Bram; it was like the shadow of the wing of the angel of a dark, remonstrant God.

"Impious nigger-girl! Presumptuous, temerarious, fantastical! Rub your forehead in the master dust there; cast out the maggots of dreaming from your brain, and repent!"

That shadow again, and another with it. Now there were two buzzards, circling.

When Delia knew that, she scrambled up somehow and ran along the furrow toward the human being, Bram. Bram had had his drink. Corn liquor does things that not even prayer can do. Bram had to laugh aloud with the power of his exultant wonder at sight of this lissom "yaltuh woman," but a half-hour ago so "no-mannersable," flying to him with wild hands out. He had to laugh at her weight, at her cry: "O, fuh Jedus, tek cyare uh me!"

Delia felt herself being carried, and that was enough; she neither knew nor cared that it was toward the farther woods. She knew nothing of it when Bram, sensing a change in the heft of his burden, stopped to study it, swore, scowled, vacillated, shivered a little, muttered: "What I duh do, mek-so de woman gwine dead?" and, turning back on his tracks, started in haste for the "yard."

THROUGH the heat of noon and through the long afternoon Delia lay on her mother's bed in the cabin and knew nothing of it, nothing when she

*Continued on Page 99*

A TONIC *for the*

# "Inferiority Complex"

TO men and women who overwork and worry, there comes a time when nerves rebel, when physical energy wanes, when enthusiasm and "love-of-living" fade. Mental depression is then pronounced as endurance and vigor grow less. Even a dangerous "inferiority complex" may develop.

Since this feeling of inability is a mental state, medicines cannot help directly. Yet scores of doctors have recorded clinical experience in which FELLOWS' Syrup has been of marked service. Replenishing the body's vital mineral elements, it has quickened appetite, eased nerves, and restored the chemical balance of the blood. Thus it has induced a feeling of well-being and health which has increased the patient's confidence in his physical power and mental ability. Such are the rewards of taking this fine old tonic; the reasons why physicians in 58 countries regularly prescribe it.

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# These Active *Underwater* Suds Speed Dishwashing

New form of soap gives instant suds *all through the water.* Dishes wash faster. Drain shining dry after one hot rinse—wiping unnecessary.

### *Make this amazing test!*

Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands.

*Instantly,* every bit of Super Suds rushes into suds all through the water. Instantly every drop of water in the glass becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass gummy chips float about, dissolving very slowly.

This is how these soaps act in your dishpan. This *is* why Super Suds cleans with such amazing swiftness.

INSTANT SUDS, clear down to the bottom of the pan! That's what makes dishes wash clean easily—quickly. That's what you get with Super Suds, the new soap in "bead" form.

For it's below the surface of the water that dishes are really washed. So it's suds below the surface of the water that really count.

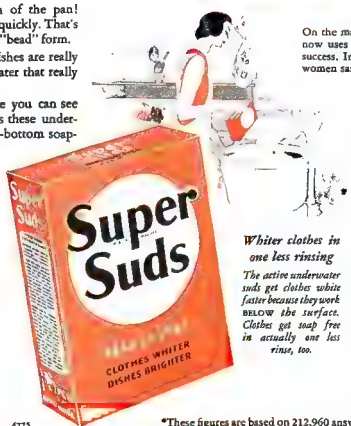
When you make the glass test pictured above you can see the amazing speed with which Super Suds gives these underwater suds. You can see the quick down-to-the-bottom soapiness that only Super Suds can give you.

This is how Super Suds acts in your dishpan. This is why it speeds dishwashing in these three important ways.

1. *No waiting for suds.* Without stirring or coaxing . . . in hard water . . . in water cool enough to keep hands soft and white, Super Suds gives instant suds.

2. *Dishes wash faster with underwater suds.* Super Suds gives suds *below* the water where you really need them. Active "underwater" suds that even penetrate between plates piled at the bottom of the dishpan. Food and grease dissolve off dishes like magic. Silver, glasses, china, come shining clean in far less time.

3. *Dishwiping unnecessary.* Every trace of Super Suds rinses away in one hot rinse. There are no specks of undissolved soap. No soap film to streak dishes. Dishes drain dry to a sparkling cleanliness no towel could give them.




*Whiter clothes in one less rinsing*

*The active underwater suds get clothes white faster because they work* BELOW *the surface. Clothes get soap free in actually one less rinse, too.*

### *America's greatest dishwashing soap*

On the market scarcely more than a year . . . one third of America* now uses Super Suds. No other soap has ever had such instant success. In a recent nation-wide investigation, 212,960 answers from women said "Super Suds is fastest dishwashing soap ever made."

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Super Suds works faster, saves your time, because it's so amazingly thin. It's not chips nor powder. But soap in the form of tiny hollow beads. Made by pouring melted streams of soap from great towers, many stories high. As the soap falls it forms into millions of fine beads, with walls four times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake.

That's why Super Suds dissolves faster, washes quicker, rinses easier, than chips or flakes. Why this amazing soap can save one-third to one-half your dishwashing time.

Buy Super Suds today. Use it for dishwashing—for laundry—to speed every bit of cleaning you have to do. A big box for only 10c.

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*These figures are based on 212,960 answers given us by housewives when called upon in their homes.

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**$24.50**
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And when you try them for yourself you will see at once why women have hailed them as easy to use—light in weight. They operate so smoothly, they clean their way so thoroughly—with a minimum of effort. They need no oiling. In fact, they have every feature to delight the busy housewife who wants to get her cleaning done as quickly as possible and still make it *thorough*.

It is interesting to know that in a recent survey, it was found that 93 women out of every 100 said that if they were to buy cleaners again, they would purchase only General Electrics! You will readily understand their enthusiasm when you try the cleaners yourself.

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Please send me complete information about the General Electric Cleaners.

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**GENERAL ELECTRIC CLEANER**

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*Continued from Page 96*

twisted, nothing when she coughed. The sun declined. Men and women and children came back from the fields. The banked fires were awakened with slivers of fat lightwood, and the smell of bacon and corn-hominy was blown about with the smoke. Once again the shadows of the cabins in file set out across the mile-wide marsh in their losing race with dusk, the destroyer. Once again old Bloom sat on her door-sill and watched them, rocking to the measure of her mournful song.

. An' I look on de mountain, an' de
mountain so high;
Lawd, I gots to climb dat mountain high. . .

Fatalist, that the child who had been given back to her bosom yesterday should to-day be lying there in chance of being snatched away again, was all of a piece with the "lonesome road" which one is born but to follow, whistling, laughing, pranking as gaily as one can. There was no use in running about, wringing hands, pestering fate. How ill Delia was she had no way of knowing: either she would grow better or she would grow worse; Bloom had done all she could, for now.

After dark it would be another matter; there was perhaps another thing she could do. But she was a good member of the "Evangelical Baptist" at the Three Crossroads, and it was hardly dusk yet, the tips of the shadows still left to reach for the distant sand. So there was nothing to do but sit and wait, rock and croon.

All I wanta know, am my sin' forgibbun;
All I wanta know, am my soul set free? . . .

Now the shadows were gone. Gradually for a few minutes, then swiftly, the black coast night made. Supper was out of the way in all the cabins, but it was Saturday, and no work to-morrow, so no one was going to bed. Shades passed up the "street," some with monosyllabic queries thrown to the old woman swaying on the sill. Others kept up a soft pad-pad of soles along the rear way, behind the cabins.

Sukey, the "baby," penned indoors by her mother's bulk, stood on one foot and then on the other; she too wanted to be up there at the top of the yard, where, on the beaten earth under the solitary, sway-limbed live-oak, the premonitory board-thumpings, string-pickings, and can-poundings of the dance were already beginning to be heard.

Sensing the child's restiveness, Bloom turned on her with a guarded vehemence.

"No-suh, you can't duh gwine out dis ebenin'. You stay heer; tek cyare yuh sistuh." Bloom arose, dusting her broad skirts. "Yuh maamy 'e gots a errund. Anybody ask you a answer where yuh maamy am, tell-um I gwine be back-here fo-fibe minute."

Now that it was pitch-dark out behind the cabin row and everybody with eyes departed, Bloom could walk boldly on her errand to Great Liz's, whose cabin stood inshore a little way, in a palmetto-grove. If there was any vacillation it was not in Bloom's feet, but in her mind, nor was the doubt there of the conjure-woman's power to help if she would; it was precisely *whether* she would. A conjur-bag, specific against fevers, is a precious and perishable thing, and Bloom came with empty hands.

As the old woman entered the skirts of the grove the upper fronds of the trees were reddening with the rays of the fires the dancers had lighted on the marsh-bank a few yards away, and the clattering throb of the orchestra began to run in the air.

Behind, at the cabin, Sukey hung in the door for a little while, harkening. She hung on the step a little while. Then she too was gone.

DELIA could not have said when it was that she began to feel the beat of the music. Its first effect was to translate into a definite dismay all the nameless bodily discomforts of which she had been conscious in her unconsciousness—the heat, the binding of her limbs, and the weight on her heart. Now it was explained in terms of confusion and dismay

Why had she not been given the call—even the first call? Where was that call-woman? Sneaked out to a *buvette* to steal a glass with her lover, the second electrician? In that case, where were all the others, the dressing-maid, aghast; the stage-manager, apoplectic? Why wasn't back-stage in a tumult, if Manigault had missed her entrance?

For surely she had. Surely it belonged to no act but hers, that rhythm that came jarring, tuneless with distance, repeated and repeated. Appalled, she could see big Sam Pira, his neck craned, his baton agonizing, hoping through another bar and another, and then for yet another time flipping his clarinets and fiddles, his big bull-fiddles and his traps and saxophones, back into the opening.

She could see the waxing consternation of her support, the twenty of them already on-stage and at it, their prancings more and more galvanic with each rebuilding of her entrance, their panicky eyes cornering at the high darkness in the wing where her shadow should long since have come within their sight, snaking along the great moss-hung limb that swayed down, as from a live-oak, across the stage.

Now the thing took on that quality peculiar to nightmare. It was not alone that she was tardy; it was that she was not dressed, not even *undressed to* dress, not even thinking about beginning; half like a cataleptic she lay here on the divan in her dressing-room and did nothing.

She conquered this inaction. She began to tear haphazard at her clothing, plucking it in ribbons; ineptitude still kept half a grip on her. She couldn't find things. Where was her costume, her circlet of trunks, her few bright rags of crêpe? Where were her jewels, her flashing things? They weren't in the case, and there wasn't any case. They weren't in the lock-drawer, and there wasn't any drawer. Panic added to panic now.

If one who knew the fumbling of her thoughts had been watching Delia's movements in the dark of the cabin, he would have been surprized by their precision, the pulling aside first of the rickety bed, the search on hands and knees, the marking of a board that was loose, its lifting, the quick sweep of an arm beneath it, the sigh of relief, the bag.

DELIA had never realized that the runway from her dressing-room to the wings could be so dark, so empty, and so long. Where was everybody? Where, to-night, were all the faces she was used to glimpsing at the turnings of the walls —the black-eyed Arab poet, the little bank clerk, Boracque, with his savage shyness and his flowers, the loafing stage-hands, the worshipful maids? But where now, when it came to that, were the walls themselves? Empty wings and stars got into this swollen corridor?

Was it a prank of punishment for her tardiness, one wide conspiracy? Was that why, without warning her, they had shifted all the mechanics of the wings and then cleared out, leaving her to fumble for strange hand-holds, clamber unhelped and unguided up incomprehensible distances, abrading her tender skin on new corners as rough as bark, and catching her hair and rags on unremembered twigs that were like living twigs of a tree?

VICTOR JIMMS and his son Hercules pounded on a plank, their shoulders jerking to the time. Jube Appleton picked on an enormous guitar that had but two strings left. Bram Tollum beat on a drum contrived of a ten-gallon keg, with a cowhide over the end. Three or four boys clapped with the flats of their palms on dried gourds.

Men, women, girls, and boys, all ages, they danced, each one solo, sufficient to himself. To see them, flinging their elbows, cracking the heads back on their necks, knocking their knees together, each seeming to follow nothing but the pattern of his own mercurial impulse—and to hear the perverse and incoherent *mêlée* of their outcries—it would have been hard to realize that under the surface complexity there lay a simplicity of movement as prescriptive as any prison-step, as formalistic as any ritual, as old as the antique tree that sent its bearded bough down over them to catch the refractions of the bonfires' light; older, even; as old perhaps as the light of bonfires in the night.

*Boom—boom—boom* . . . "Hi! Crack my foot!"

THE DOCTOR
*speaks as a friend*

"INDIGESTION?" What most people call indigestion is nothing more than acidosis. And that isn't nearly so serious as it sounds. Acidosis is merely the medical term for any excess acid in the system. This condition is common, but readily corrected. It requires only an anti-acid to alkalinize the stomach

When your doctor tells you to take Phillips Milk of Magnesia, he has given you a very simple thing to do. But back of this advice is the fifty-year record of a prescriptional preparation plus the wisdom derived from his professional practice.

Food will ferment Almost anything we eat can sour in the stomach. Neglected, this condition brings on gastric disturbances which affect the proper assimilation and elimination of what we eat—affects our very appetites. It is wrong to resort to soda at such time. Magnesia is what the system needs. You get it in its most helpful form in Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Because of the way we live today, there is constant need for this universal sweetener. Remember it when too rich a diet, or any over-indulgence has caused pain or discomfort. Remember, too, that it's *Phillips* Milk of Magnesia that physicians endorse. They like the way it is made. They like the way it acts. The public should not expect the same results from a less perfect product.

One tube of Phillips Dental Magnesia—the perfect toothpaste—will soon convince anybody of its remarkable whitening action. Any dentist will tell you how much it helps the gums, especially in all cases of acid-mouth.

PHILLIPS
Milk of Magnesia


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## WHOLE WHEAT

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Your breakfast starts the day right—or wrong. Sluggishness, irritability, headache is often due to body disorders which could be corrected by the right food!

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MR. GROCER

The Quaker Oats Company hereby promises to pay you the full retail price of a package of Pettijohn's on presentation of this coupon to The Quaker Oats Company, 80 E. Jackson St., Chicago, when duly signed by the person who receives the free package. Only one to a family.

No payment will be made to coupon brokers. No coupons redeemed after November 15, 1929.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY


*Boom—boom—boom* . . . "Bressèd Jedus! Nyam-uh-gunjuh! Lay-down-die!"

When Delia dropped from among the reddened leaves overhead and landed with a pelvic pirouette, light as a feather in a wind-eddy on dust, the dancers shied, yelled, and scattered, some of them never stopping in flight till they had reached the protecting lee of the first of the cabins. The lads in the orchestra dropped their gourds and retreated somersaulting into the wild-oat cover on the marsh-bank behind them.

This woman, this strange "chillun" of Aunty Bloom's, come but yesterday out of nowhere, she must have died after all, as folks had said she would. "Sick-to-dead" she couldn't have been flying around in that tree-top while no one knew it: "done-dead," she might. Of all the music-makers, Bram was the only one to hold his ground. Eyes swollen, mouth wide, legs gathered for jumping, after the first startled hiatus he let his cudgel fall on the cowhide and got hold of the running beat again.

Now how he did beat! He beat with a violence compounded of terror and fascination.

"Mek-so de woman *done*-dead, mek-so *'e am* a sperrit, I don' cyare! Lawd, *my* Lawd Gawd!" *Boom—boom—boom—boom* . . .

Half seen, half veiled in the streaming chiffons her garments were, uncomprehended jewels weaving living fires around her—in his dreams Bram had never dreamed of flesh of woman like this.

"Mek-so 'e a hag-woman, I don' cyare!" *Boom.* "Debbil gwine graff me; let-um!"

A flame of hysterical passion burned him:

"What a woman fuh lubb! *What a woman fuh dance!*"

Now it was no longer Bram that beat the drum. Cudgel, arm, body, and mind, now they were all one instrument, pounding willy-nilly. Now it was Delia that beat the drum.

AT FIRST Delia danced simply because it was the hour to dance. Here was the stage, the music, the support, all the familiar preparation. The whirlwind vanishing of her chorus and the stoppage of the orchestra shook her, leaving her for a moment "all in the air." But she was trained in a hard tradition. With the re-emergence of the dance-beat, insecure at first but growing in power, she could throw off the panic that had so nearly laid hold of her, and dance, and wonder.

Near-memories ran in with her puzzlement and her deepening suspicion. The want of a call, the deserted corridors, the sly tamperings with the mechanics of her entrance, every familiar move of hers made unfamiliar and difficult. Why? Had she been right: was there premeditation in it? Malice? Now this emptying of the stage by tacit treachery, leaving her to carry on, impossibly, alone. This stripping of the music. This conspiracy of silence out there in the enormous house—

And now—*what* an enormous house! Nightmare must be playing tricks again. Almost as enormous, it seemed to be growing, as the whole of outdoors, the whole black bowl of the towering night, myriad-packed, shadows ringed above shadows till their cigarets and lighting matches became as high and tiny and many as the stars. All watching concentrically. All waiting unmoved. As dumb as the dead.

Here was something Delia Manigault had never had to know before; it came out of that house against her, as speaking as a wind one can neither see nor hear:

"Well, nigger-girl?"

To her bewilderment was added the beginning of dismay. She cried, panting, while she continued to fling her body, pivot, and bend her limbs: "What do you want, you-all? You know me; you know what I can do. Why all this? How do you get this way?"

"Well, nigger-girl?"

She cried in fury: "What do you think? This is no try-out!" But then, touched by the misgiving that lies forever in the favorite's heart, she wondered if it was. That *second* try-out, the irrevocable and pitiless one— If it was, it was monstrous for them to have asked it so, without warning, without prop or help, against their silence.

"Well, nigger-girl?" She seemed to hear a fleering, "Is that your stuff?"

"How can you expect anybody to do her best stuff like this?" She turned coward, the supplicant. "Yes! Wait! Watch me now. Now I'm going good. I'm going better now."

But she wasn't going better; she was going worse. She punished herself, but it was of no use; a heaviness began to envelop her limbs. In despair she flung into another figure, more sophisticated and more intricate. This was what they wanted; the other was too naive and looked too easy. Calling on all her store of virtuosity, she added complication to complication.

Now they would *have* to leap up, acclaim, applaud. The beat around her head would burst it. The drum-beat was getting ahead of her; she had to whip her failing muscles with her tiring nerves to keep up. The thin, hot sweat that ran down into her eyes would blind them, unless she could "get the house," and do it very, very soon.

Now it seemed as tho there must be a spotlight searching at random over the tiers of that black immensity out front. Here it hovered, bringing alive for an instant a remembered face; there it ran and stopped again. Petey Pitcher, the almost-white boy, fiddler, St. Louis. How many years was it since he had killed his career so that Delia Manigo's might live? And now there; only shoulders and the top of a head, the face hidden in the hands: that was Monck of *Le Matin*. Disappointed? Fed up? Or asleep?

So they came, so they went, faces, faces, faces. All of the same size, distinct but distant, so many masks, emotionless. Now there were three together, three in a box, black coats, braided, and ribbons across their breasts. And Delia remembered the three, the messengers of a king.

Greed and fright and bitterness. Had they come back to take it away from her, their "decoration"? With one hand she pawed among the strewing rags at her bosom for the touch of the great six-pointed star, then more wildly still, with both hands. But already the light had passed and the three were gone and no star could she find; all that her fingers had caught was a necklace, a tiny thread of pearls. At that a cry went out of her mouth, "*Edouard!*"

The roving nimbus of the spotlight was arrested, as if an unseen manipulator had heard. There was Edouard Lebrun, as if incalculably far off, but large and vivid, watching her as a stranger might, his face quite immobile, his eyes as dead as glass.

That dance was done. For an instant Delia stood, keeping her balance on her wabbly legs. Holding the necklace high away from her throat, aglimmer in the red light for the closed eyes to see, she cried with all her might and all her fright: "*Souvens-toi!*"

It went only a little way and fell: it couldn't cross that distance. "*Remember!*" It couldn't touch Edouard Lebrun. In the widening nimbus he turned to the girl beside him, the white-and-golden Norse girl who sang at the Folies, Olga Pedesen. He smiled, and she smiled in answer. And under the thrust of Delia's hooked thumb the necklace parted. Where it went then she did not know; she had a vivid illusion of baubles turned bubbles and bubbles broken in the air.

SHE commenced to fall. But a sob caught her and lifted her straight up again

"*Boom!*" A simple drum-note. "*Boom!*" Imperious, powerful.

"Nigguh-gal, you all t'rough? Cyan't you dance no mo'?"

"Can't I dance no more?"

Another sob took Delia's body and twisted it, flinging the pelvis one way, the shoulders the other. But her feet were tied to the ground.

"*Boom! Boom! Boom!*"

The measure of the beat increased, and with it the measure of the sobs that flung her. But now, what difference, what did she care? She gave them rein. The moment she had done that a greater thing happened. There were no longer sobs, but laughter, Gullah laughter.

"*Cyan't* I dance! Lookuh de nigguh-gal. Dance? Yi—yi—yi—yi—yi!

*Continued on Page 114*

# How do *you* choose your *Face Powder*

There are several things to consider in selecting a face powder—purity, merit, odor, texture, tint, clinging quality, and price. Elaborate packages and foreign labels may induce you to spend more money than is necessary, but such things have nothing to do with complexion beauty—and the real object of a face powder is to beautify your complexion.

Plough's Black and White Face Powder is made of the finest ingredients and is soothing and beneficial to the skin. Soft and smooth in texture, appealingly fragrant, tinted with an artistry that accents Nature's loveliest flesh tones, it clings for hours without renewing; and keeps the complexion youthfully smooth, clear and beautiful.

We ask you to try this fine face powder because we believe you will like it. It comes in two sizes, each having a distinctive odor and texture, and available at popular prices.

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Holmes & Edwards Silver Co., Bridgeport, Conn., also International Silver Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

# HOLMES & EDWARDS INLAID

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"SOMETHING MORE THAN PLATE"

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

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# Fastidious Youth . . . smart, active, unhampered, now

## teaches older women the comfort of this sanitary protection

YOUTH! Smartness! They go together. And they explain why Kotex has become the accepted sanitary protection. Why young women prefer this sanitary pad. For they won't tolerate discomfort. Or a lack of daintiness.

The modern woman wants grace, freedom, the feeling of being well dressed *in every sense.* And she achieves it now despite situations her mother used to consider "physical handicaps." She uses Kotex. As for comparing it with old-fashioned ways—that's unthinkable. If one is truly fastidious, no substitute can give the carefree smartness Kotex permits.

*What Kotex accomplishes*

Fastidious women want to feel dainty, safe, secure. And Kotex does give that feeling. It deodorizes. It is delightfully soft and so pure that surgeons actually use its fleecy soft filler (Cellucotton absorbent wadding) for dressings as well as sanitary pads in 85% of our leading hospitals. Could anything be more eloquent testimonial than that?

*Many girls feel this way*

"Since the day I discovered Kotex," one very attractive girl said recently, "I've completely lost the self-consciousness I often used to feel. It's so dainty, so soft and wonderfully comfortable. Mother uses it now, thanks to me. And we both wonder how we ever got along without it!"

So many smart women ask that question. You will too, once you've tried the new Kotex. It's quite a triumph over any sanitary pad you've formerly used. —even over the original Kotex. Some of the reasons why are listed here. Do read them!

### KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 *In hospitals*—Kotex is the identical material used practically EXCLUSIVELY by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

3 *Safe, secure* . . . keeps your mind at ease.

4 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection.

5 *Deodorizes* . . . safely, thoroughly, by a patented process.

6 *Disposable* completely, instantly.

Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store, or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

**KOTEX**

**The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes**

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*transparent net*
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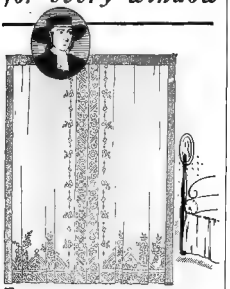
*for every window*



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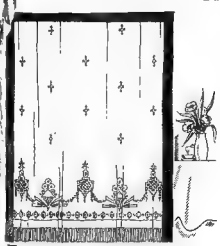
STRAIGHT-HUNG Quaker Tailored Net Curtains of beautiful texture while admitting light and air assure privacy, so difficult with the old tie-back curtains.



*For Living and Dining Rooms*

A STYLE to harmonize with your decorative scheme and just the right length fringe makes these Quaker Net Panels the favorite Curtain of discriminating women.

IT is so easy to correctly curtain every window in your home and so inexpensive if you insist on Quaker Transparent Net Curtains.

*At the better stores everywhere, $2 to $20*

# QUAKER
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**3535**—This is a piquant and distinctive costume. Designed for sizes 4 to 14. Size 10 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch material.

**4039**—Designed for sizes 16 to 40. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch dark—1⅝ yard light—1⅛ yard for tie and leg cuffs.

**4879**—Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch light fabric—¾ yard 36-inch dark for bolero and ties.

**4878**—Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch fabric—4 yards 36-inch lace, including the mantilla.

**4040**—Designed for sizes 34 to 44. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch dark fabric—1¼ yard light for ruff and band on cap.

**1922**—This is a clown costume children adore. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 6 requires 3⅛ yds. 36-in. material.

**4074**—A fairy costume. Designed for sizes 2 to 12. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material—1½ yard 36-inch net.

**4569**—Piping Pan. Designed for sizes 6 to 16. Size 14 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch material. An effective costume.

**4930**—Designed for sizes 6 to 16. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch printed cotton material—3¼ yards 36-inch plain cotton.

**4457**—Designed for sizes 8 to 18. Size 14 requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch fabric—⅞ yard 36-inch fabric for bodice and head-dress.

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 127.

*Regular One-Piece Denton. Sizes 0, 1 and 2 open down the back.*

*Sizes 3 to 14 open down the front. All sizes have our patented extra-full drop seat.*

## Economy in Durable Dentons

EVERY mother who buys a Denton Sleeping Garment profits in two ways: she assures snug, healthful sleep for her children; and she buys long-wearing service.

*Extra Heavy, Tailored, Romper Feet Double the Life of Dentons*

Where wear is heaviest and strains are greatest, Dentons are strongest. A heavier and stronger fabric is knit for the soles and upper portions of the feet, which are accurately cut on a form-fitting pattern.

Rubber buttons stay on the garments without breaking and practically eliminate the bother of sewing on buttons after washing. Strong, flat seams; reinforcing tape where needed; double-thick collars; and carefully sewn button holes, are other Denton quality features which resist wear and tear by active, robust children. No detail is slighted in tailoring these garments—Denton durability is uniform throughout.

**Denton *Soft-Knit* Fabric is Truly Hygienic**

—And assures comfortable sleep. The loosely spun yarn of unbleached double-carded cotton combined with some fine virgin wool, knit in an open stitch, provides skin ventilation and gentle absorbent qualities for perspiration which insure the warmth that induces sound, healthful sleep.

*Sold in 8,500 leading dry goods and department stores. If your dealer does not carry Dentons, write us.*

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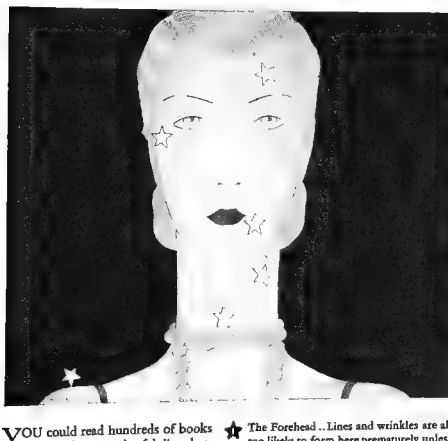
**This Ingram Mannequin is a chart to teach you why**

**"ONLY A HEALTHY SKIN CAN STAY YOUNG"**

*Frances Ingram*



YOU could read hundreds of books and spend thousands of dollars, but, with all your study and expense, you could never, never learn a more important rule than *to take care of the health of your skin.*

Just as your health has much to do with your spirits from one day to another, your skin, its loveliness or lack of it, indicates the care it receives and the health it enjoys.

Starred on my mannequin are six places where the health of your skin is most quickly evidenced. These are the places where imperfections come first—where lines trace untruthful testimonials of years. Protect these places—guard their health—and year in, year out, you can face your mirror with joy.

Milkweed Cream will help you marvelously in caring for your skin. It is slightly therapeutic, and does things for your skin that no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It is a splendid cleanser and smooths the skin exquisitely. Roughness vanishes—blemishes and tiny wrinkles disappear. Your skin becomes incredibly smooth, clear and lovely.

You will find Milkweed Cream at any drug or department store. But I wish you would send the coupon for my booklet on skin care. And write me if you have any special beauty questions.

- The Forehead .. Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
- The Eyes . . Puffiness and crows' feet are so very aging and unbecoming—so traitorous. To keep the skin smooth and supple, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.
- The Mouth . . To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.
- The Throat . . Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's, with its trace of medication, keeps it lovely, smooth and rounded and without a trace of flabbiness.
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- The Shoulders .. Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's. © 1929

P. S. *Milkweed Cream is marvelous when you are sunburned. It soothes away the redness and smarting. And, should you acquire a tan, it will encourage a lovely, even effect, keeping the skin soft and supple and preventing the burn from coarsening its texture.*

**INGRAM'S *Milkweed Cream***

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Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young" which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

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*Continued from Page 100*

"Gibb-um debbil! T'row yoh elbow! Crack yoh knee'!"

"I gibb-um debbil! I shake-um down!"

The beginning of marvels. Amazement. Exultation. Why had she ever forgotten the power that was in her when she no longer worried or cared or thought of herself as an artist or of dancing as dancing—when, very simply, getting hold of the brown earth with her two brown feet, she could give herself up body and soul to the hollering drum?

"Nigguh-gal," she fleered and gloried, 'e duh shake de Bukra out uh hebben!"

True was, she was shaking and shivering them, the tiers of that enormous "house" against the sky. Her laughter rang higher and higher, flouting and fleering. "Nigguh-gal, 'e crack 'e backbone, t'row 'e shoulduh, shake de Gawd-a-mighty white folks down!"

Wizening shadows, like rags of wind-struck cloud she saw them tumbling. The loopings and bendings of her flesh had got beyond her now; she had no feeling of them. Faster, faster, wilder, wilder. And of a sudden they reached the fulness of simplicity, and stopped.

That was done. The floor of the old marsh she saw empty, wound by the channels of the tide; the bowl of the sky she saw hollow, wiped clean of all but the glitter of the Sea Island stars. Her paean was hardly louder than the rustling of the wind: "Done shake-um down!"

The fires were going to embers and their light warmed the earth. Delia was down on her buckled knees on the earth, and she had hold of it with her hands. To have safe hold of the earth is to be part of it, and to be part of the earth is to be imperishable.

Now everything around Delia was part of it. The little cabins, they were not like things built. The slowly tossing wild oats, the trees, the ember-lit watchers ringed in distance, and Bram, nearer, broad-bottomed on the beaten ground, his great spent wrists hanging over the head of his cowhide tom-tom and the sweat of heaven trickling down them as red as blood—they were all, parcel with Delia Manigo, but the earth where it moves and breathed and desired. And so was maamy now, of a sudden, between her two big soft wings of shadows.

"What you duh do dey, Chile? What-foh you duh lay 'pon-top de groun'?"

Delia was so heavy-close to the ground now that she heard a breathing. That was the ocean on the barrier beaches miles away. But she thought it was the beginning of the beating of another drum. Boom—boom—boom! The oldest drum of all. And Delia thought she was dancing to it. She thought she was a child on the marsh-bank in the cool of "dayclean," with the smoke of breakfast fires blowing down around her seaward, and the stamp and clank of hitching mules and the chitter of rushing birds busy in the air. Dancing, vagrant as a feather.

SOMEBODY was speaking far off, as far off as the other end of Edisto.

"Look up yoh maamy, Delia. I gots a conjuh from de conjuh-woman. Now you gwine be all-well."

Dancing, lighter, lighter, lighter than any feather, laughing, caroling.

"Conjuh, Maamy? Whuffoh conjuh? I *gots* a conjuh. I *yist* all-well."

# THE SECRET OF 37 HARDY STREET

*Continued from Page 29*

But in the meantime every newspaper in town will be howling to-morrow morning because we haven't succeeded in finding out the name and address of every boob who purchased mecrin anywhere in the world during the past five years."

The telephone rang. Crewe answered it. He stood for a moment listening in silence, then cursed vigorously.

"Do?" he roared. "What the h—— can we do? You lost him. You go find him or I'll have your star to-morrow morning." He snapped the receiver onto its hook and turned to Sands.

"Carbine has left the Manor. And didn't tell those dumb cops that he was going. So they didn't find out anything about it until he'd been gone fifteen or twenty minutes. Must have been in a hurry. He left his china teeth and his hair."

Sands calmly resumed his audit of the telegrams.

"Well, that's that," he commented. "The only trouble is that we aren't going to get any advance warning on what Mr. Carbine does next. And there may be trouble."

THE next development in the Bradley case came quickly enough to satisfy even the impatient Crewe.

Sands and Thorpe were at dinner in their hotel when a bell-boy brought word of a telephone-message from the Detective Bureau. Sands went out to a booth in the lobby and heard the chief's impatient voice.

"The trouble seems to have arrived," Crewe said. "Something's happened to Esther Bradley. Just got the call. For the love of Heaven get over there and find out what's going on."

Sands did not wait to pick up his hat or coat. He gave a hasty message to the boy who had called him and then dashed out to the taxi-stand. In less than two minutes he was entering the elevator in the Park Arms Hotel.

The sixth-floor corridor was in a turmoil when he stepped out of the car a few doors from Number 627. Men and women guests of the hotel were clustered together in a mass before the half-open door of Miss Bradley's apartment, also chambermaids, bell-boys, waiters, and repairmen. The throng was increasing in density every time the elevator door opened.

Sands fought his way through the crowd to the threshold of the room, where he found authority standing in the person of a bewildered house detective. He presented a card signed with Crewe's name and was speedily admitted.

"What's the row?" he demanded.

The detective closed the door.

"Woman here says somebody busted into her room," he explained. "Nothin' to raise all this row about."

"Is she still alive?" Sands asked.

"Yeh, she's still alive. Had a shock, the doctor says. Otherwise nothin' wrong."

Sands cast a hasty glance about the apartment. The room in which he was standing was the one in which he had listened to Esther Bradley's story of the mysterious stranger. A black-satin wrap lay on the floor at the end of a velour divan. A wrecked chair leaned against the base-board in a far corner of the room.

Through an open door at his right Sands caught a glimpse of a nurse and a man in black leaning over the bed.

French doors on the opposite side of the room revealed a little dining-room, beyond which was a tiny kitchenette. There would be a bathroom somewhere off the bedroom, and that, he supposed, summed up the apartment. A window was open somewhere. The draft cut through the stifling heat of the sitting-room.

Sands turned abruptly from the detective and stepped into the bedroom.

Esther Bradley, fully dressed, lay motionless on top of the covers. The doctor sat with his hand on her wrist. The nurse had gone into the bathroom to prepare some medicine. The doctor looked up.

"Was there something you wanted?" he inquired of Sands.

"You're the doctor, I take it."

"I'm Dr. Kelsey of the hotel staff. Who are you?"

Sands produced a card.

"I'm a friend of Mrs. Carbine—or rather an acquaintance. However, I am not here in that capacity. At present I represent the Police Department at the request of Chief of Detectives Crewe. Mrs. Carbine, as you probably know, is the daughter of Cyrus Bradley, and it is of vital importance that I find out at once what has happened here."

Dr. Kelsey's demeanor changed instantly.

*Continued on Page 116*

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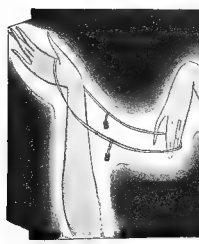

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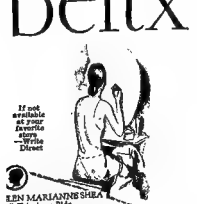

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*Continued from Page 114*

"I apologize," he said. "I took you for a reporter. I'll gladly tell you all I know. Five minutes ago somebody in Number 629, the suite adjoining this, called down to the desk that a woman in 627 was screaming for help. The house detective came up at once. He just happened to be in the lobby when the call came. He found the door locked, but was able to let himself in with a pass-key.

"This lady was lying unconscious in the middle of the sitting-room floor, and the window of the kitchenette was open. There was no sign of anybody in the flat. The clerk had called me out of the dining-room. Other people on the sixth floor were sending down reports, and the office got the idea that a massacre was going on. So I dashed up here to see what I could do."

"Did Mrs. Carbine recover enough to tell you what had happened to her?"

"She came to long enough to say, 'He came. I knew he would come. Don't let him touch me.' But that was all."

"There are no marks on her?"

"So far as a superficial examination shows there is nothing the matter with her but shock. There is a slight bruise on one side of her throat, but she may have got that in falling."

"When do you think she will be able to talk?"

"She's coming to now. But I don't think you should question her."

"I'll be as brief as possible, but I've got to find out what happened. This is the sequel to what we believe to be a murder case, Doctor." And with that the girl opened her eyes and looked at him.

"How did you get here?" she whispered.

"I told you we'd be near if you needed help," he reminded her.

"I screamed," she said. "There was a man in my room. I had dressed for dinner and was going out, but I thought that maybe Evans would call me. So I sat down on the divan, and I guess I fell asleep. When I woke up the man was in the room. I only caught a glimpse of him as he passed behind me. When I tried to get to my feet, he twisted an arm around my neck and threw me down again. I began to scream for help, and he started out through the dining-room, tripped over a little chair near the door. But he got up and went away. I kept calling for help until I fainted."

"Was there anything about this man that suggested any one you might know?"

"No. As I told you, I didn't see his face. All I saw was some dark clothes—and then he caught hold of me."

"I want to ask you just one more question, Mrs. Carbine. I want to know if there is anything in this attack to-night that you can associate in any way with your father's death?" His voice was sympathetic, but his face was set.

She gave him a wan smile.

"I have been telling you the truth," she replied. "There is no evidence of any connection. I told you of the man who followed me here, and I know a police guard was sent over here, even tho you didn't believe me. This man to-night may be the same man."

SANDS seemed satisfied.

"You are perfectly safe here. Try to think of that. I'll drop in again later in the evening to see if you need anything."

He left her to interview the house detective.

"Where's the cop who was supposed to be watching this apartment?" Sands inquired.

"Out in the kitchen snaggin' a bite to eat," replied the sleuth. "An' I wish I was with him."

"He'll wish the hotel had fallen on him before Crewe gets through," declared Sands. "Don't he know that something like this business was on the cards?"

"They ain't nothin' to this. Some moron runnin' around loose. Pretty woman. Well, then, you don't have to go far lookin' for the answer."

His matter-of-fact analysis of the affair caused Sands to wonder if, after all, he might not be a bit overwrought as the result of the Crewsley affair. And then suddenly he caught the smell of something burning. He dashed into the kitchenette. A slice of bread was smoldering in the electric toaster and a percolator near by was beginning to bubble. And the atmosphere was thick with the smell of musty tobacco.

IN AN instant Sands had crossed to the kitchenette window and was studying the possibilities of the fire-escape that ran down six stories to the alley.

For a moment he was prepared to put some faith in Fred Carbine's hysterical tale of the evil influence. He felt that it must have waited for years to end the account of Cyrus Bradley and that it was somewhere out there in the night, defeated only for the moment, biding its time.

Sands realized almost at once that the instinct which suggested the imminence of danger was no sixth sense, but the product of subconscious reasoning. The fire-escape ended at a point in the alley close to a street in which blazed the electric signs of a dozen theaters—a street surging with crowds long after midnight. A switch-track for the street-car lines occupied the alley itself, and a welding crew was working on the rails.

Sands recalled that the welder had been operating when he came past the alley-mouth on his way to the hotel. Obviously, then, the sinister visitor had not fled that way.

It was possible, of course, that he had come from some other room, above or below Number 627, and had returned there when the girl's screams thwarted him. Perhaps, even now, he was out in the hall on the sixth floor questioning bell-boys and otherwise behaving like any hotel patron.

On the other hand, if he had come from the outside, he must still be somewhere within reach, and since he could not drop down on top of the welding crew, he must be up above somewhere among the cliffs of brick.

These conclusions had come to Sands before he had stepped out of the window. He acted upon them instinctively.

In the blue light of the sputtering arc the trail lay wide before him. The clinging snow had been tramped from the iron grating of the platform and footprints led up the stairs. Sands followed them.

After he had passed the eighth floor he knew that the snowy trail led to the roof.

Sands made little noise in climbing. The snow that had betrayed the flight of the intruder muffled the sound of the pursuit. There was little danger of a sniping shot from the parapet where the fire-escape ended its upward drive. The storm had abated, but the wind was lifting white drifts from the roofs and dropping them down in swirling masses.

A man on the iron stairs would be a poor target from the roof until he came to the twelfth floor—two stories from the top. Sands moved cautiously to this danger-zone, after which he crouched low and proceeded rapidly, with his eyes fixed on the point where the stairs ended in a ladder that curved over the parapet. He realized his danger as he swung onto the ladder. The veil of the snow made the void below him seem bottomless, and he knew that he could do nothing should his unknown adversary choose this moment to open fire.

But either the adversary had not counted on rapid pursuit or he had been faced by the necessity of a quick retreat, for there was no sign of an ambush—nothing to indicate that a human being had ever passed this way save the bare spots on the rungs. In half a minute Sands flattened himself against the top of the parapet and dropped to his hands and knees on the roof, which was crisscrossed by dikes made by fire-walls arising some four feet above the surface and marking the additions that had been made to the hotel. Sands, flattened against the parapet, peered across these gables in a vain search for a movement or perhaps a flash of a light.

He could see the streaks where the fugitive had moved northward from the ladder, and he tried to figure their further advance. There would be more fire-escapes about the building—two probably in the alley, and two or three on each of the street sides of the building. If the trail continued as it had started, then the man must be heading for the north wall, which towered above Park Boulevard, the most populous zone of the city.

The east and west walls were hardly

*Continued on Page 118*

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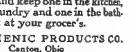


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*Continued from Page 116*

less exposed, and Sands put out of his mind the thought that the footprints might possibly double-back toward either of them.

The snow-clouds parted for an instant, and he caught a glimpse of a penthouse rising beyond a division-wall to the north and east. Instantly he was in motion again.

He realized that he had expected something like this. Somewhere on the roof—either in this penthouse or one like it—would be a stairway leading down through a laundry or a storeroom to an out-of-the-way corner of the top floor. The fugitive had only to reach this point, walk down another flight of stairs, and take the elevator to the street floor.

Sands was no longer wary. He felt that his quarry had had time to reach the head of the stairs. So he was taken by surprize when a streak of flame flashed almost in his face and a bullet snapped over his head.

Automatically he dropped into the snow, extended his right arm sidewise, and fired in the direction of the flash. A smash of glass told him that he had knocked out a window in the penthouse.

The roaring of pistols died in the blanketing snow. Sands caught a dull sound of a door thrown open by the wind.

He rose to his feet again and ran forward until brought up by a dividing wall. He listened for a brief second. Then hugging the masonry as closely as possible, he lifted himself over the wall.

A moment's delay followed as he made a vain attempt to pick up the tracks in the snow. The shadows were black under the wall, and for a minute he groped about in the dark seeking the penthouse, expecting at any moment to encounter human flesh.

When he felt the brick beneath his fingers he was delayed by a search for a door, but when he came to the opening he heard the clatter of steps on the iron stairs beyond.

He thought it must be some sort of indoor open fire-escape dropping down between railings of pipe through a tube of cement. For another second he moved carefully, aware that a misstep might plunge him through the railing. But when he had discovered the outline of an iron landing and knew where the staircase left it he fired two shots down the stair-well.

He had no hope of hitting anything in this random pistol-practise. The hurrying footsteps were echoing far beneath him, but there was a possibility that the noise might penetrate the hotel and bring re-enforcements. With his left hand gripping the rail, he noisily started down the stairs. At each turning he stopped a fraction of a second to make sure that footsteps were still echoing below.

The end came more abruptly than he had expected. The railing suddenly fell away from his hand, and he went groping forward to collide with a huge metal cylinder. He was aware of a warm, fetid atmosphere and the smell of laundry soap. He guessed that he had stumbled into the receiving-room where used soap is brought back to further use.

THE man he was following had gone through this room and probably had made his way across the laundry adjoining. Sands could still hear him, but the footsteps seemed to come from all directions at once.

Relying on instinct, Sands kept up the pursuit, unmindful of the vats, tanks and pipes that rose up to block his path. It was with considerable surprize that he came finally to an open door and another iron stairway. It was almost with a sense of relief that he flattened against the wall to escape a bullet.

The flash was below him—a full flight below him, he judged. He answered with his pistol held in his left hand and well away from his side. But there was no other shot from below.

Instead, a rectangle of light suddenly appeared at the edges of the iron steps glistened beneath his feet. A door had opened and a black shadow was bulked for a moment at one side of it.

Sands fired once more, aware as he did so that he had missed. The door closed.

In a matter of seconds he was at the bottom of the flight. With his pistol raised he kicked open the door and found himself looking into an empty corridor. There was no gun-fire to greet him, no sound save the clanking of chains in the elevator-shaft opposite.

This floor, he supposed, was given over to ballrooms and banquet-halls now deserted. But somewhere in this labyrinth of corridors would be a door opening upon a staircase that would lead to the floor below. He could not hope to locate it in less than a minute. And in the meantime the man who had sought to repeat the Bradley tragedy would be well on his way to the front door. The man-hunt was over for the present.

He pushed the button for the elevator. When he stepped out into the lobby, he found policemen flowing in from every entrance. Fortunately the first man he met was a sergeant he knew.

"Get a guard to every elevator," he directed, "and look out for a man with snow on his clothes. But be careful with him. He's got a gun with four or five shots left in it."

No good came of this precaution. The elevators went up and down and discharged their usual cargoes of men and women, not one of whom appeared to have been out of the hotel for hours.

Crewe arrived, and the reporters and the plain-clothes men of the Seventeenth Precinct, and the fashion-plates of the homicide squad, and the dust-inspectors, and Dr. McNamara and Dr. Perry and Captain Banning.

"All we lack is the little group of serious thinkers from the coroner's office," remarked Crewe as he took charge of the inquiry and barred all but a guard of two men from Number 627.

"They missed their chance by the skin of their teeth" answered Sands, and he reloaded his pistol.

CREWE tossed his half-smoked cigaret into the open fire in the mauve-and-gold lounge of the Park Arms Hotel and cursed bitterly.

"The h— of being a policeman is that so many other birds work overtime helping you make mistakes," he told Sands. "This fat slob who was supposed to be on guard at Number 627 sneaks down to get something to eat. Couldn't wait until some other half-wit was sent over to relieve him. And that isn't the worst of it. He has to do his bungling on the same day that a brother moron loses Fred Carbine."

Sands smiled.

"Don't take it to heart," he advised. "Nobody's hurt, and we seem to be forcing somebody to show his hand."

"But where does it get us to push Carbine out into the open? We still can't prove that he was near town when old man Bradley kicked off."

"The somebody isn't Carbine," argued Sands. "Or I don't think it is. However, twenty-four hours ago I'd have been able to tell you who murdered Bradley, but right now my theory doesn't hold up very well. The bird who started this job to-night has a brain."

"Which ought to let Carbine out," interrupted Crewe.

Sands nodded.

"Not that I don't believe Carbine to be intelligent. But in the condition he was in this afternoon I believe him to be incapable of carrying out a scheme like this one."

"Looks rather haphazard to me."

"That's because you've just looked in on it. This bird must have been watching for a chance to get Mrs. Carbine in just such a set-up as occurred to-night. It's not chance. He may have known that your cop was in the habit of sneaking down to the kitchen for his dinner. Or he may have suggested to the cop that this would be a good idea. It's worth looking into."

"The kitchen help tell me that the cop was down there for every meal since he was stationed here."

"It wouldn't have been hard for our mysterious visitor to find that out. Besides he had it all worked out how he would act if anything went wrong with his plan. He knew the upper works of this hotel better than the manager. Probably he'd been up and down those stairs half a dozen times in the dark. If I had had half his knowledge I'd have caught him."

"You still haven't proved any alibi for Carbine. This isn't his first appearance


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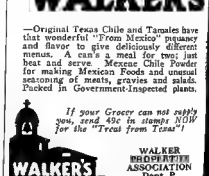

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in this town. He may have found out all about the hotel last week or last year. You notice that his wife picked out this place as a residence without any recommendations from anybody. The register shows that she's been here before. And if she's been here probably her husband has been."

"The Carbine I saw a few hours ago couldn't have found his way across the street without a compass and a map."

"I'm not attaching much importance to that. The bird is probably a hop-head, and one shot of dope might have made a new man of him. He was afraid of something, but how do you know that his wife wasn't the cause of it?"

Sands shook his head.

"It's a good argument. But when I think of that wreck of a he-beauty I can't see him pulling off any job that required guts and stamina."

"Stamina!" scoffed Crewe. "It doesn't take stamina to shin up a fire-escape and cross over a roof. It certainly doesn't take stamina to attack a woman when she's asleep."

"But this lad took one shot at me up there and came pretty close to blowing my head off. Considering the dark and the snow and the wind, it was darned good shooting. And to shoot well when somebody's chasing you requires nerve."

Crewe studied the argument for a moment.

"Anyway," he said, "we'll pull this bird in. The old-timers in the department remember him when he was the sweet-voiced chorus of all the revues. He isn't well enough connected here to find a good hide-out, and I'll guarantee that he doesn't get out of town."

"Have you checked on Evans Bradley?"

"Right off the bat. Nothing doing. The cop who was watching his door hadn't thought about getting any dinner, and it was easy to locate him. Evans was in his room finding new ways to get drunk. You didn't suspect him, did you?"

"Not to any great extent. The same considerations that rule out Carbine apply to him. But if you're checking up on one character you might as well take them all. I'd like to know what the blond boy in the light overcoat was doing to-night."

"What's your theory about him?"

"I'm only guessing now. To-morrow maybe I can find out."

"There is no to-morrow," observed Crewe. "Nothing but a coroner's inquest."

Up-stairs the investigation was proceeding slowly.

Certain embargo on Mrs. Carbine's apartment had forced them to confine their work to the fire-escape and roof. The microscope squad seemed to function just as well in chill winds and by the light of flash-lamps as under favorable circumstances. The young men of the homicide squad verified Sands's report that there would be footprints on the roof. And that was all.

CAPTAIN BANNING and the two doctors came down presently and took seats with Crewe and Sands in front of the fire.

"I hear you've been romping around on the roof, Sands," greeted the captain genially. "Nice night for it."

Sands grinned.

"When I get up my new rules for crime I'm going to declare a moratorium any day when the temperature is below freezing."

"Was there any crime committed to-night?" inquired Dr. McNamara slyly.

Sands shrugged his shoulders.

"It all depends on your definition of crime," he said. "There hasn't been any murder—not yet. But somebody took a shot or two at me up there and somebody broke into Mrs. Carbine's flat."

"We found some crumbs on the roof," laughed Banning. "But the wind had mixed them up quite a lot. Sure you didn't scare some poor goof of a watchman out of his shirt?"

"I don't have been a night-watchman or possibly the milkman. But why should the watchman or the milkman start on his rounds in Mrs. Carbine's apartment."

"She may have been hysterical," commented McNamara. "Perhaps she imagined that somebody was in the apartment."

Sands laughed.


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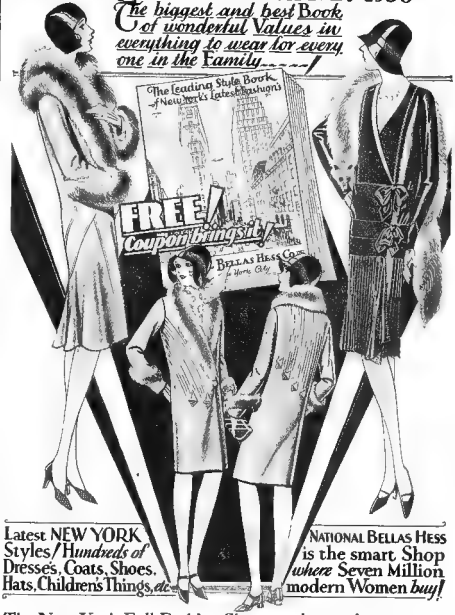


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"There was no imagination about the tracks on the fire-escape," he pointed out. "I saw them."

"Wind might have taken some of the snow off," suggested Banning.

"True. But why should it have taken the snow off above the sixth floor and left it on between the sixth floor and the alley-level?"

Captain Banning shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing to call out the reserves about," he commented. "They ought to have enough house detectives in a joint this size to take care of their morons."

Sands smiled.

"I am willing to bet that there might be a connection between an attack on Esther Carbine and the death of Cyrus Bradley."

"I don't see why," replied the captain. "The docs tell me they're convinced Bradley killed himself. So why make clues out of everything that happens to the old man's relatives."

"Well, there was somebody who broke into the house in Hardy Street and somebody who took a pot-shot at me through the window. I can't say that I ever saw a suicide with so many freak results."

"I think I pointed out some time ago that the people who profited by the suicide mightn't be above taking care of their profits," Dr. Perry said. "What the captain means is that all's well that ends well, and the girl hasn't been hurt. Neither have you."

Crewe sighed.

"I hope the suicide verdict will end a lot of this," he said. "It'll be embarrassing if the actors don't pay any attention to the plot furnished by the coroner's jury."

BANNING let the argument rest at that, said good night, and marched out with his retinue.

Crewe watched them quizzically.

"Gosh," he observed, "how a policeman hates to work! "You'd think the only motive in this case was somebody's malicious intention to make trouble for Banning."

"And to-morrow," Sands reminded him, "both of you will be able to sit down and take a nice long rest."

Crewe laughed shortly.

"Officially, yes," he admitted. "We'll listen to the finding of the dumb Isaacs on the coroner's jury with bowed heads and clasped hands. And then we'll go right along as we had intended to do from the beginning. What the devil does a coroner's inquest amount to anyway?"

"I had figured on some such plan myself," Sands said. "I'm not keen on going to Java. If only I could remember what's back in my mind about nicotin——"

Crewe gazed into the fire.

"Do you know," he said, "we've got to find Carbine. He didn't fit very well into the cast in the Bradley case because he didn't stand to inherit, and with the dough in his wife's hands he'd stand less show of getting it than when the old man had it. But if his wife gets bumped off suddenly and hasn't made a will, her share goes to him. The thought of that probably would nerve him to do a whole lot of things."

"Reasonable enough," admitted Sands. "But go a step farther. Suppose there's a third party who couldn't inherit from Bradley or from the girl either. Suppose this bird had enough hold on Carbine to scare him into fits. He couldn't gouge any money out of Carbine unless he had it. So he might help Carbine out by removing his wife."

The chief was impressed.

"That's possible," he said. "But first catch your rabbit. I'll put the whole bureau on the job to-morrow and we'll have Carbine by noon. We'll make him talk," he promised. "We'll threaten to let the news photographers take his picture without his wig and false teeth. Don't worry about that."

"I'm not worrying about that," said Sands. "But I've got a hunch that you're never going to see him again."

Crewe's flame died instantly.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Hard to say, but it seems to be on the cards. He's got a chance to live only until he inherits."

"He'd have to show up then to collect."

"Not necessarily. He may have made a will. In which event his heir will show up and collect. On the other hand, con-

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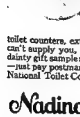

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sidering the type of criminal we are up against, the money may be a minor consideration, and we might as well tell the morgue-keeper to get a slab ready for him."

Crewe laughed.

"How about yourself?" he demanded. "This bird seems to have been paying you twice as much attention as he has Carbine."

"Don't spend any sleepless nights over me," Sands advised. "One move out of my private suspect and I'll guarantee to get him first."

"You'd be in a sweet mess if you plugged the wrong man."

"He's the right man, Joe," Sands replied softly. "From now on it's only a question of getting the goods on him."

"What's his name?"

Sands shook his head.

"Nope," he demurred. "You don't get that until I have something to go on. He must have done it—but I can't see why— If only I could remember that stuff about the nicotin——"

Crewe's reply was an expressive sniff.

"Don't kid me, big boy," he advised. "I've been hearing that stuff ever since I was walking a beat: 'The police are confident that they will have the culprits in custody before morning!' What you mean is that you don't know a darned thing."

Sands laughed.

"You're more than half right," he admitted. "It's a little more than a hunch—but not much more. The point I should have made is that if I see any overt act in this quarter I'll know I'm right. You know I'll give you what I get when I get it."

"What you give me now is a pain in the neck," replied Crewe. "I'm going down to headquarters and get Carbine."

He did go back to headquarters, and before midnight every detective at the city's command was at work on a canvass of the hotels and cafés and boarding-houses favored by actors. But Carbine was not to be found.

THE coroner's inquest was scheduled for ten o'clock. At nine Sands paid a visit to Esther Carbine.

The girl, apparently recovered from the shock of the previous night, received him in her sitting-room. She was completely dressed—even to her hat.

"I'm glad you came," she said as she held out her hand in greeting. "I was hoping you'd come."

"You look charming this morning," Sands said. "How could it be that you have been worried about you!"

She dropped down on a divan.

"Do you know," she said, studying him, "I like you. Once I didn't, but now I do."

"You are very kind," he said. "It's seldom one has an opportunity to better a bad start."

"There's something real about you," she went on. "I have never known a man like you. I'm not afraid any more."

"Please don't," he begged. "I can't stand flattery—not from you."

"It is flattery. I'm trying to express my gratitude. Did you think I wouldn't hear about the fight you had up on the roof last night? And you went up there to that danger for me. It was wonderful of you," she went on, "especially after the way I've treated you—and the lies I've told."

She leaned forward suddenly and laid her hand upon his sleeve.

"I want you to know I appreciate it," she said. "I only wish I had met you years ago."

"I am glad to be your friend when you need one, but you give me credit for too much. I can't take advantage of your attitude. It wouldn't be square. But I wonder if, considering the matter on its own merits, couldn't you now be a little more frank with me?"

She looked at him in astonishment.

"What do you mean?" she inquired.

"Do you feel that I would respect your confidence?"

"I certainly do."

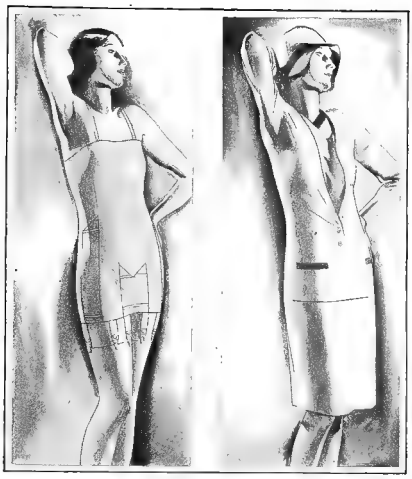
"Well, then, I shall ask you some questions that must be answered by some one. And I hope you know that I have no personal reasons for doing so."

She smiled.

"If I don't care to answer them I shan't. But I'll not be offended."

"Very well then, Mrs. Carbine, tell me

Go gle



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Dennison


were you in your father's house the evening of his death or the day before?"

She drew in her breath suddenly.

"That's one that I sha'n't answer," she said softly.

He went on.

"You have heard me speak of a lad in a light-weight gray overcoat. Do you know him, Mrs. Carbine?"

She looked at the door as if hoping to escape.

"Yes," she said, in a low voice, "I know him."

"Who is he?"

"His name is Ralph Cummings," she said. "He is an actor who has been playing in Florida. That was why he wore that light overcoat."

"What is he like?"

She hesitated.

"He's weak and petty and self-centered and altogether not a nice person."

"Is he dangerous?"

She laughed disdainfully.

"Dangerous? That poor thing dangerous!"

"You realize of course that he stands an excellent chance of being tried for murder in the case of your father?"

"But he had nothing to do with it. I'm sure of that."

"How do you know?"

"I can't tell you. Not now."

"Very well, we'll pass to the next incident. On Wednesday night at about nine o'clock he took a pot-shot at me through the window of Number 37 Hardy Street, and I suspect he was in the house that same evening searching for something. How do you account for that?"

The surprise in her face was genuine.

"He couldn't have been in Hardy Street at nine o'clock because he was right here in this room with me from nine o'clock until after eleven."

Despite his sophistication Sands felt suddenly ill.

"Well," he said after an awkward pause, "that's that. I suppose Mr. Cummings can be produced if needed."

"If you care to communicate with him you can reach him at the Flamingo Hotel in Miami."

Sands hardly heard her as he tried to piece together the facts that she had just thrown before him. Where was the relation between her loveliness and her conduct—her reticence in minor matters and her frank confession about this man?

From a distance he heard her speaking to him.

"Will you take me to the inquest?" she asked. "Mr. Burmeister called up this morning and said that he would represent me. But I know I should be there."

"I was about to suggest something of the sort myself. I'd like to have you look over the mob in the court-room and see if you recognize any of them. But the inquest itself is hardly worth attending. The verdict was cut and dried before the first adjournment." He looked at her sharply.

"You didn't have anything to do with that, did you?"

"With what?"

"With convincing the coroner that this inquiry ought to be stopped?"

"How dare you suggest—" But she broke off suddenly and half smiled at him. "I don't know anything about what the coroner is doing. And I have never had any communication of any sort, directly or indirectly, with any one in his office."

"I believe you are telling the truth," Sands said.

ONCE more the citizens of the republic fought for place in the little hearing-chamber of the Seventeenth Precinct Police Station. Once more came the gentlemen of the press and their entourage of photographers, albeit a diminished one now that the result of the hearing was in general circulation. Once more the puzzled jury came in to sit in a supernumerary position at the long table. Once more Oscar Gloph, the coroner, arose and brought the house to order for the final act.

Esther Carbine and Sands took places at the end of the press-table, where presently Thorpe joined them. He nodded pleasantly and sat down.

Mr. Gloph called loudly the name of his first witness: "Mr. Peter Strassheimer." Mr. Strassheimer, whose worth to the proceedings was problematical,


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made himself more of an enigma by failing to answer to his name. The call was repeated. The crowd, which had come to order reluctantly, became restless, and to the shuffling of feet presently was added the murmur of subdued voices.

Assistant State's Attorney West took advantage of the delay to step forward and discuss with the coroner a question of routine in the presentation of evidence. Thorpe looked about him.

"Did you ever notice the cast in this show?" he inquired of Sands.

"Yes, unfortunately, many times."

"I mean have you discovered their pictorial value? Mrs. Carbine probably will have an eye for the dramatic effect—"

Sands, interested now, turned in his chair.

"Looks like any other court-room to me," he declared.

Thorpe fought for his point.

"It isn't," he argued. "Start off with poor old, doddering Gloph, who got elected because the candidate for Governor carried the ticket. If Gloph had a celluloid collar you could ticket him 1895, and not a single dealer in antiques would quarrel with you. Look at the intelligent jurors. Not one of them under sixty—and not one of them has entertained a thought or had his trousers pressed in the last fifty years.

"And the doctors. McNamara isn't here, fortunately. He wouldn't fit. But there's Perry with a frock coat that he must have borrowed from the property-man in a Civil War play; and there's Cottrill—another photograph right out of the family album; and the cops at the doors and the stenographers. This is a gaslight murder case that's happened about twenty-five years too late."

Sands started. Gaslight murder case. Twenty-five years too late. Something was pressing against the dark curtains at the back of his memory. Thorpe's idle conversation had almost brought it back. Something to do with nicotin. But it was gone again.

The belated Mr. Strassheimer was hurrying up the aisle, and Mr. West was turning back to his place. The inquest was proceeding once more.

Mr. Peter Strassheimer was a gardener who related in broken English that he had had frequent conversations with Cyrus Bradley on the subject of rose-culture. He had not seen Mr. Bradley for several months prior to the latter's death, but on the occasion of their last meeting Mr. Bradley had seemed somewhat distrait. He remembered also that he had suggested to Mr. Bradley the possibilities of a nicotin solution as an insecticide.

After this testimony Strassheimer was excused.

Jerome Ingraham, a stock-broker, gave brief testimony to the fact that he had sold some shares in Hosmer Steel to Mr. Bradley and that shortly thereafter litigation over patents had forced the company into bankruptcy. He estimated Mr. Bradley's loss at twenty-five thousand dollars. He also remembered that Mr. Bradley had seemed disturbed at the bad news. He did not remember that Mr. Bradley had spoken of taking his own life.

Horace Masters of the microscope squad took the stand to declare that the investigation in the Hardy Street bungalow had been thoroughly haphazard and that a glass bottle might readily have been removed by zealous but ignorant police.

George K. Penikoff, a florist, was the last witness.

He testified that some time in August—some six months prior to Cyrus Bradley's death—he had sold the old man a solution of nicotin.

"Was this an alkalloy?" inquired the coroner.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Penikoff.

"How strong was this stuff?"

"Very strong."

"I guess that's all we want to know."

So the jury filed out, and shortly filed back, and a wooden-faced foreman reported the finding that Cyrus Bradley had died of nicotin-poison—self-administered.

WHEN Esther Carbine left the hearing-chamber with Sands and Thorpe she was having difficulty in restraining her tears. She would have fled from the station, but Sands noticed her.


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"Get hold of yourself," he growled in her ear. "You've got to make a statement to the press. Just forget this is an inquest and give them a curtain-speech. Sorrow of course, tears if you like, but don't give any sign that you're thinking of going farther than this verdict."

"I understand," she said. And presently she was talking to the reporters with quiet dignity.

"It isn't the finding that I expected, of course," she told them. "I can not conceive of any circumstances under which my father would have wished to take his own life. But then I knew him and the jurors didn't. I think this hearing has been properly conducted and the jurors are intelligent enough to judge the value of the evidence presented to them. It is not for me to review their verdict."

Some of the reporters seemed willing to accept this statement without emendations, but not all. In the group were Marlowe and Hawk Elliott of the *Post*, Stein of the *Inquirer*, and Peters of the *Dispatch*—old-timers, all.

"Are you going to make any private investigation?" demanded Marlowe.

"I am not. I could not hope to change the evidence in this case if the authorities are convinced that my father took his own life." Her voice shook a little.

"You think the police are throwing you down?" This from Stein, whose paper had long been engaged in a quarrel with the city administration. But Esther Carbine had seen too much of interviewers to be caught.

"I haven't said any such thing," she told him. "I am merely stating the fact that there has been a verdict of suicide in this case. I understand that such a verdict closes the case. I can't see that the police have anything to do with it."

Stein grunted.

"You know, of course," he said, "that if Joe Crewe thinks a murder has been committed he doesn't have to pay any attention to what old Cooly Gloph thinks about it."

"In that event I should think the proper person to inverview would be Mr. Crewe."

Marlowe grinned and winked at Sands. He knew Sands too well to think that he would be influenced by Gloph's hand-picked verdict. But he realized that the beautiful Esther was going to prove no simple and garrulous maiden.

"Can you reconcile this verdict with the attack that was made on you last night?" Marlowe demanded maliciously.

FOR a moment she seemed shaken, but only for a moment.

"The detectives are convinced that there could be no connection," she replied. "They believe a hotel prowler got into my room, probably looking for jewelry."

"But do you believe that, Miss Bradley?"

"I see no reason for believing otherwise," she told him.

"And here's another piece for the papers," said Sands, breaking into the conversation. "Don't forget that Miss Bradley is opening here in 'Clarice,' next month. Be sure you spell the name right—C-L-A-R-I-C-E. And the author's name is David Hargreaves."

"Raspberry," remarked Mr. Stein, and the other reporters followed his lead as he turned away to look for a telephone.

In the car on the way back to the hotel the girl's poise vanished.

"Why did you tell them I was opening here in that play—whatever is its name?" she asked Sands.

"Psychology," replied Sands. "Give a reporter an idea that an actress is trying to put over some publicity and he loses interest. You noticed it worked."

She nodded.

"They were making it very uncomfortable for me," she said. "There I had to stand and pretend everything was all right when those ignoramuses had just accused my father of killing himself. I'm sorry I did it. I should have told them what I thought of this farce."

"No," he demurred. "You shouldn't have done any such thing. The brain that has been engineering this affair is alert. There's an advantage in spreading the belief that the inquiry is all over and then proceeding *sub rosa*."

"You think Mr. Crewe will go on with the case?"

"Indefinitely. It's a point of honor


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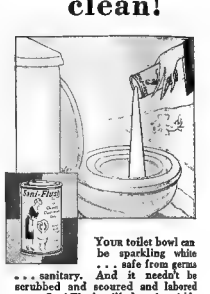


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with him to carry on until he finds your husband."

"Fred? What earthly use could Fred be to anybody?"

"You knew Carbine was in town?"

"Yes. Somebody saw him and told me. Mr. Burmeister, I think it was. Has he done anything?"

"Crewe thinks he's a likely candidate for a murder charge."

"What?"

"That's the picture. His alibi is flimsy and he's desperately afraid of something. He got away from the police last night just before the burglar broke into your apartment."

Esther Carbine laughed. "It's preposterous," she said. "He hasn't any talent for murder—or for anything but women."

"You didn't see anything of the man who strangled you?"

"Nothing but a coat-sleeve."

"And if it had been your husband you wouldn't have been able to identify him?"

"Don't be silly. Of course it wasn't my husband."

"I'm not saying it was. I'm asking you a question. Would you have been able to identify him or any other man."

"Well —no. If you pin me squarely to that I couldn't."

"Then it might have been Carbine."

"If you ignore his psychology and his physique and his capacity for thinking out such a thing, yes, it might have been Fred Carbine. On the same negative evidence it might have been the Sultan of Afghanistan or Senator MacHenry."

"Or your brother Evans?"

She looked at him angrily.

"Well, let's forget it," he advised. "If it's any comfort to you I'll tell you that I feel much the same way as you do. I told Crewe that last night. But he has some justification in his theory. Carbine, like every other character in the cast, is elusive and mysterious. Crewe thinks that, given the proper impetus, he might have been capable of violence. As I see it, he seems more likely to become a victim. Was he ever associated with your father in any enterprise of any sort?"

"Not that I know of. I think I told you that he helped my father with one melodrama. I believe he drew royalties from it as coauthor for some years. But Fred wasn't the type for a business partner. He was a good enough actor—until women spoiled him. But off the stage he was as erratic as any sane man could be. Father saw something in him, but that wasn't remarkable, for he made friends with all sorts of weird characters. They certainly had nothing in common."

SANDS stopped at the Park Arms and remained until Esther Carbine had marched from her apartment to one on the eighth floor which had no connection with the fire-escape.

"I'd advise you to stay under cover for the next day or two," he told her. "If you wish to see any of your friends have them come here and have Crewe's policemen in the room with you when you receive them."

He left her then and proceeded to headquarters to discover what progress had been made in the search for Carbine. Crewe had little to report and seemed far from sanguine.

"I didn't think this town had a hole big enough to hide that little rat," the chief declared. "It's easy to figure out what he'd be most likely to do when he ran away. He'd go to the people he knew. But we've been the inside of every theatrical hotel and boarding-house inside the city limits and he isn't among those present."

"He knows the town, and there's no law compelling him to go to the theatrical dumps."

"Yes, he knows the town—like any other actor. He knows the way from the hotel district to the theater. I'd like to bet you that if a bird like that came here six times a year for twenty years he wouldn't get off the boulevards once, and outside of the house where he was playing he wouldn't see a single public place except hotels, joints, and loud cabarets."

"Even that classification seems to take in plenty of territory."

"Territory enough. But we covered it. We turned all the dumps upside down. We interviewed everybody who might have seen Freddy in the past ten years. And we drew blank."

"What are you doing about it to-day?"

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"Keeping right at it." There was determination in Crewe's tone, but no enthusiasm. "It looks like a simple thing to go into hiding in a town of this size. But it isn't when you've got a face like Freddy's and wear clothes like his and have a whole police department looking for you. If he's alive we ought to have him by night. To-morrow we may get around to dragging the river."

"Looks like I guessed right on this one."

"I'm just about ready to admit that. Anyway I stuck an extra guard up at the Park Arms to look after Mrs Carbine. And I wish I could get rid of the hunch that it isn't going to do any good."

CREWE turned over to Sands a pile of telegrams in answer to his broadcast query regarding nicotin manufacture and distribution. Sands read and arranged them for more than half an hour in silence. Then he looked up with a sigh.

"It's an amazing thing to me," he said, "why more talented people don't take up poisoning as a profession. I suppose that the chief deterrent is the efficiency of post-mortem examinations. Certainly it's easier to get pure poison than pure hooch."

"It occurs to me that I've heard other people say the same thing," remarked Crewe.

"I don't mean it quite that way. These manufacturers probably aren't peddling alkaloids on street-corners, but the safeguards to prevent such things finding their way into the hands of killers are ludicrous. As nearly as I can discover from an analysis of these reports the person who killed Cyrus Bradley might have obtained pure nicotin out of any of a dozen shipments to this town within the past three months."

"Why not try to trace the shipments from this end?"

"What would be the use? They're all billed to laboratories and other legitimate receivers. The trouble with the whole system is laxity on the part of the laboratories. Poisons kept in little glass cases with locks that could be opened with a button-hook. Rarely kept records. No responsibility for their custody. Anyway I think it's all an academic discussion. I don't think the nicotin in this case came from any of the manufacturing laboratories, and I don't think we have to waste any time looking for somebody who might have access to a poison-case. Nicotin is too easy to get."

Crewe seemed puzzled.

"Me, I'm all for as murders," he declared with feeling. "There's some sense to them. Nicotin is so common it's rare. And where do we proceed from that point?"

"There's one interesting message here. It's from the lad who promised yesterday that he'd look up some things for us. He says he knows of another nicotin murder that was committed in Pelham, Pennsylvania, a long time ago. He had hoped to get the names and addresses and all that stuff for us, but he can't find his records. I seem to remember something about that case."

"That isn't the one you've been talking about?"

"You mean the one that Freddy's speech suggested to me? No. Similar, but not the same. Better wire to the chief of police in Pelham and see what he knows about this one."

Crewe reached for the book of telegraph-blanks.

SANDS and Thorpe were preparing to go to dinner that night when a visitor was announced by the house detective.

"I don't know about the guy," said the detective. "I know I've seen him before, but I can't place him."

"Show him in," directed Sands. The detective went to the door, motioned to some one in the hall, and then stood aside to reveal a small, rat-faced youth with straggly hair and an overcoat three sizes too large.

"Hello, Sands!" greeted the newcomer. "T'ot I never was goin' to see you. D' flatty here is givin' me d' run-around'."

"Hard luck, Bull," laughed Sands. "That's the penalty for looking sweet and innocent." He turned to the detective. "It's all right, Marks," he said. "This is Bull-face Bailey, the skilful dip. I'm violating no confidence in telling you, because Mr. Bailey is known by more

Page 4 from


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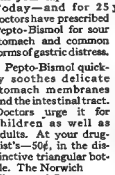

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police than any other pickpocket in the country.",

"You said it, kid," admitted Mr. Bailey. "I told you Sands 'd know me. An' now you kin wait for me outside. I got business here."

Sands nodded to the detective, who scowled and withdrew.

"This guy all right?" demanded Bull, looking at Thorpe.

"Sale," replied Sands.

"All right, then, I got somethin' I t'ot maybe you'd like to know. I wouldn't give it to no bulls. But you—kid, I ain't fergittin' when we was in France, see? Well, anyway d' dope is dis—about dis here Bradley case in Hardy Street. You workin' on dat?"

"Yes."

"Well, I seen d' guy dat knocked him off."

MR. BULL BAILEY probably knew nothing about art, but he had an instinct for dramatic suspense. He watched Sands and Thorpe lift themselves half-way out of their chairs, then selected a seat for himself and began the apparently interminable task of rolling a cigaret. When he had completed it he tossed it away.

"Paper busted," he announced. "Any you guys got one?"

Sands extended a package. His guest selected a smoke, lighted it, and leaned back luxuriously, enjoying for the first time in an eventful life a sense of his own importance. Thorpe fidgeted. Mr. Bailey chuckled.

"Flatty wasn't goin' to let me in," he recalled. "I told him you an' me was old friends, but he wouldn't listen to me."

"Come on, Bull," Sands admonished. "What's there to this Bradley business?"

"Oh, dat," answered Mr. Bailey. "Well, I was goin' to tell you. I go out stir a week ago. Dey give me d' rap for liftin' a leather belongin' to d' clerk of d' criminal court. Kin you imagine a break like dat? Anyway I gits a bum rap. I just happen to be dere when dis leather is lifted, an' of course dey picks me up. Dat's d' bulls for you. Dis country is gettin' just like Russia."

"We'll take your innocence for granted without proof, Bull," said Sands. "Get on with it."

"Well, like I was sayin', I goes over to d' House o' Correction for ninety days. A week ago I gits out. 'Well,' I says to myself, 'Bull, you got a bum rap, but next time it'll be worse. Next time dey hang anyt'ing on you it'll be d' State's prison for maybe a couple o' years.' So I figures I better watch my step—see?

"It was a tough break. D' weather was rotten. Me old pals was all doin' stretches for one t'ing or another. D' cops was just waitin' to sock me into stir again. I didn't have a cent. Funny I didn't t'ink of you. You got a swell dump here, Sands. Bettern d' dugout on d' Chemin des Dames."

HE PAUSED politely to permit Sands to contribute to the conversation, but Sands merely smiled. Mr. Bailey sighed reminiscently and went on.

"Well, like I say, I ain't got a cent. Nothin' to eat. No place to flop. An' I'm honest. Sattidy night I panhandled four bits from a guy over at d' Northeastern depot. So I gits along pretty good. D' next night a cop spots me on a No. 2 route cross-town car an' it's almost curtains. Gee, a guy can't even ride a car in dis town no more.

"Dumb bull, he was. He gits d' idea dat I lifted an old bozo's leather. As if I'd be wastin' me time on a leather wit' only twenty cents in it. He was right on my tail when I fell off d' car, an' I figures I better get in somewhere quick.

"I remembers Pete Gravolich, who's a janitor out in Hardy Street. You don't know Pete. He's a right guy, but dumb. Used to peddle junk from a push cart on d' West Side. Lived next door to us. He's a second looey in d' Save-Souls Army, but a good guy.

"So I ditches d' harness-bull an' beats it out to Hardy Street. I tells Pete I been in d' stir an' asks him to stake me to a flop. Pete done it. He trusted me. He'd trust his own brother, Pete would. He's janitor for a flock of shacks in Hardy Street. You know—each one pays him about six bits a week, an' he busts his back frin' furnaces an' shovelin' snow. An' one of his joints is Number 36, across d' street from dis Bradley dive.

"'Well,' he says, 'I'm sorry for you, Bull. An' I wouldn't push you out into d' snow. D' people what owns Number 36 is away somewheres. An' maybe I could fix you up wit' some kind of a bed in d' basement. It'd be safe for you dere, an' d' up-stairs is all locked up anyway.' So he does it. All day Sunday an' all day Monday I stick around dat place. It's warm dere, an' Pete brings me a couple o' magazines, so I git along all right. But Sunday afternoon I gits up for a stretch an' looks out d' front window. Dere's a guy in a gray benny out in d' snow shiverin' fit to fall apart. I kin see he's lookin' at Number 35."

Sands felt unaccountably disappointed. The man in the gray overcoat again. The man who had the unfortunate alibi.

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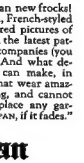

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"I know all about that lad," he said shortly. "Glad you came, Bull, and if you need any cash I can fix you up. But your story, if I may say it without offense, is sour."

Bull looked at him indignantly.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute!" he advised. "Say, I ain't started yet. Dis guy in d' gray benny ain't nothin'!"

Sands's interest returned once more.

"Go ahead, Bull; I'm sorry," he apologized. "I won't interrupt again."

AND Mr. Bailey, somewhat mollified, resumed. "Dis guy in d' gray benny hangs around most all afternoon. Every time I looks out I sees him somewheres in d' street an' he's always lookin' at dis Bradley joint. Den about three o'clock along comes a dame in a fur coat—swell looker. D' bird in d' gray benny goes up to her, an' I figure he tries to make her. No make. She goes past him to Wilmot Road."

"Did you notice where the girl came from?"

"Well, dat's where you got me. I don't know. At d' time I figures she has just come out of Number 37, but I ain't sure. I didn't see her come out. She was right dere in d' street when I looks out d' window an' sees dis bird in d' benny tryin' to put d' bee on her.

"I see him every now an' then until it gits dark, walkin' up an' down. At first I gits d' idea maybe he's a dick. But he ain't. No dick would parade around like dat. Anybody kin spot him, even when he's tryin' to look natural leanin' against trees. An' that goofy overcoat. Man, he musta been froze! Well, as near as I can see it's no skin offa my nose, so I turns in. Pete has fixed me up some bones near the furnace, an' he's dug up a couple o' blankets. So it ain't so bad.

"Monday Pete brings in some canned beans an' crackers an' some stuff to make coffee, an' I read my magazine until Monday afternoon. Then I hears somebody in d' gangway alongside d' house. I looks out a side window, an' dere right in front of me is d' legs of d' guy d' benny. He stands dere from two o'clock till after three. It's snowin' like h——, an' I kin see he's havin' a rotten time.

"After a while he goes away—out t'rough d' alley. An' by dat time I'm wonderin' what's goin' on. I goes to d' front window an' starts watchin' Number 37 on me own hook. About half past four it begins to git dark. But just before dat along comes d' swell-lookin' jane in d' fur coat. She gits out of a taxi a couple o' doors down d' street an' waits dere till d' taxi moves on. Den she turns an' comes to Number 37 an' opens d' front door wit' a key an' goes in."

"What!" Sands was out of his chair. "You're not mixing any dates, Bull?"

"How d' h—— could I mix 'em? I was only dere Sunday an' Monday, an' dis was Monday at about half past four in d' afternoon."

"What did this woman look like?"

"Swell looker. Black-fur coat, black hat—not too tall, not too short."

"Blond or brunette?"

"Holy Ike, how should I know? I'm across d' street rubberin' out of d' coalhole window."

"All right, go ahead. Tell it your way."

"Ain't dat what I'm tryin' to do? She goes in like I says, an' I sees a light flash up in a back room. But I can't see much on account of d' curtains."

"Curtains on the coal-hole window?"

"No, you big sap, on Number 37."

"You're sure of that?"

"Sure I'm sure. H——, didn't I look?"

"When did this girl come out?"

"She didn't come out. Far's I know she's dere yet. Figure it out for yourself. I knows dere's some scullduggery goin' on. But it ain't none of my business. An' it sure ain't no treat to be standin' in a coal-hole lookin' across at d' front of a house. Is it? Well, den, after a while I gets tired waitin' to see if d' bird in d' benny is comin' back, an' I sits down to cook me some coffee an' eat what's left o' my canned goods. I can't turn on any light in d' basement, so I rolls up in my blankets an' goes to sleep.

"About a quarter to nine o'clock Pete comes bustin' in wit' d' glad news dat d' family is home, an' I got to beat it."

"How do you know what time it was?"

"Pete tells me. He says he's got a flock o' squad drill to do wit' d' Save-Souls Army at nine o'clock, an' here it is a quarter to nine an' d' family comin' in, an' he wants to get out before dey spot him an' put him to work shovelin' snow. He gives me four bits an' pushes me out an' locks d' door. Pete goes out t'rough d' alley, but I figures maybe I kin go across Hardy Street an' between 37 an' 39 to d' alley, an' maybe git a flop in a garage across d' alley.

"I notices when I gits out into d' street dat d' curtains is gone from Number 37. Anyway I kin see right in t'rough d' window now—clean into d' back room. I sees an old guy sittin' dere, leanin' over a table. I don't see any sign of d' girl, an' I'm standin' dere, leanin' against a tree, when a guy comes bustin' out. He seems to be in a h—— of a hurry."

"The man in the gray overcoat?"

"Nope—another guy. I never see dis one before."

"What did he look like?"

"D—— hard to see in d' dark. He had on a dark benny an' a dark cap, an' he had a muffler tied up all around his mug. I couldn't even see his eyes."

"What happened after he came out?"

"Like I say, he was in a h—— of a hurry. But just as he gits next to d' tree where I'm standin' he turns around to take a look at d' old bozo in d' house.

"Honest, like I say, I was tryin' to go straight. No more stir for me. But what was a guy goin' to do in a mish like dat? Dis baby stops dere wit' his overcoat pockets right under me hands. He ain't tumbled to me. I know dat. So wit' out thinkin' what I'm doin' I frisks him. I gits one pocketbook an' one glove. Den he goes on to Wilmot Road an' I beats it to d' garage. A bird named Eddy I met in d' stir gives me a swell flop inside a big car. I been dere ever since."

"Why didn't you tell all this when you heard of the killing?"

"Yeh. An' why? Git myself sent down for three years for snatchin' dis leather. I keeps watchin' de inquest, tryin' to make out what's goin' on. Den I sees you, an' I knows what I'm goin' to do. Here's d' loot."

And from an inside pocket of his hip-discreet case he extracted a pocketbook and a gray-suède glove. Sands took the wallet to the table and examined it quickly under the light.

There was disappointment here. The wallet itself was of a type that half the men in the city might carry—small, and adapted principally to the carrying of club-cards, tickets, and the like. The name Cyrus Bradley was stamped on it in gold, and its pockets seemed completely empty.

"Was there anything in this when you got it?" demanded Sands.

"Not a d—— thing," returned Mr. Bailey with indignation. "Couple of old milk bills an' a gas receipt—all Bradley's. An' that paper. You ain't come to it yet. It's under d' flap."

SANDS opened the flap and felt the hair rising along his arms. A scrap of paper fell onto the table, and he did not need a second glance at it to tell him that it was the one sheet torn from the little red note-book.

He read on it a message scrawled with a half-inked pen in a tremulous hand—Cyrus Bradley's handwriting undoubtedly. But the Cyrus Bradley who had written this message was an entirely different Cyrus Bradley from the recluse of Hardy Street—the good old man who had lived with his roses and his memories in loneliness while his money went out unstintingly to his scapegrace kin.

"To whom it may concern," read the note. "I got all the loot of the Grainger stick-up. I left the cross-eyed Karl Fremo and Roger Halley to kept it all. I buried the money at the southeast corner of the old stone barn on a farm two miles north of Grainger on the main highway. Follow a little creek from the second mile-post five hundred paces west up and over hill. Strike limestone outcrop, and turn north one hundred and twenty-three paces. Barn, hidden in copse, is visible from this point."

And there followed the signature of Cyrus Bradley.

*The concluding instalment of "The Secret of 37 Hardy Street" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published October 18th. If you prefer to read this story at one time save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all later on.*

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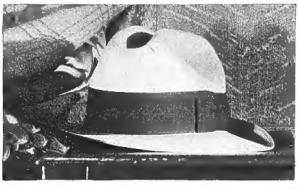

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# The happiest homes are the cleanest—*almost always*

Woodwork that gleams like new again, and curtains once more crisply white or colorful . . . *of course* these help home happiness!

The effect on the family is exactly like bright sunshine after days of cloudiness.

In *your* home, why not make a room-by-room *schedule* of all those cleaning matters that so often get put off? It's too easy, otherwise, for weeks of dinginess to slip into long months . . . with something priceless lost in the way of family cheerfulness.

***Windows are our daytime lamps***

Windows *are* like lamps . . . and it's important that we keep them giving their best and happiest light, all the time.

Shades as well as curtains can stand frequent brightening, and many now are washable.

As for window-pane "fog", soap and warm water cuts this just as easily as it washes dishes. (Nor should we overlook the same untidy smudging on mirrors, picture-glass, cupboard doors, electric light bulbs, etc.)

***Regarding woodwork . . . and furniture***

Woodwork at this season shows the dust collected during summer. What *it* needs, also, is a little soap-and-water scrubbing. And how much nicer and newer painted furniture looks when the grime is removed!

***Keeping colors gay in every room***

In the happy home there are cheerful colors in every room: rugs, curtains, tapestries, slip-covers, spreads, paint, furniture, china and glass, linen, linoleum, lamp shades, porcelain, enamel.

Guard this cheerfulness well! *Keep* these colors gay! Soap and water, when applied regularly enough, conquer dirt's dingy film easily.

***The effect on the children***

The most successful way to teach children the importance of cleanliness, psychologists are agreed, is by example . . . for mother and father themselves to be particular about hands, faces, bodies, clothes.

And living in a home that *sparkles*, every day, proves to all of us the added happiness there is in real and worked-for cleanliness.

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